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THE

WORKS

OF THE REVEREND

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, M. A.

Late of PEMBROKE-COLLEGE, OXFORD,

And Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of HUNTINGDON.

CONTAINING

All his SERMONS and TRACTS

Which have been already published:

WITH

A SELECT COLLECTION of LETTERS,

Written to his most intimate Friends, and Persons of Distinction, in *England, Scotland, Ireland,* and *America,* from the Year 1734, to 1770, including the whole Period of his Ministry.

ALSO

Some other PIECES on IMPORTANT SUBJECTS,

never before printed; prepared by Himself for the Press.

To which is prefixed,

An ACCOUNT of his LIFE,

Compiled from his Original PAPERS and LETTERS.

VOL. III.

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and Messrs. KINCAID and BELL, at Edinburgh.

MDCCLXXI.

LETTERS.

LETTER DCCCCLXV.

To Mr. J—— B——.

My very dear Friend, *London, Feb.* 1, 1753.

THOUGH I have had no anſwer to my laſt, yet I ſuppoſe it hath reached your hands, and I am glad to hear that *Ephratah* plantation is in ſome degree opened, and thereby a preparation made for a future progreſs this ſpring. Mr. *Fox* not coming, and going upon lumber, hath been a great loſs to my poor family, but I hope ere now all is ſettled, and the ſawing carried on with vigour. That ſeems to be the thing which providence points out at preſent, and as ſo many negroes are ready, it will be a pity that *Betheſda* ſhould not do ſomething, as well as the neighbouring planters. If it was not that I am erecting a large place for public worſhip, eighty feet ſquare, and am called to preach to ſo many thouſands in various places, I would come over immediately myſelf. But perhaps it will be beſt to ſtay till the new Governor is appointed and embarks, or at leaſt to come a little before him. I hear that Colonel *Vanderdiſon* will in all probability be the man; they are determined I find to have a military perſon. With this, I ſend your brother a power to diſpoſe of *Providence* plantation, and I hope to hear ſhortly that Doctor *B*——, with your aſſiſtance, hath purchaſed more negroes.—My dear friend, do exert yourſelf a little for me in this time of my abſence, and I truſt the Orphan-houſe affairs will ſhortly be ſo ordered, that none

ſhall be troubled about its affairs, but my own domeſtics. As *Nathaniel P*—— is ſo willing, and hath hitherto behaved ſo faithfully, I have ſent him a full power in conjunction with Mrs. *W*—— to act under you. The man and woman that bring this, are with their ſon indented to me, and I have an excellent ſchool miſtreſs and a young ſtudent, engaged to come over ſhortly. Ere long, I ſuppoſe we ſhall have a large family. LORD grant it may be a religious one! I would have nothing done in reſpect to the building, beſides repairing the piazza, and what elſe is abſolutely neceſſary, till I come. Perhaps I may bring a carpenter along with me, who will ſtay ſome years. I cannot tell what can induce me to take care of a place, where the goſpel is ſo little regarded, unleſs it be a principle of faith. Surely it will not always be ſo. What difference is there between *Georgia*, and ſeveral parts of *England?* Here thouſands and ten thouſands run, and ride miles upon miles to hear the goſpel.—There— but I do not love to think of it. O my dear friend, whatever others do, may you and your houſhold ſerve the LORD! I ſee there is no happineſs, but in keeping near to JESUS CHRIST.—But this proſperity,—this worldly mindedneſs,—how many fools hath it deſtroyed; how many of GOD's own children hath it awfully bewildered! May the LORD keep all my dear friends clear of this dangerous rock! My love to all. How is Mr. *V*——*?* Pray do your utmoſt to bring about a reconciliation between him and Mr. *B*——. I could give ſeveral particular and powerful reaſons; at preſent I can add no more. My dear friend, pray for us, and exert yourſelf for *Betheſda*; *Betheſda*'s GOD will richly reward you.

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXVI.

To Lady H——n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London, Feb.* 9, 1753.

IT gives me pain, when any of your Ladyſhip's letters lie by me unanſwered,—I would always write immediately if I could. For many days I have been much engaged, but can now refrain no longer. Your Ladyſhip's letter was immediately forwarded to *Philadelphia*.—It will be an acceptable preſent

to the good old Governor. I wiſh Mr. *T*—— may not make too great compliances,—but I fear inſtability is his weak ſide. I have not heard from *South Audley Street*, ſince I wrote laſt to your Ladyſhip.—The *Moravian*'s outward ſcheme, I am apt to believe will ſoon be diſconcerted. Strange! Why will GOD's children build *Babels?* Why will they flatter themſelves, that GOD owns and approves of them, becauſe he ſuffers them to build high? In mercy to them, ſuch buildings, of whatever kind, muſt come down. I hope our new-intended tabernacle is not of this nature. It would have pleaſed your Ladyſhip, to have ſeen how willingly the people gave laſt LORD's day. At ſeven in the morning we collected fifty pounds, in the evening one hundred and twenty-ſix pounds. Bleſſed be GOD, we have now near nine hundred pounds in hand. He that hath begun, I truſt will enable us to go on, and bring out the top-ſtone, ſhouting Grace! Grace! Our LORD ſtill continues to work in our old deſpiſed place. I truſt it hath been a *Bethel* to many, many ſouls. This your Ladyſhip knows may be any where. *Clifton*'s a *Bethel* when GOD is there. That your Ladyſhip may enjoy more and more of the divine preſence, and increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD, is the continual prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged,
and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXVII.

To Mr. G——.

London, Feb. 19, 1753.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

I Have two of your kind letters lying by me unanſwered.—I am not uſually ſo dilatory, but buſineſs and bodily weakneſs have prevented me. At preſent, I have a cold and fever upon me, but I preach on, hoping one day or another to die in my work. One Mr. *Steward*, a dear miniſter of CHRIST, that began to be popular in the church, entered into his reſt laſt week. I ſaw him juſt before he expired. Methinks I hear him ſay, "Love CHRIST more, and ſerve him better." O that I may do ſo in earneſt! For indeed my obligations in-

creaſe continually. We have had a bleſſed winter. Many have been added to our flock.—Next week I intend, GOD willing, to lay the firſt brick of our new tabernacle. I am now looking up for direction about my removal.—Which are the beſt ſeaſons for the north? I ſhould be glad to know ſpeedily. Have you the firſt account you wrote of your converſion? Or have you leiſure to draw up a ſhort narrative of the riſe and progreſs of the work of GOD in your parts? A dear chriſtian miniſter in *Scotland*, is about to publiſh two volumes, relative to the late awakenings in various places. Such things ſhould be tranſmitted to poſterity; in heaven all will be known. Thanks be to GOD that there is ſuch a reſt remaining for his dear people. I am too impatient to get at it. But who can help longing to ſee JESUS? What but a hope and proſpect of furthering his glorious goſpel, can reconcile us to this *aceldama*, this wide howling wilderneſs? If we had not our beloved to lean on, what ſhould we do? Go on, my dear Sir, in his ſtrength; I wiſh you much, yea very much proſperity. The LORD bleſs you, and all the dear ſouls in your parts, with all ſpiritual bleſſings. I am glad you have received the books. I I am now publiſhing two more ſermons, and a ſmall collection of hymns for public worſhip. *Benedictus benedicat et benedicentur.* I commend you and all to his never-failing mercy, and myſelf to your continual prayers, as being, my very dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXVIII.

To C—— W——. Wesley

My dear Friend, *London, March* 3, 1753.

I Thank you and your brother moſt heartily for the loan of the chapel. Bleſſed be GOD, the work goes on well.—On *Thurſday* morning, the firſt brick of our new tabernacle was laid with awful ſolemnity. I preached from *Exodus* the twentieth, and the latter part of the twenty-fourth verſe; "In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee and bleſs thee." Afterwards we ſung, and prayed for GOD's bleſſing in all places, where his glorious name is recorded. The wall

wall is now about a yard high. The building is to be eighty feet ſquare. It is upon the old ſpot. We have purchaſed the houſe, and if we finiſh what we have begun, ſhall be rent-free for forty-ſix years. We have above eleven hundred pounds in hands. This I think is the beſt way to build. Mr. *Steward*'s death ſo affected me, that when I met the workman that night to contract about the building, I could ſcarce bear to think of building tabernacles. Strange! that ſo many ſhould be ſo ſoon diſcharged, and we continued! Eighteen years have I been waiting for the coming of the ſon of GOD; but I find we are immortal till our work is done. O that we may never live to be miniſtered unto, but to miniſter! Mr. *Steward* ſpoke for his LORD as long as he could ſpeak at all. He had no clouds nor darkneſs. I was with him, till a few minutes before he ſlept in JESUS. I have good news from ſeveral parts; a door is opening at *Wincheſter*. Surely the little leaven will ferment, till the whole kingdom be leavened. Even ſo, LORD JESUS, Amen! Pray how does our elect Lady? I hope to write to her Ladyſhip next poſt. Joint love attends you and yours, and your brother and his houſhold.—That all may increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD, is ſtill the earneſt prayer of, my dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCLXIX.

To Mr. M——.

London, March 10, 1753.

My dear Mr. M——,

I Am glad you have had ſuch good times. I was grieved that Mr. *E*—— was taken from *London*, becauſe Mr. *M*—— was taken ill, and a carnal preacher put up in his room. But GOD's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Let this conſideration reconcile you to my not preaching at Mr. *B*——'s. I went as far as Mrs. *S*——'s, but ſo many things occurred, that I went no further. You may hear more when we meet again. I have preached at *Spitalfields* chapel twice. Both the Mr. *W*——*s* are agreed, as the younger brother writes me word, in anſwer to my letter. Let brotherly love continue! I do not

like writing againſt any body, but I think, that wiſdom which dwells with prudence, ſhould direct you not to fill Mr. *W*——*s* people (who expect you will ſerve them) with needleſs jealouſies. He that believeth doth not make haſte.—I therefore wait, being aſſured of this, that every plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted ſhall be rooted out. I hope to ſee the time, when you will talk leſs of perſons and things, and more of Him, who is the common head of his whole myſtical body. This, and this alone can make and keep you ſteady in yourſelf, and extenſively uſeful to others. I am glad you know when perſons are juſtified. It is a leſſon I have not yet learnt. There are ſo many ſtony-ground hearers that receive the word with joy, that I have determined to ſuſpend my judgment, till I know the tree by its fruits. You will excuſe this freedom. I love you with a diſintereſted love. I only wiſh you may be happy in JESUS. This will make you ſee things with new eyes, and give you ſuch a freedom of heart as is unſpeakable, and full of glory. For the preſent I muſt bid you adieu. That the LORD of all Lords may confirm, ſtrengthen, ſtabliſh, and ſettle you in his love, is the earneſt prayer of, my dear Mr. *M*——,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXX.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Friend, *London*, *March* 21, 1753.

BY laſt *Monday*'s waggon there was ſent a box of books. May the Redeemer own and bleſs what is ſent in it! Then all will be well. I know your prayers will not be wanting. I am glad you have found out another thief, that lay hid in the chambers of imagery, which are in your heart. Time and temptation will draw out ten thouſand more, which as yet, you know nothing of. Happy they, who can diſcover, pluck out, and cut off their right hand and right eye corruptions. This muſt be done, or we ſhall only take up with the bare ſemblance of holineſs. The Redeemer muſt ſit as a refiner's fire upon our hearts, or we ſhall never be purified as gold or ſilver. This is our comfort, when we are tried we ſhall come forth like gold. The offences that we meet with in the church,

are

are moſt trying;—therefore they are permitted to come. I wiſh my dear Mr. *G*——, as well as yourſelf, may learn experience from what hath happened, and never run yourſelves into needleſs difficulties. What is happening to the *Moravians* is no more than I have long expected, and ſpoken of to many friends. Their ſcheme is ſo *antichriſtian* in almoſt every reſpect, that I am amazed the eyes of the *Engliſh* brethren have not long ſince been opened, and the *Babel* ſtopt at the firſt. But the glorious GOD generally ſuffers ſuch buildings to go high, that their fall may be more conſpicuous. May the builders riſe (I mean as to ſpirituals) by their falls, and gain by their loſſes! That is all the harm I wiſh them. My dear man, what a bleſſed thing it is to live and walk in the ſimplicity of the goſpel! How happy is that man, who being neither fond of money, numbers, nor power, goes on day by day without any other ſcheme, than a general intention to promote the common ſalvation amongſt people of all denominations. Will you pray that I may be thus minded? I ceaſe not to pray for you and yours, and my other dear friends at *Leeds*; and I would ſet out immediately for the north, was I not obliged to be here in about two months, to attend and give further orders about our building. But ſome time in the ſummer—What?—I hope to ſee the fields white, ready unto harveſt again, and to rejoice together with you in our common LORD.—In the mean while, let us be buſy for ſo bleſſed a Maſter, and be continually preſſing forward towards the mark for the prize of our high calling. The LORD JESUS ſay Amen! Adieu. With joint love to all, I ſubſcribe myſelf, my dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXI.

To Mr. G——.

Dear Mr. G——, *Norwich, April* 17, 1753.

IT hath given me concern, that your letter, with Mr. *D*——'s and Miſs *A*——'s, have lain by me ſo long unanſwered. Buſineſs, and not want of love, hath prevented my writing. Was it not ſinful, I could wiſh for a thouſand hands, a thou-

a thouſand tongues, and a thouſand lives: all ſhould be employed night and day, without ceaſing, in promoting the glory of the ever-lovely, ever-loving JESUS. Thanks be to his great name for reviving his work in the midſt of the years. I truſt that his people every where will be made to ſing, "The Winter is paſt, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." All things promiſe well at *London*; and I hope you will yet ſee greater things than ever in the *North*. Some time this Summer I hope to ſee you all again. In the mean while, you muſt not fail to pray for me. I muſt now begin to enter upon my Spring circuit. For theſe three days paſt, I have been preaching here twice a-day. In the mornings we have been quiet, but in the evenings the ſons of *Belial* have been ſomewhat rude. The place built here for public worſhip, is much larger than yours at *Newcaſtle*; and, I believe, hundreds of truly awakened ſouls attend. What cannot GOD do? What will the end of this be? The deſtruction of *Jericho*.—The rams-horns muſt go round, till her tow'ring walls fall down. Who would but be one of theſe rams-horns? My dear Sir, let us not be aſhamed of the croſs of CHRIST: it is lined with love, and will ere long be exchanged for a crown. JESUS himſelf will put it on our heads. I am called away, and therefore cannot enlarge. To-morrow, GOD willing, I return to *London*, and hope ſoon to get time to anſwer my other *Newcaſtle* correſpondents. In the mean while, pray remember me to them and all in the moſt cordial manner, and beg them never, never to ceaſe praying for, my dear Sir,

Their and your moſt affectionate friend
and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Norwich, April* 18, 1753.

HOW does GOD delight to exceed even the hopes, and to diſappoint the fears of his weak, though honeſt-hearted people! In ſpite of all oppoſition, he hath cauſed us to triumph even in *Norwich*. Thouſands attend twice every day,

day, and hear with the greateſt eagerneſs. I hope it will appear yet more and more, that GOD hath much people here. I am greatly importuned to ſtay over Lord's-day, but I hope to be in *Spitalfields* on *Saturday* evening, and to ſpend the holydays in *London*. O that they may prove glorious days of the Son of Man! Thanks be to GOD, it is the chriſtian's privilege to keep holyday all the year round. "CHRIST, our paſſover, is ſacrificed for us," and we are called to keep a perpetual feaſt. Happy, happy they, who know what it is to banquet on the love of JESUS. Surely it paſſeth all underſtanding. Of this happineſs, you and yours have been made partakers. What need have we then to cry out, "What ſhall we render unto the LORD for all his mercies!" O my dear Sir, let us keep cloſe to our loving LORD, and not ſuffer the noiſe and hurry of buſineſs, to rob us of one moment's communion and fellowſhip with the ever-bleſſed GOD. I commend you both to his never-failing mercy; and wiſhing you, from my inmoſt ſoul, the very beſt of bleſſings, even the ſure mercies of *David*, I ſubſcribe myſelf, my dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXIII.

To Mr. D———.

Dear Sir, *London, April* 27, 1753.

ON *Saturday* evening a never-failing Redeemer brought me ſafe to *London*, where I have been indiſpoſed ever ſince. But I ſhall little regard the weakneſs and indiſpoſition of my body, if I can but have the pleaſure of hearing, if not before, yet at the great day, that good was done to one precious ſoul at *Norwich*. Bleſſed be GOD for the ſeed ſown there. I doubt not but it will be watered with the dew of his heavenly bleſſing, and bring forth a divine increaſe. O that it may ſpring up, and bear fruit abundantly in the heart of you and yours! My poor prayers ſhall not be wanting in your behalf. This is the only return I can make to you both, for the great kindneſſes conferred on me at your houſe. You know who hath promiſed, "That a cup of cold water, given for his name's ſake, ſhall not loſe its reward." What a Saviour

viour is this! Who would but love and serve him! Surely his service is perfect freedom! I hope all my dear *Norwich* friends will find it so every day. Be pleased to salute them all most affectionately, as they come in your way. I trust they will remember me at the throne of grace. You all know my name: I am the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints, but

Their and your obliged friend,
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXIV.

My dear David, *London, May* 1, 1753.

DO you enquire where I am? I answer, in *London*, longing to come to *Leeds*, and yet withheld hitherto by His providence who ordereth all things well. Let us have a little more patience, and then in a few weeks I hope to have a blessed range in the *North*. GOD's time I have always found to be the best time in the end. Ere now, I suppose, Mr. *L*—— hath received my letter from *Norwich*. The word ran and was glorified there. Preaching so frequently, and riding hard, almost killed me; but what is my body in comparison of precious and immortal souls? O that this Spring may prove a Spring-time every day! Indeed I want to begin to begin to do something for JESUS. At present I am engaged in a very ungrateful work; I mean, in writing against the leading *Moravian* brethren. When you see it, you will know whether there was not a cause: a second edition of the pamphlet is just come out. I fear the third part of the Journals cannot be procured: perhaps it is not much matter. I am sick of all I do, and stand astonished that the Redeemer still continues to make use of and bless me. Surely I am more foolish than any man; no one receives so much, and does so little. If you was here, we would weep together: friends know what it is to exchange hearts. May the common friend of sinners keep both our hearts near himself, and then all will be well. I cannot think of *Leeds* without weeping. I love that people, and pray that they may increase with all the increase of GOD. "Brethren, pray for us," is still the earnest request of my poor heart. I am weaker than the weakest, less than the least of all. Write

to

to me; I do not like your ſending ſuch round-about ways: friends letters always pay poſtage. O let us ſend often by poſt to heaven; I mean, on the wings of faith and love: from thence we ſhall aſſuredly receive good anſwers, though not always in our own way or time. For the preſent, farewel. My hearty love to all the true followers of the Lamb. I hope to write to all in time. In great haſte, but much greater love, I ſubſcribe myſelf,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXV.

To Mr. S——.

My dear Man, *Haverford-weſt, May* 27, 1753.

THOUGH my wife hath not ſent me the letter, yet ſhe writes me, "That you have ſent me a threatening one." I thank you for it, though unſeen, and ſay unto thee, if thou art thus minded, "What thou doeſt, do quickly." Bleſſed be GOD, I am ready to receive the moſt traiterous blow, and to confeſs before GOD and man, all my weakneſſes and failings, whether in public or private life. I laid my account of ſuch treatment, before I publiſhed my expoſtulatory letter.—And your writing in ſuch a manner, convinces me more and more, that *Moravianiſm* leads us to break through the moſt ſacred ties of nature, friendſhip, and diſintereſted love. But my wife ſays you write, "That *I am drunk with power and approbation.*" Waſt thou with me ſo long, my dear man, and haſt thou known me no better? What power didſt thou know me ever to graſp at? Or what power am I now inveſted with? None, that I know of, except that of being a poor pilgrim. And as for approbation, GOD knows, I have had little elſe beſides the croſs to glory in, ſince my firſt ſetting out.—May that be my glory ſtill! But my wife ſays you write, "That I promiſed not to print." I remember no ſuch thing. I know you adviſed me not to do ſo, but I know of no promiſe made. If I remember, I had not then read *Rimius*; but after that, I both heard and ſaw ſo many things, that I could not, with a ſafe conſcience, be ſilent. My wife ſays likewiſe, that you write, "The bulk of my letter is not truth."

truth." So says Mr. *Peter B*——; nay, he says, "that all is a lie:" and I hear he declares so in the pulpit. So that whether I will or not, he obliges me to clear myself in print; and if he goes on in this manner, will not only constrain me to print a third edition, but also to publish the dreadful heap that lies behind. My answers to him, the Count, and my old friend *H*——, are almost ready. I cannot send them this post, but may have time ere long. O my dear man, let me tell thee, that the GOD of truth and love hates lies: and that cause can never be good, which needs equivocations and falsehoods to support it. GOD willing, you shall have none from me. I have naked truth. I write out of pure love: and the LORD JESUS only knows, what unspeakable grief and pain I feel, when I think how many of my dear friends have so involved themselves. If any thing stops my pen, it will be concern for them, not myself. I value neither name, nor life itself, when the cause of GOD calls me to venture both. Thanks be to his great name, I can truly say, that for these many years last past, no sin hath had dominion over me; neither have I slept with the guilt of any known, unrepented sin lying upon my heart: if you will tell me of any, I will be obliged to you. In the mean while, I wish thee well in body and soul, and subscribe myself, my dear *John*,

Your very affectionate, though injured, friend
for CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXVI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Newman, June 2, 1753.

DO not think that I have forgotten either you or yours, or my promise of writing to you. Travelling and preaching have prevented me. Within a little more than a fortnight, I have rode three hundred and fifty miles, and preached above twenty times: with what success the great day will discover. Then we shall know who are stony-ground hearers, and who receive the word into honest and good hearts. At *Narboth*, *Pembroke*, *Haverford-west*, &c. congregations were large; and a gracious melting seemed to be among the people.

people. Nature now cries out for a little eaſe, but faith ſays, "It is now juſt time to begin to begin." Perhaps you may hear me preach next *Thurſday* evening. *London* people attract me much. O that our hearts may be more and more drawn towards JESUS! I hope this will find you (like the impreſſion of my ſeal) with your ſoul winged for heaven, and this poor, earthly, good-for-nothing world, under your feet. Could I fly away, you ſhould never ſee me till we meet at the right hand of GOD. There the wicked, and even my own mother's children, nay my ſpiritual children, will ceaſe from troubling me, and my weary ſoul will enjoy an everlaſting reſt. I can now no more. I am baiting at an inn not far from *Glouceſter*, hoping ſhortly to ſee you and yours grown in grace; and begging all your dear relations to accept hearty love, I ſubſcribe myſelf, my dear, dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXVII.

To Mr. ———.

My very dear Friend, *London, June* 8, 1753.

I WAS glad, at my return from a late excurſion, to find a letter from you, eſpecially as it beſpoke your heart to be nearer than uſual to the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS. May this intimacy increaſe daily, and the fruits of it appear in your abounding in every good word and work! I find more and more, that one's whole life ought to be a continued ſacrifice of love. I am glad Mr. *R*—— is owned. This gives me hopes, that he begins to preach as when he firſt ſet out, and as he told a friend, a little before his embarking, "that he hoped he ſhould." It never went better with his heart than then. GOD keep him and all from further entanglements by fleſhly wiſdom and worldly policy! which I think have nothing to do with the work of the LORD. Mr. *S*—— can tell you what concern the *B*——*n*'s awful conduct hath given me. Surely if the Redeemer had not ſupported me, I ſhould within theſe two months have died with grief. But I will ſay no more: —JESUS knows all things. He will not long bear with guile. You know my temper. The LORD help me in ſimplicity and

godly ſincerity to have my converſation in the world, and in the church! By this time twelvemonth (if in the land of the dying) I hope to ſee you. In the mean while, let Mr. *S*—— ſpeak. I hope he hath ſucceeded to his wiſhes; and I pray earneſtly that the GOD of the ſeas and of the dry land, may bring him ſafe to the deſired haven. Ere long we ſhall all arrive, I truſt, in *Abraham*'s harbour; from thence we ſhall never put out to ſea any more. There the wicked world, and even GOD's own children, will ceaſe from troubling, and our weary ſouls enjoy an everlaſting reſt. May you and yours enter with a full gale! Let us write to, though we cannot as yet ſee each other. Our hearty love and reſpects await Mr. *P*——, and all enquiring friends. I am glad to hear Mr. *T*—— is coming over with Mr. *D*——. If they come with their old fire, I truſt they will be enabled to do wonders. I and Meſſrs. *W*——'s are very friendly. I like them, becauſe they go out and let the world ſee what they are at once; I ſuſpect ſomething wrong, when ſo much ſecrecy is required. But I muſt have done. Only let me tell you, that the Redeemer ſtill owns my feeble labours. I have been a circuit of about 700 miles, and preached to many thouſands. My body yet is upheld, and my ſoul rejoices in GOD my Saviour. Help me, help me to praiſe him. I thank you for what you have done for Mr. *H*——, and for all paſt favours. That grace, mercy and peace may be multiplied upon you and yours, every day and hour, is the earneſt prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXVIII.

To Lady H———n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London, June* 20, 1753.

I Have been unaccountably detained in *London* longer than I expected, but am juſt now ſetting out for *Portſmouth*. However, I cannot help ſending your Ladyſhip the incloſed. It hath ſet me at liberty, and fully convinced me, againſt what a diſguiſed ſpirit I have been teſtifying. At preſent, I ſhall go on in my old way, preaching the everlaſting goſpel. Bleſſed be GOD, it is ſucceſsful here. We had a moſt glorious ſacrament,

ment last *Sunday* in our new Tabernacle; the Master of the feast was with us of a truth. As I purpose returning from *Portsmouth* next *Tuesday*, I should think myself highly honoured by receiving a few lines from your Ladyship. May this find you in the blissful enjoyment of him, who I am persuaded is your Ladyship's all in all! I can only add, that words cannot well express how much I am, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and
ready servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXIX.

To the Reverend Mr. T———.

My very dear Friend, *Portsmouth, June* 23, 1753.

FROM *April* to near *July*, is a long time for a kind letter to lie by unanswered; but necessity hath no law. A great variety of circumstances hath occurred lately to prevent my corresponding with you, and many other dear friends. Some time next month perhaps you may be acquainted with them. I have thoughts of seeing *Edinburgh* then, though I must push hard to bring it about. I purpose at my return, to stay in *London* but one night, and then set out for the *North*. O for a gracious gale of divine influence! The sacred wind hath blown sweetly in our new Tabernacle; and I trust it will be said of this and that man, at the great day, that they were born of GOD there. At *Bristol*, in *Wales*, and *Gloucestershire*, our LORD was pleased to smile on my feeble labours; and here in this place are several who bring forth fruit unto GOD. Affairs go on well at *Bethesda*. Mr. *T*——, I find, is coming over in behalf of *New-Jersey* College. LORD, make us all flames of fire! The language of my soul is this, "Quicken me in thy way." You must continue to pray for me; you must remember me in the kindest manner to all my dear friends, and to your father and relations in particular, as being assured, that I am, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER DCCCLXXX.

To Mr. N———.

Dear Sir, *Portſmouth, June 23, 1753.*

NOT want of love, but leiſure, prevented my anſwering your kind letter much ſooner. As I lead a pilgrim life, have a weak body, and am almoſt continually ſurrounded with a variety of trials and temptations, I cannot write ſo frequently as I otherwiſe would chooſe to do. However, my friends are always upon my heart and ſome time next month, I hope to ſee you, amongſt the reſt of my *Edinburgh* acquaintances, grown in grace, and upon the full ſtretch for Him who bled, and groaned, and died for us. If your trials are not over, and you have indeed entered upon the field of battle, I wiſh you joy. Fear not, neither be diſmayed. *Nil deſperandum Chriſto duce.* Let this be the language of your heart and mine:

Give me ſtrength, O GOD *of power,*
Then let winds blow or thunders roar;
Thy faithful witneſs will I be:
'Tis fix'd—I can do all through Thee.

I need not inform you, dear Sir, that our LORD hath choſen the weak things of this world to confound the ſtrong; and things that are not, to bring to nought the things that are. If it was not ſo, what ſhould ſuch a poor, weak, helpleſs wretch as I am do? In JESUS, and in him alone, is all my ſtrength and ſupport found. Still he continues to uphold me, and crown my feeble labours with ſucceſs. In *Wales*, *Glouceſterſhire*, and *Briſtol*, we have lately felt his power; and in our new Tabernacle at *London*, he hath alſo manifeſted forth his glory. O for a good gale in the *North!* Who knows but we may ſee each other ſome time the next month? I have thoughts of ſetting forwards from *London* next week. May the good LORD direct my goings in his way! You muſt deſire all of the hoſpitals, and in the ſociety, and all my other dear friends, to pray moſt earneſtly for me. I retain my old name: I am the chief of ſinners, and leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints, but for CHRIST's ſake, dear Mr. *N*——,

Their and your moſt affectionate and willing
friend and ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER DCCCCLXXXI.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Friend, *Leiceſter, July* 1, 1753.

I Cannot go farther (as Mr. *Middleton* returns to *London* to-morrow) without ſending you a few lines. They bring good news, even that the Redeemer hath much owned and bleſſed the firſt part of my circuit. At *Oulney* we had two good meetings; and at *Northampton* our LORD filled his people as with new wine. One aged ſaint told me, "that the meeting-place was no other to him than the houſe of GOD, and the gate of heaven." Several thouſands attended; and I could indeed ſay, "It is good for me to be here." Laſt night I came to this place quite fatigued in my body, but willing, I hope, to employ a thouſand ſouls (if I had them) for the dear LORD JESUS. This is a cold place, but people ſtood very attentive this morning, and ſome were affected. To-morrow I muſt move to *Nottingham*. You and yours muſt promiſe to follow me with your prayers. I hope you will hear that they are anſwered. You may be aſſured of mine; they are your due; they are a poor, but as they are the only return I can make, I hope they will be accepted by, my very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXII.

To Mr. S——.

My dear D——, *Leeds, July* 7, 1753.

WHAT! juſt come from the borders of the grave, and ſtill capitulating! Will you never give up your whole heart to Him, who hath dealt ſo bountifully with you? Was this once done, you would not (eſpecially as you have a competency) talk of a hundred a year, but you would count the work of the miniſtry its own wages, and eſteem the reproach of CHRIST above all the riches in the univerſe. Pray remember what *Moſes* ſaid to *Pharaoh*, "not a hoof muſt be left behind." CHRIST will have all or none. Halt no longer between two; ſin no more by withholding from GOD what is

his juſt due, leſt a worſe evil befall you. Accept all this in love. Your letter hath extorted it from me. I pity you amidſt all your gaudy ſhew. The pleaſure I have had but this week in preaching the goſpel, I would not part with for a thouſand worlds. Bleſſed be GOD, we have had ſweet ſeaſons on the road; and laſt night at this place, the cups of many ran over. O LORD, keep me a pilgrim, till thou art pleaſed to call me home! I can now no more. My hearty love to our dear Mr. *H*——. O that you was like-minded with him! Accept this as from one, who is indeed, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate friend and ready ſervant
for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXIII.

My dear Mr. D——, *York, July* 11, 1753.

THUS far, but no farther, am I as yet advanced in my way to *Scotland*, and was I to comply with the preſſing invitations of the *Yorkſhire* people, I know not when I ſhould get there. The fields are exceeding white, ready unto harveſt; but by preaching thrice a day to great multitudes, my poor tabernacle is enfeebled, and I have ſuch a cold that I cannot well write much. Strange, that I can do no more for Him who hath done and ſuffered ſo much for me! Be pleaſed to remember me to all; and acquaint dear Mr. and Mrs. *S*——, that I hope to ſend them an hiſtorical letter from *Newcaſtle*, where I expect to be next Lord's-day. I ſhall be glad to hear that your ſoul proſpers, and that all goes on well at the Tabernacle. I hope to ſee *Edinburgh* next week. My hearty love to all. Accept the ſame yourſelf, from, dear Mr. *D*——,

Your affectionate friend and ſervant for
JESUS CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER DCCCCLXXXIV.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Sir, *Newcaſtle, July* 14, 1753.

BEING, through the goodneſs of a never-failing Redeemer, juſt come hither, I ſit down to perform my promiſe by writing to you. But where ſhall I begin, or where ſhall I end? Surely the goodneſs of the LORD to ſuch a wretch as I am, is unſpeakable. I will inform you of a little. After leaving *Leiceſter*, I went to *Nottingham*, where a great multitude came to hear, and I truſt good was done, though a ſon of *Belial* endeavoured to diſturb us. From thence I went to *Sheffield*, where we had two good meetings. The congregation in the afternoon conſiſted of ſeveral thouſands. Here ſome dear friends from *Leeds* met me, two of which were my ſpiritual children, and all had been bleſſed under the word. The next morning we ſet out for *Leeds*, and in our way preached at *Rotheram* and *Wakefield*. At the former place, I had been diſturbed twice or thrice, and was almoſt determined to preach there no more. But we are poor judges. A perſon told me, "That GOD had made me inſtrumental in converting his wife and brother, who had both been bitter perſecutors, but now gladly received me under their roof. After preaching, a young man was ſet at liberty, who had been groaning under the ſpirit of bondage four years; and whilſt I was baptizing a child, the Holy Spirit was pleaſed to baptize ſeveral, one in particular with a holy fire. What we ſaw, and felt, and heard at *Leeds*, cannot well be expreſſed. Thouſands attended daily; and on the Lord's-day it was computed that near twenty thouſand heard at once. I preached thrice, and the next day at *Bunſtall* and *Bradford*, where many thouſands flocked alſo. Many were filled as with new wine; and as for myſelf, I ſcarce knew whether I was in heaven or on earth. On *Tueſday* morning, though we had drank plentifully before, yet our LORD kept the good wine till the laſt. We had a glorious parting-bleſſing. At *York* I preached four times. Twice we were diſturbed, and twice we had ſweet ſeaſons. There is a good work begun there. The proſpect all around is ſo glorious, I almoſt repent that I have engaged to go to

Scotland. GOD willing, I shall come back as fast as possible. What a pity is it that I have but one body, and that a very weak one too. LORD, magnify thy strength in my weakness, and send me where thou wilt. Here I am most kindly received. How the LORD will be pleased to deal with me, you may know hereafter. I can now only entreat the continuance of the prayers of you and yours; and with repeated thanks for repeated favours, beg leave to subscribe myself, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXV.

To Lady H———n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *Newcastle, July* 17, 1753.

I Wrote to your Ladyship just before I set out for *Portsmouth*, and thought to have written again at my return, but was hindered by staying only one night at *London*. Ever since I have been upon the range for lost sinners, and blessed be GOD, have been much owned by him who delights to work by the meanest instruments. In *Northamptonshire* our cup ran over. In *Leicester*, the Redeemer caused us to triumph; and in *Yorkshire*, at *Leeds* and the adjacent places, I have sometimes scarce known whether I have been in heaven or earth. I have been enabled to preach thrice a day, and once at *Leeds*, perhaps to near twenty thousand, as they were computed. Indeed we kept holy-day there. Many came to me that were awakened at my former visits. Not unto me, O LORD, not unto me, but unto thy free and unmerited mercy be all the glory! In my way hither I preached four times at *York*; twice we were disturbed, and twice all was quiet; and a sweet influence attended the word. I lodged at Mrs. *G*——'s, who keeps steady. She enquired most heartily after your Ladyship, and begged to be remembered in the most respectful manner. Hither I came on *Saturday*, and have preached seven times, and once at *Sunderland*, where a great multitude attended, and were deeply impressed. At five in the morning the great room is filled, and on Lord's-day the congregation without was great indeed. Surely the shout of a king hath been amongst us. All is harmony and love.

love. I am now going to a place called *Sheep-hill*, and shall return in the evening to preach here again. To-morrow, GOD willing, I set forwards to *Scotland*. I could almost wish this was to be the end of my circuit, for I want to go to various parts. LORD JESUS, magnify thy strength in my weakness, and send me where thou wilt! If your Ladyship pleases, this may be communicated to *C—— W——*, to whom I would write if I had time. I can only now entreat the continuance of your Ladyship's prayers, and beg your Ladyship's acceptance of repeated acknowledgments for repeated favours, from, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful and ready
servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER [DCCCCLXXXV.]

To Mr. G——, at Glasgow.

Edinburgh, July 21, 1753.

YOURS I just now received, but know not what to say by way of answer. The inward discouragements I have felt for above a week, against coming to *Scotland*, have been very many. I have left a people full of fire. Thousands and thousands flocked to hear the glorious gospel. Awakenings I have heard of in every place; saints have been revived, and heaven as it were come down on earth. We have enjoyed perpetual *Cambuslang* seasons. My eyes gush out with tears of joy, (and I trust at the same time with godly sorrow for my vileness) at the very thought of it. My heart is quite broken, to think poor *Scotland* is so dead. O how gloomy hath been the aspect! I have been afraid of catching cold, though, alas! I am too too cold towards Him, who out of warm love bled and died for me. O that *Glasgow* friends, if I do come, may pray for me! I could scarce believe your letter, that your people would be glad to see such an ill and hell-deserving, good for nothing creature as I am. If I lose the opportunity of seeing you, I shall be disappointed indeed. I believe I shall keep to the time proposed. O time, time, how slowly dost thou go on! When shall I be wafted to an happy eternity? Often within these three weeks have I hoped to die in the embraces of

my GOD. Had I a thousand souls and bodies they should be all *itinerants* for JESUS CHRIST. I want to see all on a flame of fire. You know, dear Sir, what fire I mean. O! break heart strings, break, and let the imprisoned soul be set at liberty. I want to go where I shall neither sin myself, nor see others sin any more. My tender love to all. I can no more for weeping. When I forget to pray for my ungrateful vile self, — then will my worthy and dear friend cease to be remembered by, reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXVI.

To Mr. B—— S——.

Glasgow, July 25, 1753.

BOTH your letters came safe to hand, and met with such a reception, as none but those who are knit together in the love of GOD can either experience, or have any idea of. What you mentioned concerning a certain gentleman, melted me down.—For having met with some unexpected pull-backs, I last night and this morning had been praying, that relief might come from what quarter our LORD thought most proper. How true is the saying of *Luther:*

Fix on his work thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

This, I trust, will teach me more and more to be disinterested in what I do for CHRIST and souls, and then never fear; even ravens shall be sent to feed and nourish upright *Elijahs*. But above all, am I humbled and comforted at the good news from *Leeds*, and *York*. And will the high and lofty one then continue to delight to honour such a wretch as I am? Then, through the divine strength, let me now begin to preach more than ever. Yesterday I was enabled to preach five times, and I suppose the last time to near twenty thousand, and almost to as many in the morning. People flock and are more fond than ever to hear; at *Edinburgh* also, I preached twice every day to many thousands; among whom are many of the noble and polite.—Attention sits upon the faces of all, and friends come round

round me like so many bees, to importune for one week longer stay in *Scotland*. But I think I am fixed. GOD willing, on *Thursday* I return to *Edinburgh*, and the *Tuesday* following shall set out for *Berwick*, &c. Haste, time! Fly, fly on (so that I can but keep pace by filling thee up with duty) and bring me to see the face of GOD in heaven. I hope to write again soon; then you will know my rout. O that JESUS may direct my goings in his way! He will, he will. He will never leave nor forsake those that put their trust in him; and he knows, that as far as I know my heart, I think his work the very best wages that can be given to,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXVII.

To Mr. G——, at Glasgow.

Newcastle, Aug. 12, 1753.

My very dear Sir,

I Would have answered your kind letter before I left *Edinburgh*, but I had not a moment's leisure. With great difficulty I got away, after a heart-breaking parting on *Tuesday* about noon. On *Wednesday* evening, and the *Thursday* morning, I preached at *Berwick*, and on *Thursday* evening at *Alnwick*, in the street. It being the time of the races, I discoursed on these words, "So run that ye may obtain." Whilst I was discoursing, the gentlemen came down from the race, and surrounded the congregation, and heard very attentively. The next morning at five I preached again, and about noon at a place called *Placy*, and in the evening about nine at *Newcastle*, where a great number expected me. My text was "At midnight a cry was made, behold the bridegroom cometh." The next morning I received the following note, "Dearly beloved in the LORD, I write to you good news. Your labour was not in vain last night, for my wife answered to the midnight cry, and received CHRIST into her soul." O that we may all praise the Three in One! Last night I prepared for, and this morning I opened the gospel fair from these words, "Ho! every one that thirsteth." Much of the divine presence was in the congregation, and I believe many tasted of CHRIST's wine. I am to preach three times almost every

every day this week. This promiſe ſupports me. "As thy day is, ſo ſhall thy ſtrength be." By the incloſed, you will ſee the devil owes me a grudge for what was done at *Glaſgow*. Would it not be proper to inſert a paragraph to contradict it? Thouſands and thouſands come to hear notwithſtanding. LORD, what am I? A poor hell-deſerving creature; and yet the LORD makes uſe of ſuch to threſh the mountains with. May the LORD help me ſo to do, and then let him deal with me as ſeemeth good in his ſight. Pleaſe to remember us in the kindeſt manner to dear Mr. *M———n*, our kind hoſt and hoſteſs, and all friends. I ſhall not forget you and yours, or your undertaking. The LORD proſper this, and every other work of your hands upon you! My lot is to be a pilgrim, a run-about for CHRIST. Commend me to Him who gives ſtrength to the weak, and for whoſe ſake I am,

Yours moſt affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXVIII.

To Mr. B—— S——.

Newcaſtle, Aug. 13, 1753.

My very dear Friend,

MY rout is now fixed. After having preached here and hereabouts three times each day, I am to leave this place on *Thurſday*, to be at *Stockton* on *Sunday*, at *Oſmotherly* on *Monday* noon, lie at *Topcliff*, and reach *York*, GOD willing, by way of *Burrough-bridge*, on *Tueſday* next, and then come forwards to *Leeds*. I truſt that our meeting will be like that of *Jonathan* and *David*. Only ſometimes I muſt change names; where it is ſaid "*David* exceeded," there I will be *David*, and you *Jonathan*. Where *Jonathan* exceeds, there I will be *Jonathan* and you *David*. But more of this hereafter.—I muſt now tell you good news. I could not finiſh this letter laſt night, it is now *Tueſday* morning. But ſurely heaven came down amongſt us, under the laſt evening preaching: it was almoſt too much for my body. O that the priſon door was ſet open, and the bird ſuffered to fly out of the cage! Then would I fly to heaven, and upon one of the boughs of free grace ſing the praiſes of redeeming love for ever

and for ever. Till then, may we be employed in singing here on earth! But I must away to *Horsey* to preach, from whence I am to return to preach again in the evening. Thrice a day tries me, but in the LORD have I righteousness and strength. If you hear of a mob's being raised by my preaching at *Glasgow*, assure all your friends that there was none, but Satan owes me a grudge for speaking against the playhouse. Particulars expect when we meet. In the mean while, give my tender love to all, and forget not to pray for, my dear friend,

Yours in our precious CHRIST,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXIX.

To Lady H———.

Newcastle, Aug. 13, 1753.

Ever-honoured Madam,

NOT want of respect, but leisure, hath prevented my writing to your Ladyship. Since my last, I have been travelling and preaching twice or thrice, and once five times a day. I cannot tell your Ladyship of one thousandth part of what we have seen and felt. In *Scotland* the congregations were larger than ever. At *Glasgow*, the man who owned the playhouse was made so uneasy by the word preached, that he took down the roof himself. For this Satan owes me a grudge, and therefore it is put in the paper, that a mob was raised. But there was not the least appearance of any such thing. Our weapons are not carnal, but mighty through GOD to the pulling down of Satan's strong-holds. At *Newcastle* our LORD fills his people with new wine. Last night much of heaven was let down into the congregation. I am now going into the country, and am to return in the evening to preach. Thrice a day is almost too much for this weak tabernacle, but in the LORD have I righteousness and strength. Next week I am to be at *York*; the word I find fastens. On *Sunday* I hope to see Mr. *H*———. Ere long I hope to see our common LORD in glory. O that I may be one day lifted up from the pulpit to the throne. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; deal with me as seemeth good in thy sight! I doubt not

not but he deals bountifully with your Ladyſhip; that you and yours may greatly increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD, is the earneſt prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,
dutiful and ready ſervant,
G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXC.

To Lady F—— S——.

Honoured Madam, *Leeds, Aug.* 23, 1753.

HITHERTO the LORD hath helped me. Bleſſed be his glorious name, the fields have been every where white, ready unto harveſt. I have been of late generally enabled to preach thrice a day, and in all appearance the word never was attended with more ſucceſs. Satan rages and belies me, about the taking down the *Glaſgow* play-houſes; but I hope my letter lately publiſhed in the *Newcaſtle* journal, will ſet all things right. Thanks be to GOD, without the aſſiſtance of mobs and riots, (which my ſoul abhors) the chriſtian's weapons, through divine aſſiſtance, are mighty to the pulling down of Satan's ſtrong-holds. Alas! how many of theſe hath he gotten in every unregenerate perſon's heart! Bleſſed be his holy name for any begun conqueſts there; ſurely his name is wonderful that hath done it. What a miracle of grace is it, honoured Madam, that a ſpark of fire ſhould be kept in, amidſt an ocean of corruption! that the buſh ſhould burn, and yet not be conſumed! Such a ſtanding miracle I truſt your Ladyſhip will be. To be a martyr, a living witneſs for JESUS, amidſt the tip-top allurements of high life—by this we prove the ſtrength of JESUS to be ours indeed. May the LORD of all Lords help you, honoured Madam, to hold on and hold out. My prayer to him for you is, "That your progreſs may be made known to all men, and that you may increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD." Glory be to free grace, I find the happineſs of the divine life an increaſing happineſs indeed.—Lately our common LORD hath taken his people into the banqueting houſe, and cauſed their cup of conſolation to run over. Surely we have been in the ſuburbs of heaven: ere long we ſhall enter into the city itſelf. Our LORD is gone before to prepare the way.

To

To the tender and never-failing mercy of this gracious forerunner, do I humbly and heartily recommend your Ladyſhip, as being, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged,
and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCI.

To Lady H——n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *York, Sept.* 11, 1753.

LAST *Saturday* I returned to *Leeds*, from whence I had been abſent a fortnight. But what the glorious *Emmanuel* gave us to ſee and feel, is indeed inexpreſſible. What a ſacrament at *Howarth!* We uſed thirty-five bottles of wine on the occaſion. I have been as far as *Bolton*, *Mancheſter*, and *Stockport*. At the laſt place ſo much of the divine preſence came amongſt us, that it was almoſt too much for our frail natures to bear; at the former, our cup was alſo made to run over. Every where the congregation looked like ſwarms of bees, and the more I preached the more eager they ſeemed to be. At *Buſtall* laſt Lord's day, perhaps there were near twenty thouſand, and on *Monday* morning at *Leeds*, the parting was the moſt affecting I ever ſaw: it has been almoſt too much for me. I have not as yet half recovered it. LORD, haſten the time when thy people ſhall part no more! Laſt night I came hither, and preached with quietneſs. This morning I am ſetting out for *Lincolnſhire*, and have ſome thoughts of taking a trip to *Ireland*. LORD JESUS, what am I that I ſhould be called to go out into the high-ways and hedges? Beſides travelling, I have been enabled to preach thrice a day frequently. Arrows of conviction have fled, and of ſouls I hear ſcores have been awakened; they tell me that a hundred have been added to *Sunderland* ſociety. O that the leaven may ferment till the whole be leavened! Never did I ſee the work more promiſing. GOD be merciful to me a ſinner, and give me, for his infinite mercy's ſake, an humble thankful and reſigned heart! Surely I am viler than the vileſt, and ſtand amazed at his employing ſuch a wretch as I am; but his name is Love. I could enlarge, but muſt away to preach. Ever-honoured Madam, let me intreat the continuance of

your prayers, and thereby increaſe the innumerable obligations already conferred on the unworthieſt of the ſons of men, but, for CHRIST's ſake, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged and ready ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCII.

To Lady H——.

London, Sept. 26, 1753.

Ever-honoured Madam,

YESTERDAY about noon, a good and never-failing Redeemer brought me and mine in ſafety to town, where I expect to ſtay only a few days. Thanks be to GOD for this laſt circuit! I think this day three months I left *London*; ſince which time I have been enabled to travel about twelve hundred miles, and to preach about one hundred and eighty ſermons to many, very many thouſands of ſouls. More glorious ſeaſons I never ſaw; parting has almoſt killed me. My laſt excurſion hath been to *York*, *Lincolnſhire*, *Rotheram*, *Sheffield*, *Nottingham*, *Northampton*, where I believe near ten thouſand ſouls came to hear laſt Lord's day. It was a Lord's day indeed. Praiſe the LORD O my ſoul! I hope your Ladyſhip received Governor *B*——'s letter. I hear that your Ladyſhip hath honoured me with one, but find it is gone to *Nottingham*; I expect it to-morrow; but though ſomewhat fatigued, could not omit thanking your Ladyſhip to-night for this and all other favours. Innumerable are my obligations.—But the all-gracious and all-glorious JESUS muſt diſcharge them for me. My poor prayers, is the only pepper-corn I have got to offer by way of acknowledgment. O that I could do ſomething to expreſs my gratitude! By the help of my GOD, I will now begin to begin to love him. I am ſure it is high time.—And in doing ſo, and ſtudying to promote by my feeble letters his glory and the good of ſouls, I ſhall make the beſt return your Ladyſhip deſires. I have ſome thoughts of ſeeing *Ireland*; the LORD direct my goings in his way! I muſt now

wiſh

wiſh your Ladyſhip a good night. My wife joins in ſending moſt dutiful reſpects, with, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged, and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCIII.

To Mr. D———.

Northampton, Oct. 7, 1753.

WHAT! have the birds of prey been purſuing, pecking at, and wounding one of CHRIST's doves? Come, my dear man, play the man, be ſtrong in the grace which is in CHRIST JESUS, and be not like a ſilly dove that hath no heart. Look to him, and you ſhall be ſaved:

He will give ſtrength, he will give power,
He will in time ſet free.

Theſe enemies which ſo perplex us, ere long, bleſſed be GOD, we ſhall ſee no more. *Pharaoh* and his hoſt ſhall be drowned in the ſea.

Through CHRIST *we ſhall*
Break through them all,
And ſing the ſong of Moſes.

Courage then, my dear Mr. *D*——; CHRIST's blood ſhall yet purge out all remaining gall. Alas! alas! how little do we know of our hearts? What feathers are we, when toſſed in the wind of temptations? What greater and greater abominations ſhall we find, when the ſpirit leads us more and more into the chambers of imagery that are within us! We ſhall find, that, comparatively ſpeaking, we know nothing as we ought to know. O my ignorance! my ignorance! My leanneſs, my leanneſs! Pray for me, dear Mr. *D*——, and ſalute all dear friends in my name. I will write as ſoon as I can. My ſtay in *London* was but ſhort, yet I truſt profitable and ſweet to many. The new tabernacle was filled with GOD's glory under the word preached, on the letter day, and at

at ſacrament. I am now bound for *Staffordſhire*; follow me with your prayers, and believe me to be

Your affectionate ſympathizing
friend, in our dear LORD,
G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCIV.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Sir, *Northampton, Oct.* 10, 1753.

IT is now near eleven at night, and I am to ride beyond *Coventry* to-morrow: but I cannot cloſe my eyes without ſending you a ſhort account of my week's work. On *Saturday* laſt, I preached at *Oulney*, and had a bleſſed ſeaſon. On the Lord's day we had two glorious opportunities in this place, where the congregations were much larger than before. On *Monday* I went to *Oxen* near *Harborough*; it was their feaſt-day, but if I miſtake not, ſome of their feaſting was ſpoiled. In the evening I preached at *Boſworth*; the congregation was large as well as that at *Oxen*, and the power as great. About nine at night I got to *Kettering*, where I preached the next morning to many ſouls; the Redeemer gave us a ſpiritual breakfaſt. About five in the evening I reached *Bedford*, and preached in the *Green* laſt night, and this morning. This afternoon we had another bleſſed ſeaſon at *Culney*, and this evening I ſojourn here, in order to ſet off for *Birmingham* to-morrow. A new ſcene of uſefulneſs hath opened this week. O that nothing may retard me in my pilgrim life! It is worſe than death to me, to be ſtopt in that. You, my dear Sir, are called to trade, I to travel for my GOD. Whilſt trading, you are in effect travelling and preaching to thouſands; for you greatly ſtrengthen my hands in the LORD. Great ſhall be your reward in heaven. O what a bountiful maſter do we ſerve! I am loath to go to ſleep, and yet this vile body ſtands in need of it. My dear, very dear Sir, good night. GOD bleſs you and yours. I pray for your dear yoke-fellow, and little maid, inceſſantly. As you learnt long ago to look through and above unworthineſs, I muſt ſtill beg you to increaſe my obligations, by following with your prayers,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER DCCCCXCV.

To Dear A——.

Birmingham, Oct. 13, 1753.

"HAVING loved his own, he loved them unto the end," says the beloved disciple, concerning JESUS CHRIST. I would copy after this great exemplar, and have my love like his, steady and disinterested. Thus you have found, and I trust always will find my love to you. Works speak better than words. I am reposing the utmost confidence in you and yours. You are going to assist in a house, built in answer to millions of prayers, and which I doubt not, will prove a blessing to many that are now unborn. Look upon it in this light; think of the honour GOD is conferring upon you; then you will launch into the deep with a holy confidence, and when arrived at your wished for port, will behave with humility, disinterestedness, integrity and diligence. You need not ask any prayers, they will follow after you, though you should even fly upon the wings of the wind. I have pawned my word for your good behaviour in every respect, and hope to have my most sanguine expectations answered. Get but humility, and all will be well. I am satisfied about your passage and your room. You will remember, that GOD is about your bed, as well as your other paths, and take care to behave accordingly. To be a christian husband is no small matter. How much fresh grace is now necessary for your new state of life! Your sufficiency lives only in CHRIST. To his never-failing mercy do I commend you, and, for his great name's sake, subscribe myself, dear *A——*,

Your affectionate and ready friend,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCVI.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Sir, Nantwich, Oct. 18, 1753.

I Am now at an Inn, but cannot go farther, without giving you an account of my last week's circuit. Since my last, I have been at *Birmingham*, and several adjacent places. Still fresh work hath been done, and souls fled to the gospel like

doves to the windows. At a place near *Dudley*, called *Guarnall*, I heard of a whole company awakened by reading my poor ſermons. I met with others awakened years ago; and at one place, an old ſaint ſaid, "this is the old ſtory fifty-five years ago." Another near as old, ſaid, "I was comforted when you came laſt, now GOD hath ſent you to me again, and I can go more chearful to heaven." I have heard of a great reprobate, a notorious perſecutor and drunkard, who hath been ſtruck moſt powerfully. O my dear Sir; what ſhall you have for helping me in outward things, aſſiſting me by your prayers, and thereby cauſing me to preſs forward more chearfully in this delightful work of publiſhing the everlaſting goſpel! I am now going to a neighbouring village, after that to *Cheſter*, and from thence, purpoſe to return through *Staffordſhire*. GOD willing, you ſhall hear how it goes on, when I come to croſs-plough the ground again. In the mean while, be pleaſed to accept this as a token of my love, gratitude, and reſpect unfeigned, and after giving my moſt hearty love to dear Mrs. *S*—— and your dear little daughter, I ſubſcribe myſelf, very dear Sir,

Your moſt unworthy, though moſt obliged friend,
and ready ſervant in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCVII.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Sir, *Wolverhampton, Oct.* 27, 1753.

MY laſt, I think was from *Nantwich*. Since that, the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS, hath vouchſafed to employ me in breaking up new ground. I have preached four times at *Alperam* in *Cheſhire*, where the LORD was with us of a truth, and where he had ſweetly prepared my way, by bleſſing ſeveral of my poor writings. At *Cheſter* I preached four times; a great concourſe attended; all was huſhed and quiet, ſeveral of the clergy were preſent, and the word came with power. I have ſince heard, that the moſt noted rebel in town, was brought under deep conviction, and could not ſleep night or day. Within doors, where I preached early in the morning, conviction ſeemed to go through the whole congregation. At *Liverpool*, the way was equally prepared.—A perſon

ſon who had been wrought on by ſome of my printed ſermons, met me at landing, and took me to his houſe; a great number at a ſhort notice was convened; all was quiet here alſo. Some came under immediate conviction; and I could wiſh to have ſtayed much longer, but notice was given for my preaching at *Wrexham*, which I find ſince, hath been a rude place indeed. Upon my coming, the town was alarmed, and ſeveral thouſands came to hear. Several of the baſer ſort made a great noiſe, and threw ſtones, but none touched me, and I truſt I can ſay, our LORD got himſelf the victory. The next day, near *Alperam*, we had another heaven upon earth. A divine power deſcended among the people, and we could ſay, how awfully ſweet is this place! The next morning I intended to preach near *Nantwich*, where a Methodiſt meeting-houſe hath lately been pulled down. Here Satan roared.—The mob pelted Mr. *D*—— and others much, but I got off pretty free, and had opportunity of preaching quietly a little out of town. Laſt night I preached here in the dark, to a great body of hearers, for this country, and am now bound for *Wedneſbury*, *Dudley* and *Kidderminſter*. From thence, perhaps I may come to *London* for a few days. But this as yet is not determined. You will either ſee or hear again from me ſoon. In the mean while, I commend myſelf to the continual remembrance of your whole ſelf, and with ten thouſand thanks for all favours, beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our bleſſed LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCVIII.

To Mr. E——.

Dear Mr. E——, *London, Nov. 8, 1753.*

MAN appoints, but it is GOD's prerogative to diſappoint, when diſappointments are neceſſary for our good. But how hard is it to believe this? How apt are we in our haſte to ſay, all theſe things are againſt us! But what ſays Doctor *Watts?*

Where reaſon fails with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails and love adores.——

Come then, my dear Sir, and chearfully give up your *Iſaac* for GOD. He will be better to you than a thouſand creatures.

Leave to his ſovereign ſway,
To chooſe and to command;
So ſhalt thou wond'ring own his way:
How wiſe! how ſtrong his hand!

Far above thy thoughts,
His counſel ſhall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needleſs fear.

Ere now, I truſt, the ſtorm is blown over, and that the Redeemer hath made you happy in himſelf. His love is unchangeable; this rock of ages can never fail you. Build upon him, and you are quite ſafe. I could enlarge, but time fails. Be pleaſed to remember us to all, and believe me to be, dear Sir,

Your affectionate brother and ſervant
in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCIX.

To Mr. P——.

My dear P——, *Glouceſter, Nov.* 16, 1753.

I Thank you for your kind letter; it found me juſt returned from another tour in the north, which, like the former, I truſt hath been owned and bleſſed to many precious and immortal ſouls. At *Liverpool*, *Cheſter*, *Dudley*, *Wedneſbury*, *Birmingham*, *Coventry*, *Northampton*, and various other places, the goſpel report was believed, and the arm of the LORD was revealed. At *Nantwich* and *Wrexham*, I met with a little rough treatment; but what have pilgrims to expect better, in their journeying through the wide howling wilderneſs of this noiſy and troubleſome world? At *London*, we had bleſſed ſeaſons; and here, in my native country, the LORD of all Lords hath repeatedly made us cry out, "how dreadful is this place!" After Lord's day, I am bound for *Briſtol* and *Plymouth*, and hope to get into my winter quarters ſome time before *Chriſtmas*. Glad ſhould I be to travel for JESUS all the year round. It is more to me than my neceſſary food. Thank you, thank you

you my dear singing friends, for praying for me. I am persuaded, you help to hold up my weak hands. O continue to pray, that I may at length begin to be a pilgrim indeed. No other honour do I desire, whilst on this side eternity. I hope to send you some new tunes ere long. And what is better, infinitely better, I hope to join with you in singing the song of *Moses* and the Lamb ere long in the kingdom of heaven. Till then, though as yet we are embodied spirits,

We'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who shine above in brighter day.

Grace, mercy and peace be multiplied upon you all. But a word or two concerning *Jenks on the righteousness of* CHRIST. It is a precious book, and I think your extracting Mr. *Hervey*'s recommendation, and putting it by way of preface, to a new edition, will be sufficient. This I know is all he would consent to have done some time ago, when applied to by a *London* bookseller. GOD prosper this work of your hands upon you. Pray remember me to all my never to be forgotten friends, and assure them, that not want of love but leisure prevents their hearing more frequently from, my dear Sir,

Theirs and yours most affectionately
in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER M.

To Mr. G——.

Glouceſter, Nov. 16, 1753.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

YOUR kind letter I received, and would have answered it during my stay in *London* (which was only a few days) but really I was almost killed with a multiplicity of business. The journals also I would have sent immediately, but knew not how.—My wife promised me to embrace the first opportunity that offered, and I hope ere long they will come safe to hand. As for my pointing out particular passages, it is impracticable; I have neither leisure nor inclination so to do. At present, my doings and writings appear to me in so mean a light, that I think they deserve no other treatment than to be buried in eternal oblivion. "Behold, I am vile, I am vile,"

is all that I can say to GOD or man. And yet, amazing love! vile as I am, the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, still delights to honour me, by owning and succeeding my poor feeble labours. Great things were done in and about *Newcastle*; but far greater did we see afterwards in *Yorkshire*, *Lancashire*, &c. Since that, I have been another tour, and have preached at *Liverpool*, *Chester*, *Coventry*, *Birmingham*, *Dudley*, *Wednesbury*, *Kidderminster*, *Northampton*, *Bedford*, &c. &c. Ere now I suppose Mr. *B*—— *P*—— hath informed you, what apostolical treatment we met with at *Nantwich*. LORD, what am I, that I should be accounted worthy to suffer reproach for thy great name sake? At present I am in my native country, where the LORD of all Lords hath vouchsafed to give us several precious meetings. After a few days sojourning here, I am bound for *Bristol* and *Plymouth*, and in about three weeks, I purpose to betake myself to my winter quarters. Blessed be GOD, I have had good news from *Georgia*. O that we all may at length safely arrive in *Abraham*'s harbour! From thence we shall never put to sea again. My dear Sir, in the mean while, let us pray for each other. CHRIST is in our ship, and therefore it will not sink. I commend you and yours, and all my other never to be forgotten *Glasgow* friends, to his never-failing protection, and beg them, for CHRIST's sake, to always remember to pray for, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MI.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Sir, *Gloucester, Nov.* 17, 1753.

IT is now just a week since I left *London*. I must not, I cannot go any further without writing to him, who doth so much to strengthen my hands in the LORD. And what shall I say? Truly the glorious *Emmanuel* still continues to smile upon my feeble labours. Although I am in my native country, yet he hath not left himself without witness. Last Lord's day was a high day, and since that, we have had some more beautiful seasons in the country. I write this from a nineteen years friend's house, an Alderman of the city, who with his wife, are my spiritual children. LORD, what am I? To-mor-

row I am to move, and expect, besides riding, to preach thrice for some days.

CHRIST's presence will my pains beguile,
And make me, though fatigu'd, to smile.

After visiting *Bristol* and *Plymouth*, I purpose hastening to my winter quarters. Winter quarters!—The word *winter* almost shocks me. Alas, winter come already, and I, ungrateful, ill and hell-deserving I, have done so little for my GOD in the summer? How can I lift up my guilty head? I blush and am confounded before thee, O LORD. Behold, I am vile; O dig and dung round me, that I may bring forth more fruit to thee my GOD! Still, my dear Sir, I must beg your prayers, and those of your dear yoke-fellow, whom I love and honour, and whom (with your dear little daughter) I salute much in the LORD. A sense of my own unfruitfulness, and of GOD's amazing condescension in employing such a wretch, at present so over-powers me, that I am obliged to retire, to give vent to my heart, after having subscribed myself, my very dear Sir,

Yours under innumerable obligations,
in the best of bonds,
G. W.

LETTER MII.

To Mr. A——.

My very dear friend, *Bristol, Nov.* 21, 1753.

I Hoped a few days ago to send you glad tidings, and blessed be GOD, I am not disappointed. Never had I before such freedom in *Gloucestershire*. It was so pleasant, that I intend taking it again in my way to *London*. *Sunday* was indeed an high day. I preached and gave the sacrament at the new-house in the morning, and preached again at Mr. *G*——'s and Mr. *F*——'s in the field, at noon and in the evening. Showers of blessings descended from above. Mr. *L*—— supped with me; our LORD gave us richly to feast upon his great love. At *Painswick* we had two pleasant seasons, and the same favour was vouchsafed us at *Chafford* and *Tedbury*. At *Gloucester* also a time of refreshing came from the presence of the LORD, and the dear Alderman's house was made a *Bethel* to my soul. GOD brought me here on *Monday* evening, and to my great disap-

pointment the new tabernacle is not finiſhed, ſo that I know not well what to do. However, we had a good time laſt night at the hall, and I hope all this is but the beginning of a warm winter. I am glad that the LORD JESUS deals ſo bountifully with you at *London*. May he do ſo more and more! I believe he will. Your motion to go to *Norwich* I much approve of. Whatever others deſign, that is nothing to us. Simplicity and godly ſincerity will carry all before it in the end. O that the ſons of *Zeruiah* could be perſuaded to let us alone! But how then ſhould we be able to approve ourſelves ſons of *David?* By thorns and briars, the old man muſt be ſcratched to death. —O this crucifixion work! LORD JESUS help us to go through it! He will, he will. I commend thee and thine to his almighty protection and never-failing mercy, as being, my very dear man,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MIII.

Dear Mrs. C——, *Stroude, Nov. 27, 1753.*

YOUR letter came to my hands at *Wrexham*, but being upon the road I could not anſwer it. What ſaid GOD to *Abraham*, "Fear not; I will be thy ſhield and thy exceeding great reward." Now is your time to approve yourſelf his daughter.—My heart's deſire and prayer to the LORD of all Lords is, that you may be ſtrong in faith, and thereby give glory to GOD.—I am much obliged to thoſe who diſſuade you from going.—I find moſt love to be friends till they begin to have their *Iſaacs* demanded.—Let them have but a little patience: perhaps I may embark myſelf.—If they do not think it a privilege to go for CHRIST over the waters, I do.—This, even this is the language of my heart,

LORD, *obediently I'll go,*
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou my leader be,
And I ſtill will follow Thee.

O for a pilgrim heart! This I believe GOD hath given you, and I do not fear repenting the confidence I have repoſed in you.—That the LORD may make you a mother in *Iſrael*, and

bleſs you in taking care of his dear lambs, is the hearty prayer of, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your moſt aſſured friend and ready ſervant
for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

P. S. We have had bleſſed ſeaſons in the country: the LORD has been with us of a truth. Grace! grace!

LETTER MIV.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Friend, *Briſtol, Dec.* 1, 1753.

THIS hath been a long fortnight, for ſo long it is ſince I wrote to my very dear friend; but I waited to ſend him a bundle of good news together. Bleſſed be GOD, I am not diſappointed of my hope. Since my laſt, I have preached ſeveral times in *Glouceſterſhire*, where the people, as well as the unworthy preacher, drank plentifully of the good wine of the kingdom. In the fields ſeveral thouſands attended. Here we have alſo enjoyed much of GOD; twice I preached in my brother's great houſe to the quality, amongſt whom was one of *Cæſar*'s houſhold. On *Sunday* I opened the new Tabernacle. It is large, but not half large enough: would the place contain them, I believe near as many would attend as in *London*. Laſt *Monday* I ſet out for *Somerſetſhire*, intending to have gone as far as *Plymouth*, but the weather was ſo violent, and my call to *London* likely to be ſo ſpeedy, that I turned back. However, I preached in *Somerſetſhire* four or five times. Some told me, they were ſcarce able to ſtand under what GOD gave them. On *Tueſday*, at ſeven in the evening, I preached in the open air to a great multitude; all was huſh'd and exceeding ſolemn; the ſtars ſhone exceeding bright, and then, if ever, by an eye of faith, I ſaw him who calleth them all by their names. My ſoul was filled with an holy ambition, and I longed to be one of theſe who ſhall ſhine as the ſtars for ever and ever. My hands and body at this, and at other times were pierced with cold; but what are outward things when the ſoul within is warmed with the love of GOD? O my very dear Sir, increaſe my obligations by continuing to pray, that this

this unſpeakable gift may be ſhed abroad abundantly in my heart by the Holy Ghoſt. Then ſhall I not grovel as I do now here below, but mount on wings like an eagle; I ſhall walk and not be weary, I ſhall hold on and not be faint. O that I may die in the field! But die when or where I will, I ſhall die under the ſtrongeſt obligations to you and your dear yoke-fellow, who will both know, at the day of judgment, how ſincerely I ſubſcribe myſelf, very dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MV.

To Mr. S——.

Briſtol, Dec. 3, 1753.

WHEN I ſaw the ſeal of your laſt ſweet letter, I gueſſed at the contents of it. Bleſſed be GOD, I was not diſappointed. The heart was ſoaring aloft, mounting on the wings of faith and love, and had fled out of ſight of this poor and troubleſome world. Thus may that GOD, who is rich in mercy, pay and reward all that love ill and hell-deſerving me! The devil himſelf dares nor accuſe us, for ſerving and loving GOD or man, for theſe wages. They are wages of GOD's appointing, GOD's promiſing, GOD's paying. May my dear friend always find ſuch payment! I believe he will.

O LORD, *enlarge our ſcanty thoughts,*
To ſee the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Unlooſe our ſtammering tongues to tell,
Thy love immenſe, unſpeakable.

I rejoice in the promiſing proſpect of the happineſs of your brother's houſhold. May it widen and ſpread over all! If I have any time, I hope to ſend him a few lines. LORD, haſten the time when my poor kinſmen and brethren after the fleſh ſhall be joined to thee by one ſpirit! Till then, help me, O LORD, to be continually crying out, "Why me, LORD, why me?" Well may diſtinguiſhing grace, and the thoughts of everlaſting love, ſwallow up your whole ſoul. Strange! that GOD's children ſhould not know their own bread. But theſe corrupt hearts of ours ſtill verge towards the law. Grace,

omnipotent

omnipotent grace alone, can enable us to see our compleatness in CHRIST, and yet excite us, from principles of gratitude and love, to faithfulness and zeal, as though we were to be saved entirely by them. Glorious mystery! Like the blessed angels, may you and yours, my dear friend, be continually employed in looking into it! This is what I have been preaching on last week in *Somersetshire*. The fire there warmed and enflamed me, though I preached in the air on *Tuesday* evening at seven o'clock, as well as on *Wednesday* and *Thursday*. I purposed to go as far as *Plymouth*, but providence hath brought me back, and I am now hastening to *London*, to pay my last respects to my dying friend! It may be, that shortly Mr. *J*—— *W*—— will be no more; the physicians think his disease is a galloping consumption. I pity the church, I pity myself, but not him. We must stay behind in this cold climate, whilst he takes his flight to a radiant throne, prepared for him from the foundations of the world. LORD, if it be thy blessed will, let not thy chariot wheels be long in coming. Even so come LORD JESUS, come quickly! Poor Mr. *C*—— will now have double work. But we can do all things through CHRIST strengthening us. The residue of the Spirit is in the Redeemer's hands, and he hath promised not to leave his people comfortless. Our eyes, O LORD, are unto thee from whom cometh all our salvation. Here I could enlarge, but I must send a few lines to *London*, which I hope to reach myself some time this week. Be pleased to direct your next there. My *Leeds* friends have my cordial acknowledgements for their kind enquiries concerning me. I hope this will find them all, with your dear yoke-fellow, leaning on the Mediator's bosom. There am I now reclining my weary head. Adieu. The LORD JESUS be with your spirit.

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MVI.

To Mr. C—— W——.

Briſtol, Dec. 3, 1753.

BEING unexpectedly brought back from *Somerſetſhire*, and hearing you are gone upon ſuch a mournful errand, I cannot help ſending after you a few ſympathizing lines. The LORD help and ſupport you! May a double ſpirit of the aſcending *Elijah*, deſcend and reſt on the ſurviving *Eliſha!* Now is the time to prove the ſtrength of JESUS yours. A wife, a friend, and brother, ill together. Well! this is our comfort, all things ſhall work together for good to thoſe that love GOD. If you think proper, be pleaſed to deliver the incloſed. It was written out of the fulneſs of my heart. Tomorrow I leave *Briſtol*, and purpoſe reaching *London* by *Saturday* morning or night. Glad ſhould I be to reach heaven firſt; but faith and patience hold out a little longer. Yet a little while, and we ſhall be all together with our common LORD. I commend you to his everlaſting love, and am, my dear friend, with much ſympathy,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MVII.

To the Reverend Mr. J—— W——.

Reverend and very dear Sir, *Briſtol, Dec.* 3, 1753.

IF ſeeing you ſo weak when leaving *London*, diſtreſſed me, the news and proſpect of your approaching diſſolution hath quite weighed me down. I pity myſelf, and the church, but not you. A radiant throne awaits you, and ere long you will enter into your Maſter's joy. Yonder he ſtands with a maſſy crown, ready to put it on your head amidſt an admiring throng of ſaints and angels. But I, poor I, that have been waiting for my diſſolution theſe nineteen years, muſt be left behind to grovel here below! Well, this is my comfort, it cannot be long ere the chariots will be ſent even for worthleſs me. If prayers can detain them, even you, reverend and very dear Sir, ſhall not leave us yet: but if the decree is gone forth,

forth, that you must now fall asleep in JESUS, may he kiss your soul away, and give you to die in the embraces of triumphant love. If in the land of the living, I hope to pay my last respects to you next week. If not, reverend and dear Sir, farewel.—*I præ, sequar, etsi non passibus æquis.* My heart is too big, tears trickle down too fast, and I fear you are too weak for me to enlarge. May underneath you be CHRIST's everlasting arms! I commend you to his never-failing mercy, and am, very dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, sympathizing, and
afflicted younger brother in the gospel
of our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER MVIII.

To Mr. C—— W——.

My dear Friend, *London, Dec.* 13, 1753.

THE searcher of hearts alone knows the sympathy I have felt for you and yours, and what suspence my mind hath been in concerning the event of your present circumstances. I pray and enquire, enquire and pray again, always expecting to hear the worst. Ere this can reach you, I expect the lot will be cast either for life or death. I long to hear, that I may partake like a friend either of your joy and sorrow. Blessed be GOD for that promise, whereby we are assured, that "all things shall work together for good to those that love him." This may make us at least resigned, when called to part with our *Isaacs*. But who knows the pain of parting, when the wife and the friend are conjoined? To have the desire of one's eyes cut off with a stroke, what but grace, omnipotent grace, can enable us to bear it? But who knows, perhaps the threatened stroke may be recalled. Surely the LORD of all lords is preparing you for further usefulness by these complex trials. We must be purged, if we would bring forth more fruit. Your brother I hear is better; to-day I intended to have seen him, but Mr. *B*—— sent me word he thought he would be out for the air. I hope Mr. *H*—— is better; but I can scarce mention any body now but dear Mrs. *W*——. Pray let me know how it goes with you. My wife truly

truly joins in ſympathy and love. Night and day indeed you are remembered by, my dear friend,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MIX.

To Mr. S——

My dear Friend, *London, Dec. 13, 1753.*

THE mail not coming in till to-day, I began to fear leſt ſomething had happened to prevent your writing. But, bleſſed be GOD, my fears are diſpelled, my friend is well, his temporals, his ſpirituals proſper: herein I rejoice, yea and will rejoice. But what news do you tell me? Hath an infinitely condeſcending GOD vouchſafed to breathe on my poor worthleſs ſcribble? Hath life and power attended inanimate ink and paper? This then, my GOD, ſhall be the language of my heart!

Forgive my faults, and work thy will
By ſuch a worthleſs inſtrument;
It will at once thy goodneſs ſhew,
And prove thy power omnipotent.

Whatever ſome may boaſt of, I know not; but this I can ſay, that although, through rich, free, and ſovereign grace, I have been enabled theſe nineteen years to ſay unto GOD, "Thou art my father," yet I can ſtill ſay to corruption, "Thou art my ſiſter." Time and experience will convince others alſo of this important truth. GOD keep me, and all concerned with me, from ſuch manifeſtations, as do not lead us more and more into the chambers of imagery, which are latent and undiſcovered in the ſecret corners of our hearts! Such only come from GOD: illuminations which engender pride, and lead us from a deep and pungent feeling of our own nothingneſs, and the remainders of in-dwelling corruption, are either of a diabolical extraction, or at leaſt are perverted by the devil and proud nature, to feed that diſeaſe, which when operating in a genuine way, they have a native tendency to remove. Well might Mr. *Fleming* ſay, "LORD, grant me a divine manifeſtation,

feſtation, but O teach me to manage it after thou haſt granted it." *Paul* needed a thorn to teach him how to manage ſuch favours aright. I tremble for thoſe who hug their deluſions, and look upon the dunghill of corruption as quite removed, when it is only covered over as it were with a little ſnow. How white did the moſt foul places look only a few days ago! But the thaw is come, the whiteneſs is vaniſhed, and filthy dunghills are dunghills ſtill. My dear friend knows how to make the application. Bleſſed be GOD for leading you into the knowledge of the myſtery of goſpel holineſs.—Holineſs, not built on *Moſes*, or the ſandy bottom of our own faithfulneſs, but on JESUS, that rock of ages, whoſe faithfulneſs makes us faithful, and a reliance on whoſe compleat and all-ſufficient righteouſneſs, doings, and ſufferings, carries the believer on (without thinking of a reward) to do and ſuffer, what a legal heart will ſhrink and boggle at. May this mind be in you and me, and all that love our dear LORD JESUS in ſincerity! When the Son of Man makes them thus free, then will they be free indeed. You may eaſily ſee, that part of your letter hath led me inſenſibly into this ſtrain of writing. If it pleaſes or profits, or both, it will anſwer the end deſigned, and the dear, ever-dear, ever-loving, and ever-lovely Redeemer ſhall have all the glory. As our acquaintance was begun in him, and I truſt hath hitherto been bleſſed, ſo I would have it continue to run in the ſame channel, and, whether abſent from or preſent with each other, ſweetly lead us to our ocean, GOD. I am only ſorry you have ſuch an unprofitable correſpondent. Tears are ready to guſh out at the thought, and I am ready to ſink into the earth, when I conſider how little I can do for that JESUS, whom I love for himſelf, or for my friends, whom I love for his great name's ſake. Friend of ſinners, circle me in thy own compleat and all-ſufficient Self! Good night, my dear Sir, good night. If you gueſs at my preſent frame, you will know at whoſe croſs this leaves me, and how much I am

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MX.

To Mr. V——.

London, Dec. 15, 1753.

My very dear Mr. V——,

JUST now I received, and have read over your kind letter, dated *Auguſt* 22d, and in reading it, could have wiſhed for the wings of a dove, that I might have fled and embraced you in theſe unworthy arms, and wiſhed you joy of being aſſured of his love, who ſo loved us as to give himſelf for us. May this find you in the ſame happy frame, and may you for ever hereafter be bleſſed with the uninterrupted witneſs of GOD's Spirit, witneſſing with your ſpirit, that you are indeed his child! As you have undergone a long and tedious law work, I hope your joys are of the right kind, and will be more ſubſtantial and laſting, than thoſe who leap into a fancied liberty at once, and having no root in themſelves, in time of temptation fall away. Your houſe, my dear friend, I believe, is not built upon the ſand, but upon JESUS, even JESUS of *Nazareth*, the rock of ages; againſt which the gates of hell ſhall never be able to prevail. Whoever hath been the inſtrument of bringing you into this happy frame, it is no matter to me; I rejoice, yea and will rejoice. If I know any thing of my heart, I am juſt the ſame diſintereſted perſon as when I ſaw you, and believe me, you are my dear, very dear *Gaius*, my ſon, my friend ſtill. Mr. *S*—— can tell you, why you received no letters. They are ready, and were ſent to his lodgings:—but to my great ſurprize I was told, a coach came for him and the other paſſengers. Ever ſince I have been preaching and travelling as uſual, generally twice, and frequently thrice a day. I came only laſt *Saturday* into Winter quarters, and ſhall long for the Spring again, that I may enter upon a freſh campaign. O that my dear LORD may never diſcard me from this divine employ! An itinerant pilgrim life is that which I chooſe.—And why? It was the life of my bleſſed LORD. I hope you will not fail of calling out dear Mr. Z——*y* to it every year.—I am ſure *America*, dear *America* ſtands much in need of it. Let envious, lukewarm elder brethren ſay what they pleaſe againſt it, this is the way that GOD hath honoured, yea and I believe

believe will honour even unto the end. But I find, love of honour, power, eaſe, and fulneſs of bread, make even good people to think, and ſpeak, and act unlike themſelves. Theſe, theſe are the things which have led the *Moravian* brethren on this ſide the water, from the croſs of CHRIST, and made them to differ as much from what once they were, as light from darkneſs. O how have my dear ſpiritual children, (for whom I travailed in birth, and whom I love as my own ſoul) been inſenſibly led away, and robbed of their ſpiritual and temporal ſubſtance, at leaſt for a while, by ſome ſelf-deſigning and deceitful men. Againſt theſe, and not the dear people, who have been eaten up as bread, with a bleeding heart, have I drawn my pen; and I believe ſhall rejoice that I have done ſo to my dying day. GOD grant that the like ſcene may never be opened on your ſide the water! But I forbear.—O for heaven! O for that time when we ſhall get out of this church militant! I long to be

Where ſin and ſtrife and ſorrow ceaſe,
And all is joy and calm and peace.

Dear Mr. *J*—— *W*—— is going thither apace: he is ſuppoſed to be in a galloping conſumption. LORD JESUS, give me patience to wait till my wiſhed-for change alſo ſhall come! I long to awake after thy likeneſs; I long to be diſſolved to be with thee! Then, then ſhall I meet you, my dear friend, and rejoice, together with all the bleſſed train that ſhall follow the Lamb! O my dear Sir, bear with me, bear with me, I pray you, for indeed I am ſick of love. Surely of all the redeemed, I, even ill and hell-deſerving I, ſhall ſing loudeſt in heaven. Behold I am vile! black, but yet comely: not in myſelf, but in the comelineſs which my dear JESUS hath put upon me. I can now no more. I muſt retire to pray for you and yours. The LORD bleſs you, and keep you, and give you a heart continually to remember before his throne, my dear Mr. *V*——,

Your moſt affectionate friend, brother,
and ſervant in CHRIST,

G. W.

LETTER MXI.

To Lady H———n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London, Dec.* 15, 1753.

THE mail not coming in regularly, your Ladyſhip's letter did not reach me till *Thurſday* afternoon. Yeſterday morning I obeyed your Ladyſhip's commands, and carried the incloſed to Mrs. *G*——, at St. *James*'s palace. I was much ſatisfied with my viſit, and am much rejoiced to find, that ſhe ſeems reſolved to ſhow out at once. The court, I believe, rings of her, and if ſhe ſtands, I truſt ſhe will make a glorious martyr for her bleſſed LORD. O that your Ladyſhip could ſee your way clear to come up! Now ſeems to be the time for a freſh ſtir. Few have either courage or conduct to head a chriſtian party amongſt perſons of high life. That honour ſeems to be put upon your Ladyſhip:—and a glorious honour indeed it is. Till Mrs. *G*—— can meet with company that is really in earneſt, I think the cloſer ſhe keeps to her GOD and her book, the better. The LORD ſtrengthen, ſtabliſh, and ſettle her in his ways and will! I am yet kept in ſuſpence about Mrs. *W*——*y*; and have been much concerned, leſt by intenſe ſympathy, your Ladyſhip ſhould contract an illneſs yourſelf. But your Ladyſhip hath long ſince learnt, that as your day is, ſo ſhall your ſtrength be. I pray the LORD of all lords to lengthen out your important life, and make your Ladyſhip ten thouſand times more uſeful than ever, long after my worthleſs head is laid in the ſilent grave. If I ſhould live to ſee my dear brother truly converted unto GOD, O how would it delight me! The diſtant proſpect is ſo pleaſing, that I could ſcarce contain myſelf at the news of it. I hope to hear from him ſoon, having written to him lately. On *Tueſday* I am to dine with Mr. *J*—— *W*——, who was yeſterday for a few minutes at the Foundery: but I hear his lungs are touched. I cannot wiſh him to ſurvive his uſefulneſs. It is poor living to be nurſed. But our LORD knows what is beſt for his children. I wiſh I might have the uſe of *Weſt-ſtreet* chapel once or twice a week; many want to hear at that end of the town: the Meſſrs. *W*——*y*'s are quite welcome

come to all the help I can give them. I have no desire but to promote the common salvation among all.

From self and party spirit free,
Simply, O LORD, *I'd follow thee.*

Your Ladyship will still add to my innumerable obligations, by praying that such a mind may be given to, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged,
and ready servant, for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MXII.

To Mrs. G——:

Dear Madam; *Tabernacle-House, Dec.* 17, 1753.

I Was so well satisfied with the frame I found you in yesterday, that I could not refrain sending you a few lines to-day. O that you may have grace given you, to stand the first attacks that you must necessarily meet with from every quarter! Blessed be GOD, that you are determined to shew out at once, and to let all know, that you are determined not so much as to attempt to compromise matters between CHRIST and the world. One might as well attempt to reconcile light and darkness, heaven and hell. Happy they who set out on a disinterested bottom; it is the foundation which our great High-priest hath laid, and is a rock that will never fail. Never fear, Madam, though storms and billows, afflictions and temptations abide you; he that enabled the three children to pass unhurt through the fiery furnace, and kept his beloved *Daniel* from being devoured in a den of lions, can and will preserve you unspotted and undefiled, though surrounded on every side. My poor worthless prayers shall not be wanting for you night and day. Look up, dear Madam, determine to know nothing but JESUS CHRIST and him crucified, and he will make your very enemies to be at peace with you. But faith must be tried, and grace, when given, must be kept in exercise. Welcome, welcome dear Madam, into the glorious kingdom of the children of GOD. O that all of *Cæsar's* household were in the same situation! How would they exult

in the happy change! A change from darkneſs to light, from bondage and miſery to the moſt conſummate liberty and happineſs. For thoſe whom the Son of man makes free, they are free indeed. Now, now may you ſing,

Be gone, vain world, my heart reſign,
For I muſt be no longer thine;
A nobler, a diviner gueſt,
Now claims poſſeſſion of my breaſt.

I could enlarge, but am afraid of being too bold. The freedom already taken, proceeds from unfeigned regard to our common LORD, to good Lady *H*——, and to yourſelf, for his great name ſake. I juſt now informed her Ladyſhip of the honour done me yeſterday, and of the providential call ſhe ſeems to have to town. Her Ladyſhip is a mother in *Iſrael* indeed, a mirror of piety, detached from worldly hopes and worldly fears, and therefore no wonder that ſhe ſo ſimply copies after her great Exemplar, and glories only in his bleſſed croſs. Till you can find ſome like-minded, I believe you will find your GOD and your book the beſt company.—That you may be never leſs alone, than when you are alone, and that you may be continually directed ſo to ſpeak and act, that you may win many ſouls among the rich and great to the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS, is and ſhall be the earneſt conſtant prayer of, dear Madam,

Your moſt obliged and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MXIII.

To Mr. B——.

Dear Mr. B——, *London, Dec.* 17, 1753.

I Am ſorry to find by your laſt, which came to hand on *Saturday*, that the tumults in your parts ſtill continue at ſuch an height. I heartily wiſh, that the kind and generous Juſtice who hath ſo laudably exerted himſelf, may have courage to proceed in a due execution of the laws, and I doubt not but the iſſue will be, that you will have peace. In the mean while, may the Redeemer enable you and all concerned to poſſeſs their ſouls in patience! I think the ſtorm is too violent

lent to hold long. The death of dear Mr. *J*—— *W*——, if that ſhould be the iſſue of his preſent illneſs, I think is of a far more threatening nature. At preſent, I hear he is ſomewhat better, but if his diſtemper be a galloping conſumption (as they ſay it is) there are but little hopes of his ſurviving long. But all things are poſſible with GOD. O that my tardy pace may be quickened, and my ſluggiſh ſoul begin to be alive to GOD! He hath dealt bountifully with me ſince we parted. In various places the word ran and was glorified, and we had a lovely ſhutting-up of the Summer's campaign in *Glouceſterſhire*. —I am now in my Winter quarters, moaning and bewailing myſelf, for not having done more when the days were longer. O for Spring, that I may ſpring afreſh for my LORD! You and all muſt pray for me. I ſend you and yours, Mr. *C*—— and his ſon, and all enquiring friends (not forgetting poor *Peggy*) my hearty love. My wife joins with, dear Mr. *B*——,

Your very affectionate, ſympathizing friend,
and ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MXIV.

To Mr. E—— P——.

Pemberton

Dear Sir, *London, Dec.* 17, 1753.

I Doubt not but the receipt of this will fill you with ſurprize; yet I hope it will be a pleaſing one. Laſt night after preaching, your ſon, who hath been lately confined, came to me and gave me a particular detail of his ſeemingly unhappy circumſtances.—The narration affected me, and I aſked him to ſtay ſupper; the company then with me I thought was what he wanted.—The conſequence was, that he went home rejoicing in GOD; temptations ſubſided. I cannot help thinking, but that if he converſed with proper perſons who knew his caſe, he might yet come forth as gold tried in the fire. His experience is ſomewhat uncommon, and perhaps when ſufficiently humbled, the glorious Redeemer may exalt him. Satan hath certainly deſired to have him to ſift him as wheat; but I verily believe JESUS hath prayed for him, and therefore his faith ſhall not fail. As I know what unſpeakable concern, tender parents muſt neceſſarily undergo for a child in ſuch a

way, I could not help ſending a few lines to you. If the glorious *Emmanuel*, whoſe love conſtrains me to write, ſhould vouchſafe to bleſs them to the conſolation of you and yours, it would much rejoice, dear Sir,

Your ſympathizing though unknown friend,
and ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MXV.

To C— W——.

My dear Friend, *London, Dec.* 20, 1753.

I Moſt ſincerely rejoice in, and have given private and public thanks for the recovery of your dear yoke-fellow. My pleaſure is increaſed by ſeeing your brother ſo well, as I found him on *Tueſday* at *Lewiſham*.—O that you may both ſpring afreſh, and your latter end increaſe more and more! Talk not of having no more work in the vineyard; I hope all our work is but juſt beginning. I am ſure it is high time for me to do ſomething for Him, who hath done and ſuffered ſo much for me.—Near forty years old, and ſuch a dwarf! The Winter come already, and ſo little done in the Summer! I am aſhamed, I bluſh and am confounded. And yet GOD bleſſeth us here. Truly his out-goings are ſeen in the tabernacle. The top-ſtone is brought forth; we will now cry Grace! grace! I muſt away. Our joint reſpects attend you all. I hope Mr. *H*—— mends; I hear that his brother is dead. LORD, make us alſo ready! My moſt dutiful reſpects await our elect Lady.—GOD willing, ſhe ſhall hear ſoon from, my dear friend,

Yours, &c.
G. W.

LETTER MXVI.

To the Marquiſs L——.

My Lord, *London, Dec.* 27, 1753.

A Matter of ſome importance, is the occaſion of my troubling your Lordſhip with another letter. The reverend Mr. *G*—— *T*—— of *Philadephia*, and the reverend Mr. *D*—— from *Virginia* (both eminent miniſters of JESUS CHRIST)

CHRIST) are just arrived. They are commissioned to apply for a general collection in *Scotland*, and to procure private contributions for the building and maintaining a presbyterian college in *New-Jersey* province. What I would therefore beg of your Lordship is, that your Lordship would do them the honour of permitting them to wait upon you, and that they may be also introduced to Lord *L*——. One Mr. *D*—— *D*——, who I believe was lately chosen a correspondent member of that society, over which your Lordship presides, and who is a steady friend to the interests of the Redeemer, if your Lordship is pleased to give leave, will come along with them. I shall wait for your Lordship's answer, and then apprize them of it. In the mean time, I heartily wish your Lordship not the compliments, but the blessings of the season, even all those blessings that have been purchased for a lost world by the death and sufferings of an incarnate GOD.—Adored, for ever adored be his free grace, he vouchsafes to ma-manifest himself amongst us here. Conviction and conversion work seems to go on prosperously, and GOD's people are abundantly refreshed. That your Lordship may continually drink of divine pleasures as out of a river, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful, obliged and
ready servant for CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXVII.

To Mr. G——.

London, Dec. 27, 1753.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

I am surprized to find by your last kind letter, that my poor journals are not come to hand. My wife informs me that they were sent to, or by one Mr. *E*——, who was to send off goods the very next day. Perhaps it will please you to hear that Messrs. *T*—— and *D*—— supped with me last night; may the good LORD prosper the work of their hands upon them! I hope they will be introduced soon to the Marquis of *L*——, and by him to Lord *L*——. I shall help them all I can. At the great day all things will be laid open. O how do I long for it! And yet, how ashamed shall I be to

appear before my LORD, when I have done so little for him, and made such poor returns for his dying love! Would you think it? I am this day thirty-nine years of age. Did not my business require my attendance, I could lock myself up, and lie prostrate all the day long in deep humiliation before him, who hath vouchsafed to call me by his grace, reveal his son in me, and I trust made me the instrument, (O amazing love!) of calling some others to the experimental knowledge of the same unspeakable gift. My dear, very dear Sir, let none of my friends cry to such a sluggish, lukewarm, unprofitable worm, "Spare thyself." Rather spur me on, I pray you, with an "Awake thou sleeper, and begin to begin to do something for thy GOD." The LORD being my helper, I will. Do thou strengthen me, my LORD and my GOD, and I will go for thee, at thy command, to the uttermost parts of the earth! O break, break my heart, look to him, whom thou hast pierced.—Look and love, look and mourn, look and praise; thy GOD is yet thy GOD! Every day, Sir, we hear of fresh work; scores of notes are put up by persons brought under conviction, and GOD's people are abundantly refreshed. Last night the glory of the LORD filled the tabernacle; I cannot tell you half.—I am lost, I am lost in wonder. I must retire to give vent to my heart. For the present, my dear Sir, adieu! The LORD bless you and yours, and all my other dear friends. Ere long, I hope to spend an eternal new year with you in the *Jerusalem* which is above. That in the mean time, all things belonging to the old man may die in us, and all things belonging to the new man may more and more live and grow in us, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MXVIII.

To Lady H——n.

London, Jan. 3. 1754.

Ever-honoured Madam,

ERE now, I hope your Ladyship is delivered from suspense, and that the danger concerning little master is entirely over. The concern I was in for your Ladyship when

I wrote last, made me forget to speak about Mrs. *H*——. And indeed I cannot tell where she lodges. I could wish she was bettered by affliction.—But alas! though, why do I speak of others, when another new year is come, and I am bettered so little by all the LORD hath done for and in me? O that he may dig and dung round this barren fig-tree, that it may at length begin to bring forth some fruit unto GOD! But who can tell what this digging and dunging means? What temptations, afflictions and trials of every kind doth it include? And all little enough to keep these hearts in any tolerable order. Out of darkness he can and will bring light. That your Ladyship may experience this more and more every day, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged,
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MXIX.

To Mr. W——.

London, Jan. 5, 1754.

My dear Mr. W——,

YOUR letter much affected as well as surprized me.—I may say of it as Dr. *G*—— says of the Apostle *Paul*'s epistle to the *Ephesians*, "It smelt of the prison." Surely GOD's thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are his ways as our ways. How amazingly does he over-rule all things, for the spiritual and eternal good of those who love him in sincerity! Through his gracious and never-failing care, out of the eater cometh forth meat, and out of the strongest trial cometh forth unspeakable, spiritual sweetness. If this be the effect of affliction, then may the believer boldly say,

All hail reproach, and welcome pain!

Surely you may sing,

——— *O happy rod,*
Which brought me nearer to my GOD.

Now will you prove the strength of JESUS to be yours, now, will you find that your very enemies shall be at peace with you; ravens

ravens shall feed you, and the bread which you cast upon the waters many days ago, shall now happily be found. I sympathize most sincerely with your dear yoke-fellow, and parent. Blessed be GOD, we have a rich Saviour to go to.—A Saviour, who though infinitely rich in himself, yet for our sakes became poor. Rejoice then, my dear friend, for having an opportunity of being conformed to him. And whether your affliction be brought on you by any imprudent conduct, or by the immediate hand of GOD, cast not off I pray you your confidence in CHRIST. He is a compassionate high-priest. Perhaps this year, if we should live to the fall, we may have an opportunity of conversing about him face to face. In the mean while, let us pray for each other, and wait for that blessed time, when we shall be afflicted and tossed no more. I meet with my share of trials; but with thankfulness would I set up my *Ebenezer*; for hitherto my GOD hath helped me. Glory be to his great name, his word runs and is glorified more and more. The wilderness in various places blossoms like a rose. May the LORD revive his work in your parts! Mr. *D*—— and Mr. *T*—— have supped with me twice. I hope they will meet with wished-for success. My wife joins in sending love and cordial respects to your whole self, your mother, sister, and all that love the glorious JESUS in sincerity. That you all may increase with all the increase of GOD, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Mr. *W*——,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXX.

To Governor B——.

Honoured Sir, *London, Jan.* 11, 1754.

I Had the favour of your last kind letter by the hands of Messrs. *T*—— and *D*——, whose work I pray the LORD of all Lords to bless and prosper. Was Lady *H*——*n* in town, they should have been introduced before now, but at present she is at *Bath* drinking of the waters of life freely, and communicating them freely to others. One of *Cæsar*'s household hath been lately awakened through her Ladyship's instrumentality, and I hope others will meet with the like blessing.

ſing. Amongſt the common people the goſpel alſo runs, and is glorified in divers places. Our new tabernacle the Redeemer vouchſafes to fill with his preſence, and gives us daily to hear that delightful muſic, "The triumphs of his word." Winter quarters are made pleaſant to me, but I long for my Spring campaign.—Perhaps it may be a *Spring Voyage*.—For I am now ſeriouſly thinking of a voyage to *America*, and live in hopes of ſeeing your Excellency once more on this ſide eternity. LORD JESUS, do thou ſhew me what thou wouldeſt have me to do! This, this I truſt at preſent is the unfeigned language of my heart,

A life that all things caſts behind,
Springs forth obedient at thy call.

I beg a continued intereſt in your Excellency's prayers, that I may be kept from flagging in the latter ſtages of my road, and ripen for heaven every day and every hour. I am now thirty-nine years old, and little dreamt of being kept on earth ſo long; but I find we are immortal till our work is done. O that I may now begin to begin to work for JESUS! He is worthy, he is altogether lovely, he is the faireſt among ten thouſand. To his never-failing mercy and endearing love I moſt humbly recommend your Excellency's whole ſelf, always ſubſcribing myſelf, honoured Sir,

Your Excellency's moſt dutiful, obliged,
and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MXXI.

To Mr. S——.

London, Jan. 11, 1754.

Dear Mr. S——,

WHY did you not apprize me of your going? Why did you not let me have an opportunity of ſending my packets after you to *Portſmouth?* You ſailed only a day or two before I came there myſelf. However, I am glad to hear that you are ſafe arrived. May it be an earneſt of your arriving ere long in the kingdom of heaven! Perhaps we may meet this Summer. I hope we ſhall ſee each other grown in grace,

grace, and in the knowledge of our LORD and Saviour JESUS CHRIST. You and I are much indebted to him. We have not a moment of time to loſe. We ought to be continually ſaying, "What ſhall we render unto the LORD?" O for zeal! O for activity in his glorious ſervice! A crucified JESUS! An incarnate GOD! What doth his love, his dying, yet never-dying love demand at our hands? Anſwer that queſtion who can. It will nonplus men and angels. Bleſſed be his free grace, we find here that his name is *Wonderful.* Our new tabernacle is compleated, and the workmen all paid. What is beſt of all, the Redeemer manifeſts his glory in it. Every day, ſouls come crying, "What ſhall we do to be ſaved?" This I believe you will look upon to be the beſt news. But I can now no more. Accept this as a token of love unfeigned, from, my dear Mr. *S*——,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXXII.

To Mr. B——.

My dear Mr. B——, *London, Jan.* 19, 1754.

ALL is well, and why? Becauſe all things are of our LORD's ordering. May he perfect his ſtrength in your weakneſs, and the more the outward man decayeth, may you be ſtrengthened ſo much the more by his holy ſpirit in the inner man! — Welcome flux, welcome fever, welcome the plague itſelf, if ſanctified to bring us nearer to our GOD. Yet a little while, and he that cometh, will come, and will not tarry. I wiſh you much proſperity under the croſs.—You muſt return the favour; I ſtand in need of much prayer. Perhaps ere long I may be called to occupy my buſineſs in the great waters. If not, GOD willing, you ſhall ſee me. In the mean while, pray give my love to all, eſpecially to thoſe mentioned in your laſt. GOD help them to hold on and hold out! In heaven they will ſing the louder for being called by ſuch an ill and hell-deſerving creature as I am. Bleſſed be GOD, awakening work goes on here: every ſermon preached this Winter hath been fetched out of the furnace. — But what are we to expect as chriſtians and miniſters, but afflictions?

tions? I thank you for your kind offer, and orders to command. Such I seldom comply with. Though poor, yet desiring at least to make many rich, I would have for my motto still. Some way or another, my GOD will supply all my wants. I am sorry that the volume of the *Christian Library* was forgotten. I shall write to my dear Mr. *S*—— to send you his, and yours may be sent to him. Whatever becomes of written christian libraries, I earnestly pray that your heart, my dear Sir, may be the library of JESUS CHRIST, and beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXXIII.

To Mr. W——.

Dear Mr. W——, *London, Jan.* 19, 1754.

AS my embarking for *America* seems to be very near at hand, your question must necessarily be answered in the negative. However, I thank you for your kind offer, and earnestly pray that wherever you are called to labour, you may find the work of the LORD prospering in your hands. I did not know that there was any demur between you and those with whom you have been for some time connected; and I am sure, GOD is my witness, that I want to draw no man from them. People, money, power, are not my objects. I desire to know nothing but JESUS CHRIST, and him crucified, and to be a willing pilgrim for his great name's sake. At present this is the language of my heart,

LORD, *obediently I'd go,*
Gladly leaving all below.

I intreat you to pray that my faith fail not. LORD, increase it for thy infinite mercy's sake! We have blessed seasons here: the glory of the LORD fills our new tabernacle. If possible, I shall send the books you desire to *Leeds*. I hope you find your present illness sanctified. That is a sign of special love.—Adieu. I am in great haste. But with greater love, I subscribe myself, dear Mr. *W*——,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MXXIV.

To Mr. ———.

Dear Sir, *London, Feb.* 2, 1754.

BY your writing, I guess you are a brand plucked out of the fire of the polite and gay world.—Happy deliverance! I intreat you to rejoice, give thanks, and sing,

Be gone, vain world, my heart resign,
For I must be no longer thine;
A fairer, a diviner guest,
Now claims possession of my breast.

I do not wonder to hear of your being under trials; you are to be made perfect by them. Right-hand and right-eye corruptions are not so easily cut off, or plucked out; but this must be done. Not one *Agag*, however beautiful, and importunate for life, must be spared: the sword of the spirit must be lifted up, and as an enemy to the LORD of life and glory, he must be hewn to pieces. JESUS, the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS, cannot away with idols:—And why? Because they rob us of our peace, estrange us from our GOD, and unfit us for the enjoyment of that better world, where I hope to see you encircled in the arms of redeeming love. Flee therefore, dear Sir, flee, I intreat you, youthful lusts. JESUS will give you wings and feet, and after all reward you, as though you fled in a strength of your own. O often, often contemplate, and dwell upon his dying for you. This will sweetly constrain you to be willing even to die for him, and powerfully constrain you to be ready to every good word and work. O that I may take this advice myself! You must pray that I may; a trial is at hand. In about three weeks I am bound for *America*.—A multiplicity of business lies before me; but to convince you that your correspondence is not troublesome, I snatch a few minutes to send you these lines, from, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant for CHRIST's sake.

G. W.

LETTER MXXV.

To Lady H——n.

Honoured Madam, *London, Feb.* 14, 1754.

YOUR Ladyſhip's kind letter came ſafe to hand.—I immediately ſent for Mr. *M*——, delivered his, and ſaw it conſumed. He hath the moſt grateful ſenſe of your Ladyſhip's great benevolence. It is, as your Ladyſhip ſuſpects in relation to his wife; ſhe is a *Zipporah*, a thorn in the fleſh. Miniſters muſt expect ſuch things. I hope your Ladyſhip is enabled to bear with fortitude the ſcratches you muſt neceſſarily meet with in this wide howling wilderneſs. You have a Beloved to lean upon, who is mighty and willing to ſave. Bleſſed be his name, for giving you a heart to retire from the pomps and vanities of a dreaming and deluſive world. Happy they, who can enjoy their GOD and themſelves. This only the true chriſtian can do. Such a one I believe your Ladyſhip to be.—My prayer to the LORD of all Lords in your Ladyſhip's behalf, is that you may grow in grace, and abound continually in every good word and work. This is the only return I can make your Ladyſhip for the regard and concern you have expreſſed for me, as an unworthy miniſter of the Son of GOD. For his great name ſake, I expect in a fortnight, once more to launch into the great deep, with about ten or twelve poor deſtitute orphans under my care. O my GOD, why am I thus honoured, to be employed as a pilgrim for thee? I truſt this is the language of my heart,

A life that all things caſts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call;
A heart that no deſire can move,
But ſtill t'adore, believe and love,
Give me, my LORD, *my life, my all.*

But whither am I going? Be pleaſed, honoured Madam, to excuſe this freedom; your Ladyſhip's kind letter conſtrains me to write thus. Honoured Madam, I thank you a thouſand and a thouſand times, for all your kind offers of ſerving me, and the church of GOD. At preſent (ſince you have ſo lately let the tabernacle have ſuch an inſtance of your regard) I have only

to

to beg the continuance of your Ladyſhip's prayers, and to ſubſcribe myſelf without diſſimulation, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged, and ready ſervant for the dear Redeemer's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MXXVI.

To Mrs. G——.

Dear Madam, *London, Feb.* 15, 1754.

WITH this I ſend you the promiſed pamphlet, which was written with a ſingle eye to prevent fraud and ſuperſtition, and to promote the Mediator's glory. Notwithſtanding, I would adviſe you, dear Madam, not to let other people's foibles drive you from the croſs of CHRIST: he is altogether lovely.—And if perſons were more taken up in contemplation of his lovelineſs, and their own deformities, they would not have ſo much time to talk of others, nor take ſo much pains to gain proſelytes to any particular party under heaven. Such a practice is beneath the dignity of a free-born child of GOD.—His ſpirit breathes another kind of language, and teaches us to be all eye within. O that your heart may be filled with that wiſdom which is from above, which is firſt pure, then peaceable, gentle, eaſy to be intreated, without partiality, without hypocriſy, and full of faith, ſelf-denial, zeal, diſintereſtedneſs, and good works! That JESUS, whom I believe you love, is able, dear Madam, to fill you with this wiſdom. He hath promiſed, "if we aſk, it ſhall be given." Nay, he hath ſaid, "that he giveth liberally and upbraideth not." May you be enabled to lay hold on him in the omnipotence of prayer, and find grace to help in every time of need! Have you not found him faithful, in your intended viſit to your friend? May you be made wiſe as an angel of GOD, to win her and others over to the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS! Pray, dear Madam, have you heard from *Bath?* There is a copy you may ſafely write after; but a perfect one is no where to be found but in our common LORD, the God-man CHRIST JESUS. To his tender and never-failing mercy do I moſt humbly

humbly recommend you, and, for his great name's sake, most heartily subscribe myself, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and ready servant;

G. W.

LETTER MXXVII.

To Mr. S——

Lisbon Harbour, March 17, 1754.

My very dear Sir,

SURELY our GOD is a prayer-hearing, promise-keeping GOD. He delights to disappoint our fears, and even exceeds our hopes. On the seventh instant we left *Gravesend*; on the eighth we passed through the downs, and yesterday we anchored in this port. Through the channel we met not with the least obstruction, neither had we the least contrary wind all the way. *Cape Finisterre*, the *Burlings*, and the rock of *Lisbon*, (high-lands we desired to make) we came directly upon, and though the wind was very high, yet being for us, it was not so troublesome, but (like sanctified afflictions to the christian) drove us nearer to our desired haven. We are now lying before a large place, where we see hundreds going to worship in their way. We have just been at ours, and I trust I have felt something of that rest, which remains, even on this side eternity, for the people of GOD. You and yours are not forgotten by me at his throne. No, I remember you night and day, and am longing for that happy time, when we shall part no more. Though sent without a friend to return with me, yet I am not left alone. I thank the LORD of all Lords, for honouring me so far as to employ me on such expeditions as these. O my GOD, what am I, that I should be called to leave my native country, and to sacrifice not only my carnal but spiritual affections for thee! Thy presence on earth, thy presence in heaven, will make amends for all. Well! Blessed be GOD, this heaven is at hand. Yet a little while, and he that cometh, will come, and will not tarry. O that he may find us busy for him! I am persuaded this will be your case. Add, my dear Sir, to my manifold obligations, by praying that it may be mine also.—Fain would I be kept from flagging in the latter stages of my road; fain would I return to my native country (if I am to return) grown in grace, and in the know-

ledge of our LORD and Saviour JESUS CHRIST. Indeed he is a good maſter. He hath given me the affections of all on board, and as kind a Captain as we could deſire. What I meet with when on ſhore, you may know hereafter. I grudge your paying poſtage for my poor ſcribble, and yet I know not well how to prevent it. Be pleaſed to put it down to the amount of our common LORD, and if you have any leiſure from working for the poor, and trading for him, let me have a line. I recommend you and them to the Redeemer's never-failing mercy, and am, I truſt with ſome degree of gratitude, very dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MXXVIII.

To Mr. B——.

Liſbon Harbour, March 19, 1754.

My dear Mr. B——,

HOW ſoon does the ſcene ſhift? At what a diſtance, in a few days, may we be removed from each other! On the ſixteenth inſtant, that GOD whom I deſire to ſerve in the goſpel of his dear Son, brought me and my orphan charge to this harbour. As yet I have not been on ſhore, but expect to go to-morrow. At this diſtance, I ſee enough to bleſs the LORD of all Lords for calling me out of darkneſs into his marvelous light, and for redeeming me from this preſent evil world. O my dear friend, to an eye fixed on the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS, how little, unſpeakably little do all ſublunary things appear. I hope this will find my dear Mr. *B*—— crying out from the bottom of his heart, "indeed they are not worth a thought." Well ſaid, my dear Sir; let us then be laudably ambitious, and get as rich as we can towards GOD; ſuch are durable riches. The bank of heaven is a ſure bank. I have drawn thouſands of bills upon it, and never had one ſent back proteſted. GOD helping me, I purpoſe lodging my little earthly all there. I hope my preſent poor but valuable cargo, will make ſome additions to my heavenly inheritance. O free grace! That ever ſuch an ill and hell-deſerving wretch as I am, ſhould ever be called out to leave his carnal and ſpi-

ritual friends, for that friend of ſinners the Lamb of GOD! Theſe partings are indeed trying to nature; but heaven, my dear Sir, will make amends for all. There I hope to meet you and yours, whom I love in the bowels of JESUS CHRIST; there you ſhall be amply rewarded for all acts of kindneſs conferred either on me or mine. Increaſe my obligations, by continuing to pray for us, and accept this as a ſmall tribute of thanks, and a teſtimony of love unfeigned, from, my dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MXXIX.

To Mr. R. K——n.

My dear Mr. K——n, *Liſbon, March* 21, 1754.

I Do not forget my promiſe, either in reſpect to writing or praying.—Though at this diſtance, I am ſtill preſent in ſpirit with you and yours, and with my other dear *London* friends; and I live in the expectation of ſeeing them all grown in grace, and in the knowledge of our LORD and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.—This leaves me an old inhabitant of *Liſbon*. —We have now been here almoſt a week, and I ſuppoſe ſhall ſtay a fortnight longer.—A very reputable merchant hath received me into his houſe, and every day ſhews me the eccleſiaſtical curioſities of the country.—O my dear friend, bleſs the LORD of all Lords for cauſing your lot to be caſt into ſuch a fair ground as *England*, and giving you ſuch a goodly heritage.—It is impoſſible to be ſufficiently thankful for civil and religious liberty, for ſimplicity of worſhip, and powerful preaching of the word of GOD.—O for ſimplicity of manners, and a correſpondent behaviour! "What ſhall I render unto the LORD for theſe amazing mercies," ought ſurely to be the language of our hearts.—O that I was thankful! O that I was humble! My obligations to be ſo increaſe daily.—Every where does the LORD of all Lords command ſomebody or another to receive me.—All is well on board, and *Liſbon* air agrees with my poor conſtitution extremely.—Through divine aſſiſtance, I hope what I ſee will alſo much improve my better part, and help to qualify me better for preaching the everlaſting goſpel.—Amazing, that ſuch an honour ſhould be con-

ferred on such an ill and hell-deserving worm! O pray for me, my dear friends, and add to my obligations by frequently visiting my poor wife.—Kindnesses shewn to her in my absence, will be double kindnesses.—You must remember me to dear Mr. *C——n*, to your relations, and all enquiring friends.—Adieu! The LORD JESUS be with your spirits. I am, my dear Mr. and Mrs. *K——n*,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXXX.

To Mr. C——.

My dear Friend, *Lisbon, March* 26, 1754.

SHALL I promise and not perform? I dare not. This therefore comes to inform you, that I am now as it were an old inhabitant of *Lisbon*, having been here above a week. In that time, what have I seen and heard? Strange and incredible things, not more strange than instructive. Never did civil and religious liberty appear to me in so amiable a light as now. What a spirit must *Martin Luther*, and the first Reformers be endued with, that dared to appear as they did for GOD! LORD, hasten that blessed time, when others, excited by the same spirit, shall perform like wonders. O happy *England!* O happy Methodists, who are Methodists indeed! And all I account such, who being dead to sects and parties, aim at nothing else but an holy method of living to, and dying in the blessed JESUS. This be their, this be my happy lot! Blessed be his name for calling me to a pilgrim life! Thanks be to his great name, for constraining me to leave all that is near and dear to me, for the sake of his glorious gospel. He takes care to provide for me. A gentleman hath most gladly received me into his house, and behaves like a friend indeed. To-day I dine with the Consul: ere long, I hope to sit down and eat bread in the kingdom of GOD. I wait for this salvation, O LORD! You must pray for me, and desire others to join with you. I intend writing to our elect Lady before I leave *Lisbon*. In about ten days we expect to sail. For the present, adieu! This leaves us all well. My fatherless charge is in good health. O that they may be converted and made

new creatures in CHRIST! O that I may begin to begin to be converted myself.—I am a dwarf.—Less than the least of all, shall be my motto still. As such, pray for, my dear friend.

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXI.

To Mr. A——.

Very dear Friend, *Lisbon, March* 29, 1754.

INDEED you have lost the seeing and hearing of many strange, but to a truly enlightened soul, instructive things. I thank GOD for sending me here; I know your heart hath been here also; but all is well.—What is, is best. I hope you go on comfortably at home, whilst I, unworthy, ill and hell-deserving I, am travelling for the same LORD JESUS abroad. He doth not leave me comfortless,—he doth not leave me alone;

His presence doth my pains beguile,
And makes me tho' alone to smile.

O the happiness of seeing and enjoying all in GOD, even a GOD in CHRIST! Such happiness they only can know, who being separated from all that is near and dear unto them, can wrap themselves in Him, in whose presence there is life, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore. This be my happy lot, during my present exile state! O my dear tabernacle friends, my dear never to be forgotten hearers, into what a fair ground is your lot cast! What a goodly heritage hath the LORD of all Lords vouchsafed you! I remember my promise, I think of your hours of meeting, and though absent in body, am, notwithstanding, present in spirit, and live in hopes of hearing of your stedfastness and joy in GOD our Saviour. Bless him, O bless him from your inmost souls, that you have been taught the way to him, without the help of fictitious saints. Thank him night and day, that to you, even to you are committed the lively oracles of GOD. Adore him continually for giving you to hear them preached with power, and pity and pray for those, who are forbid the use of this sacred depositum, and are led blindfold day by day, by crafty and designing men. May you see and improve your privileges! Much,

very much indeed is given you. Of you, therefore, GOD and man may justly require the more: accept this in love. Continue to pray for me and my fatherless pilgrim charge. Blessed be GOD they are all well. I write this from a merchant's house, whom the LORD of all lords hath inclined to receive me; let him not be forgotten In a short time we expect to move. Still my request is, "If thy presence go not with me, LORD JESUS, send me not even from hence!" I wish you all, dear friends, much, very much of it. I intend to write to as many as I can, and I beg them and you to accept this as a token of love unfeigned, from, my very dear *T*——,

Theirs and yours most affectionately
in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXII.

To the Rev. Mr. Z———.

Lisbon, March 29, 1754.

My dear and honoured Sir,

THROUGH the goodness of a gracious and never-failing GOD, we have been at this place near a fortnight. Our voyage was but about nine days long, and the same GOD who took care of us on the great deep, hath also provided for me on shore. A merchant of great credit hath received me into his house, and every day I have seen or heard something, that hath had a native tendency to make me thankful for the glorious reformation. O that our people were equally reformed in their lives, as they are in their doctrines and manner of worship! But alas! alas!—O for another *Luther*, O for that wished-for season, when every thing that is antichristian shall be totally destroyed by the breath of the Redeemer's mouth, and brightness of his appearing! Then should I, even ill and hell-deserving I, be entirely conformed to the copy of my great Exemplar, and not be such a dwarf as I am in the divine life. As my present situation leads me to be all eye and ear, I endeavour to look more into my heart. But the more I see it, the more I admire the freeness and richness of that grace, that hath called me out of darkness into GOD's marvelous light, and made me a minister of the everlasting gos-

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pel. May this voyage be over-ruled for my improvement in that delightful employ! Hitherto, I think it hath done me good. The country agrees with my bodily health; and, through grace, I truſt what I have ſeen and heard hath benefited my ſoul. My fatherleſs charge are all well, and I hope in a few days we ſhall ſet ſail for *Georgia*. From thence, GOD willing, honoured Sir, you ſhall hear from me again. In the mean-while, I recommend myſelf to the continuance of your daily interceſſion, as being, very dear and honoured Sir,

Your moſt dutiful, obliged, though unworthy ſon
and ſervant in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXIII.

To Mr. C——.

Very dear Sir, *Liſbon, March* 30, 1754.

THIS leaves me pretty well ſatisfied (not to ſay ſurfeited) with the eccleſiaſtical curioſities of *Liſbon*. This day fortnight we arrived; and the country being in want of rain, and it being *Lent* ſeaſon, we have been favoured with frequent proceſſions, and ſeveral extraordinary pieces of ſcenery. Alas! to what lengths will ſuperſtition run! And how expenſive is the pageantry of a falſe religion! Bleſſed be GOD for being born in *England!* Bleſſed be GOD for being born again, and thereby being taught to worſhip the Father in ſpirit and in truth! This, my dear Sir, I believe is your happy portion; and therefore if it ſhould be our lot never to meet here any more, I am perſuaded nothing can prevent our meeting in a bliſsful country hereafter. O that we may be kept from flagging in the latter ſtages of our road! I am confounded, when I think what a drone I have been, and daily wonder why the LORD employs ſuch a worthleſs wretch.—Surely it muſt be, that in me he may ſhew all long-ſuffering. Help me, my dear friend, to praiſe him. *Liſbon* air ſeems healthy for the body; and what I have ſeen and heard I truſt will benefit my ſoul. Be pleaſed to remember me to Mrs. *C*——, your ſon, and all enquiring friends. You will not forget to viſit my widow wife. Bleſſed be GOD, her Maker is her huſband, and ere long we ſhall all ſit down together at the feaſt, the marriage ſupper of

the Lamb. In a believing prospect of this, I subscribe myself, very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXIV.

To Mr. F——.

Dear Sir, *Lisbon, March* 31, 1754.

I Owe you much love.—I wish you and yours much happiness, and earnestly pray that you may walk together many years as heirs of the grace of life. Was I to be confined long in my present situation, I should be in danger of envying my protestant friends, who breathe in a free air, and are taught to worship the Father of spirits in spirit and in truth. This I fear is the lot but of few here; all is pageantry and pomp. Particulars perhaps I may send by another opportunity. Blessed be GOD that I have seen and heard for myself. It surpasseth all description. This week we expect to sail: I beg the continuance of both your prayers; it will be a very great act of charity; for indeed I am a poor helpless worm, but notwithstanding, if I know any thing of my heart, willing to spend and be spent for JESUS. He doth not forsake me on the mighty waters.—My fatherless charge are all well, and in due time I hope we shall safely arrive at our desired port.—Ere long I hope to be, from whence I shall never put to sea any more. O for a triumphant entrance into the blissful harbour! JESUS is able to do this for us. To his never-failing mercy do I earnestly commend you, your brother, and all enquiring friends, as being, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, obliged friend,
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXV.

To Mr. ———.

My dear Friend, *Lisbon, April* 1, 1754.

BY this time, I suppose, you have heard of my arrival at *Lisbon*, and are wondering what led me thither, especially since my last informed you of my intention to go to *Georgia* by way

way of *New-York*. This was really my design at the time of my writing; but being afterward called by Providence to take with me several orphan children, I thought it most adviseable to go and settle them, and my other domestic affairs, at the Orphan-house first, that I might visit the northern parts of *America* with more ease and freedom in my own mind.—It happened that the *Success*, Captain *Thomson*, bound for *Port-Royal*, *South-Carolina*, (which is not very far from *Georgia*) was then almost ready to sail.—I sent for the Owner, and finding that the ship was to touch at *Lisbon* to unload some wheat, it occasioned a little demur; but, upon second thoughts, believing it might be serviceable to me, as a preacher and protestant, to see something of the superstitions of the church of *Rome*, I took my passage, and embarked in the *Success* the 7th of *March*. On the 14th we reached *Cape Finister*. On the 15th came in sight of the *Burlings*; and on the 16th anchored safe before *Bellem*, about four miles distance from *Lisbon*, the metropolis of *Portugal*. As I knew nobody there, and had formed but an indifferent idea of the inhabitants, from the account that had been given me of them, I had purposed within myself to keep on board, and go ashore only now and then in the day-time. But Providence so ordered it, that a gentleman of the factory, who had heard me himself, and whose brother had been awakened under my ministry several years ago, immediately, on hearing of my arrival, sent me an offer of his house during my stay. I thankfully accepted it; and special leave being procured for my going ashore, I was carried in a chaise and pair from *Bellem* to *Lisbon*. A new scene, both in respect to the situation of the place, the fashion of the buildings, and the dress of the inhabitants, presented itself all the way. But what engaged my attention most, was the number of crucifixes, and little images of the *Virgin Mary*, and of other real or reputed saints, which were placed almost in every street, or fixed against the walls of the houses almost at every turning, with lamps hanging before them. To these, I observed the people bow as they passed along; and near some of them stood several little companies, singing with great earnestness.——This seemed to me very odd, and gave me an idea of what further ecclesiastical curiosities would probably fall in my way, if I should be detained here any time. These

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expectations were quickly raiſed; for, not long after my arrival at my new lodgings, (where I was received and entertained with great gentility, hoſpitality and friendlineſs) upon looking out of the window, I ſaw a company of prieſts and friars bearing lighted wax tapers, and attended by various ſorts of people, ſome of which had bags and baſkets of victuals in their hands, and others carried proviſions upon their ſhoulders on ſticks between two. After theſe, followed a mixed multitude, ſinging with a very audible voice, and addreſſing the *Virgin Mary* in their uſual ſtrain, "*Ora pro nobis.*" In this manner they proceeded to the priſon, where all was depoſited for the uſe of the poor perſons confined therein. But a far more pompous proceſſion of the like nature (as a ſtander-by informed me) paſſed by a few days before. In this there were near three hundred *Franciſcan* friars, many of which (beſides porters hired for the purpoſe) were loaded with a variety of food; and thoſe who bore no burden, carried either ladles or ſpoons in their hands. Sights of this nature being quite a novelty to me, I was fond of attending as many of them as I could. Two things concurred to make them more frequent at this juncture,—the ſeaſon of *Lent*,—and an exceſſive drought, which threatened the total deſtruction of the fruits of the earth. For the averting ſo great a judgment, and for the imploring the much longed-for bleſſing of rain, daily proceſſions had been made from one convent or another, for a conſiderable time.—One of theſe I ſaw: it was looked upon as a pretty grand one, being made up of the *Carmelite* friars, the pariſh prieſts, and a great number of what they call the brothers of the order, who walked two by two in divers habits, holding a long and very large lighted wax-taper in their right hands. Amidſt theſe was carried, upon eight or ten mens ſhoulders, a tall image of the *Virgin Mary*, in a kind of man's attire; for I think ſhe had a very fine white wig on her head, (a dreſs ſhe often appears in) and was much adorned with jewels and glittering ſtones. At ſome diſtance from the Lady, under a large canopy of ſtate, and ſupported likewiſe by ſix or eight perſons, came a prieſt, holding in his hand ſome noted relic. After him, followed ſeveral thouſands of people, joining with the friars in ſinging, "*Eandem cantilenam, Ora pro nobis,*" all the way. Still rain was denied, and ſtill proceſſions were continued.

continued. At length the clouds began to gather, and the mercury in the barometer fell very much. Then was brought out a wooden image, which they ſay never failed. It was the figure of our bleſſed LORD, cloathed with purple robes, and crowned with thorns. I think they call him the LORD OF THE PASSION. Upon his ſhoulders he bore a large croſs, under the weight of which he was repreſented as ſtooping, till his body bent almoſt double. He was brought from the *Le Graſs* convent in very great pomp, and placed in a large cathedral church.——Being on board at that time, I loſt this ſight; but the ſubſequent evening I beheld the SEIGNEUR fixed on an eminence in a large cathedral church, near the altar, ſurrounded with wax tapers of a prodigious ſize.—He was attended by many noblemen, and thouſands of ſpectators of all ranks and ſtations, who crouded from every quarter, and in their turns, were admitted by the guards to come within the rails, and perform their devotions. This they expreſſed by kneeling, and kiſſing the SEIGNEUR's heel, by putting their left and right eye to it, and then touching it with their beads, which a gentleman in waiting received from them, and then returned again. This ſcene was repeated for three days ſucceſſively; and during all this time, the church and ſpace before it was ſo thronged with carriages and people, that there was ſcarce any paſſing. The muſic on this occaſion was extremely ſoft, and the church was illuminated in a very ſtriking manner. The third day in the forenoon it rained, and ſoon after the SEIGNEUR was conducted home in as great ſplendour, and with much greater rejoicing, than when he was brought forth. As my ſituation was very commodious, I ſaw the whole; and afterwards went and heard part of the ſermon, which was delivered before him, in the church to which the SEIGNEUR belonged. The preacher was full of action; and in ſome part of his diſcourſe, (as one who underſtood *Portugueſe* informed me) pointing to the image, he ſaid, "Now he is at reſt.—He went out in juſtice, but is returned in mercy." And towards the concluſion, he called upon the people to join with him in an extempore prayer. This they did with great fervency, which was expreſſed not only by repeating it aloud, but by beating their breaſts, and clapping their cheeks, and weeping heartily.——To compleat the ſolemnity, immediately after

after the delivery of the bleſſing, all on a ſudden, from the place near which the image ſtood, there was heard a moſt ſoft and ſoothing ſymphony of muſic, which being ended, the aſſembly broke up, and I returned to my lodgings; not a little affected, to ſee ſo many thouſands led away from the ſimplicity of the goſpel, by ſuch a mixture of human artifice and blind ſuperſtition, of which indeed I could have formed no idea, had I not been an eye witneſs. This concern was ſtill increaſed, by what I heard from ſome of my fellow paſſengers, who informed me, that about eleven one night, after I came aboard, they not only heard a friar preaching moſt fervently before the SEIGNEUR, but alſo ſaw ſeveral companies of penitents brought in, laſhing and whipping themſelves ſeverely. How little unlike this, to thoſe who cut themſelves with knives and lancets, and cried out from morning till night, "O Baal, hear us."——Methinks I hear you ſay, "And had I been preſent, I ſhould have wiſhed for the ſpirit of an *Elijah* to—" Huſh, my friend,—I am content to gueſs at the reſt till we meet. In the mean while, let us comfort ourſelves with this thought, that there is a ſeaſon approaching, when the LORD GOD of *Elijah* will himſelf come, and deſtroy this and every other ſpecies of antichriſt, by the breath of his mouth, and the brightneſs of his appearing, even by the all-conquering manifeſtations of his eternal Spirit. Whether as men, chriſtians, and proteſtants, we have not more and more reaſon to pray night and day, for the haſtening on of that glorious and long wiſhed-for period, you will be better able to judge, when I ſend you (as I purpoſe to do, if I have time) a further account of a *Lent* proceſſion or two, of which I was alſo a ſpectator.——At preſent I can only beg a continual remembrance at a throne of grace, as being, my dear friend,

Yours moſt reſpectfully in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXVI.

To the Same.

My dear Friend, *Liſbon, April* 3, 1754.

THOUGH ſome other buſineſs demands my attention, yet I muſt not forget the promiſe made you of a further account of the proceſſions I ſaw at *Liſbon*.——Some of thoſe already

already mentioned, were extraordinary, by reaſon of their great drought; but that which is to be the ſubject of my preſent letter, was an annual one: it being cuſtomary at *Liſbon* to exhibit ſome proceſſion or another every *Friday* in *Lent*. An intelligent Proteſtant, who ſtood near me, was ſo good as to be my interpreter of the dumb ſhew as it paſſed along.—I ſay *dumb ſhew*: for you muſt know it was chiefly made up of waxen or wooden images, carried on mens ſhoulders through the ſtreets, intending to repreſent the life and death of St. *Francis*, the founder of one of their religious orders. They were brought out from the *Franciſcan* convent, and were preceded by three perſons in ſcarlet habits, with baſkets in their hands, in which they received the alms of the ſpectators, for the benefit of the poor priſoners. After theſe, came two little boys in party-coloured cloaths, with wings fixed on their ſhoulders, in imitation of little angels.—Then appeared the figure of St. *Francis*, very gay and beau-like, as he uſed to be before his converſion. In the next, he was introduced under conviction, and conſequently ſtript of his finery. Soon after this, was exhibited an image of our bleſſed LORD himſelf, in a purple gown, with long black hair, with St. *Francis* lying before him, to receive his immediate orders. Then came the Virgin Mother, (*horreſco referens*) with CHRIST her ſon at her left hand, and St. *Francis* making his obeiſance to both. ——Here, if I remember aright, he made his firſt appearance in his friar's habit, with his hair cut ſhort, but not as yet ſhaved in the crown of his head. After a little ſpace, followed a mitred Cardinal gaudily attired, and before him lay St. *Francis* almoſt proſtrate, in order to be confirmed in his office. Soon after this, he appears quite metamorphoſed into a monk, his crown ſhorn, his habit black, and his loins girt with a knotted cord.—Here he prays to our Saviour hanging on a croſs, that the marks of the wounds in his hands, feet, and ſide, might be impreſſed on the ſame parts of his body. The prayer is granted; blood comes from the hands, feet, and ſide; and the ſaint, with great devotion, receives the impreſſions. This was repreſented by red waxen ſtrings, reaching from thoſe parts of the image to the correſponding parts of St. *Francis*'s body. Upon this he begins to do wonders; and therefore, in a little while, he is carried along, as holding up a houſe which was

juſt

juſt falling. This miracle, they ſay, was performed (if my information be true) at *Madrid*, but the particulars of its hiſtory I have forgotten. At length the father dies, and is brought forth lying in his grave. But lo! the briars and nettles under which he lay, are turned into fine and fragrant flowers. After this he is borne along upon a bier covered with a ſilver pall, and four friars lamenting over him.——He then appears for the laſt time, but with an increaſe of power; for he was repreſented as drawing tormented people out of purgatory with his knotted cord, which, as you may well imagine, the poor ſouls catched at, and took hold of very eagerly. At length came a gorgeous friar under a ſplendid canopy, bearing in his hand a piece of the holy croſs. After him followed two more little winged boys, and then a long train of fat and well-favoured *Franciſcans*, with their *Calceis Fenеſtratis*, as *Eraſmus* calls them; and ſo the proceſſion ended. Methinks I hear you ſay, "It is full time;"—and ſo ſay I: for as the ſight itſelf diſguſted me, ſo I am perſuaded the bare narration of it, though ever ſo ſhort, cannot be very pleaſant to one who I know abhors every thing that ſavours of ſuperſtition and idolatry. We will therefore take our leave of St. *Francis*, whoſe proceſſion was in the day time: but I muſt tell you it is only to inform you of another of a much more awful and ſhocking nature, which I ſaw afterwards at night. About ten o'clock, being deeply engaged in converſation with my kind hoſt, in came an *Engliſhman*, and told me in all haſte, that he had ſeen a train of near two hundred penitents paſſing along, and that in all probability I might be gratified with the ſame ſight, if I haſtened to a place whither he would conduct me. I very readily obeyed the ſummons, and, as curioſity quickened my pace, we ſoon came up with ſome of thoſe poor creatures, who were then making a halt, and kneeling in the ſtreet, whilſt a friar from a high croſs, with an image of our LORD crucified in his hand, was preaching to them and the populace with great vehemence. Sermon being ended, the penitents went forwards, and ſeveral companies followed after with their reſpective preaching friars at their head, bearing crucifixes. Theſe they pointed to and brandiſhed frequently, and the hearers as frequently beat their breaſts, and clapped their cheeks. At proper pauſes they ſtopped and prayed, and

one

one of them, more zealous than the reſt, before the King's palace, ſounded the word *penitentia* through a ſpeaking trumpet. The penitents themſelves were clothed and covered all over with white linen veſtments, only holes were made for their eyes to peep out at. All were bare-footed, and all had long heavy chains faſtened to their ancles, which, when dragged along the ſtreet, made a diſmal rattling: but though alike in dreſs, yet in other reſpects there was great variety amongſt them. For ſome carried great ſtones on their backs, and others dead mens bones and ſkulls in their hands. Some bore large and ſeemingly very heavy croſſes upon their ſhoulders, whilſt others had their arms extended quite wide, or carried a bow full of ſwords with the points downwards. Moſt of them whipped and laſhed themſelves, ſome with cords, and others with flat bits of iron. It being a moonſhine night, I could ſee them quite well; and indeed ſome of them ſtruck ſo hard, that I perceived their backs (left bare on purpoſe to be laſhed) were quite red, and ſwoln very much by the violence and repetition of the blows. Had my dear friend been there, he would have joined with me in ſaying, that the whole ſcene was horrible;—ſo horrible, that, being informed it was to be continued till morning, I was glad to return from whence I came about midnight.——Had you been with me, I know you would have joined with me in praiſing and gratefully adoring the LORD of all lords, for the great wonder of the reformation, and alſo for that glorious deliverance wrought out for us a few years paſt, in defeating the unnatural rebellion. O what a mighty ſpirit and power from on high muſt *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Melancthon*, *Zuinglius*, and thoſe glorious reformers, be neceſſarily endued with, who dared firſt openly to oppoſe and ſtem ſuch a torrent of ſuperſtition and ſpiritual tyranny! and what gratitude owe we to thoſe, who, under GOD, were inſtrumental in ſaving us from the return of ſuch ſpiritual ſlavery, and ſuch blind obedience to a papal power! To have had a papiſt for our king;—a papiſt, if not born, yet from his infancy nurſed up at *Rome*;—a papiſt, one of whoſe ſons is advanced to the eccleſiaſtical dignity of a Cardinal, and both under the ſtrongeſt obligations to ſupport the intereſt of that church, whoſe ſuperſtitions, as well as political ſtate principles, they have ſucked in, and imbibed even from their infancy.

But,

But, bleſſed be GOD, the ſnare is broken, and we are delivered. O for proteſtant practices to be added to proteſtant principles! O for an obediential acknowledgment to the ever-bleſſed GOD for our repeated deliverances! But alas!—— Pardon me, my dear friend, I ſtop to weep. Adieu. I cannot enlarge, but leaving you to gueſs from what ſource my tears flow, I muſt haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf, my dear Sir,

Yours moſt cordially in our bleſſed LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXVII.

To Mr. B——.

Reverend and dear Sir, *Liſbon, April* 9, 1754.

THE time of our departure hence is juſt at hand. I cannot move without ſending you a few lines; I remember your unmerited love, I remember our affectionate parting, and I truſt feel the benefit of your diſtant prayers. Though called to part with what is dearer to me than life, yet my heavenly Father hath not left me comfortleſs. True, it is a ſilent, but I hope an inſtructive period of life. One muſt be all eye and ear at *Liſbon:*—and indeed, I would not but have ſeen and heard what hath paſſed here, ſince our arrival, upon any account. It ſurpaſſeth all deſcription. Surely *England*, and *Engliſh* privileges civil and religious, will be dearer to me than ever. The preachers here have alſo taught me ſomething; their action is graceful. *Vividi oculi,—vividæ manus,—omnia vivida.* Surely our *Engliſh* preachers would do well, to be a little more fervent in their addreſs. They have truth on their ſide, why ſhould ſuperſtition and falſhood run away with all that is pathetic and affecting? But my dear friend needs not this note. Bleſſed be GOD for making you fervent in ſpirit. Go on, my dear Sir, in the name and ſtrength of JESUS. *Sequar, etſi non paſſibus æquis.—Nil deſperandum Chriſto duce.* Pray remember me to all that love him, and are ſo kind as to enquire after a worthleſs worm for his great name's ſake. It will be an act of the greateſt charity to intercede in my behalf. Alas! alas! I am a dwarf indeed. My dear Sir, pray that I may grow; I cannot bear to live at this dying rate. I want

to

to be a flame of fire. That this may be your happy lot, is and shall be, through CHRIST strengthening me, the earnest request of, my very dear Sir,

Your most unworthy, though affectionate friend, brother, and fellow-labourer in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXVIII.

To Mrs. G———.

Dear Madam, *Lisbon, April* 9, 1754.

I Hope this will find you more than happy, in the enjoyment of Him, whose death and passion many at this season are peculiarly called upon to remember, and be thankful for. Vast are the outward preparations made here. Altars upon altars are erecting. Penitents upon penitents are walking and lashing themselves: but what I want to have erected and adorned, is an altar in my heart, and the blows and lashes I desire to feel, are the crucifixion and mortification of the old man and its deeds. Without this, all is mere parade. GOD be praised for opening your eyes, and teaching you the holy art of worshipping him in spirit and in truth. Is it not a glorious privilege? Would you lose it for ten thousand worlds? Blessed be GOD, it is in safe hands! The life of a believer is a hidden life; a life hid with CHRIST in GOD. May the Author and Finisher thereof, cause it to open and be displayed more and more every hour and every moment in your heart! Thus prays, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXIX.

To Mr. H——.

My very dear Friend, *Lisbon, April* 10, 1754.

STILL I am here, surrounded with every thing, in an ecclesiastical way, that can offend a mind which desires to worship the LORD JESUS in outward as well as inward simplicity. To-morrow is what they call *Holy Thursday.* May

I be as ſolicitous to have my heart illuminated by the ſpirit of GOD, as the people here are to illuminate their churches and altars. The pageantry is indeed incredible. Though we have been detained longer than expectation, yet I truſt what I have ſeen and heard, will do me ſervice in the future part of my life. Was I returning to, as I am going from *England*, and had I a proper companion, I would make a tour to *Leghorn*, *Genoa*, *Rome*, &c. and ſo to *Marſeilles*. What inſtruction would ſuch a mind as yours gather from ſuch various ſcenes? O that I may be like a buſy bee, and ſuck ſome honey even from ſuperſtitious flowers! I do not wonder now, whence the illuminations, dreſſing of altars, and thoſe other things which I have lately mentioned in a public manner on another occaſion, took their birth. It is all in imitation of what is daily practiſed abroad. May the LORD JESUS cruſh the cockatrice in its egg, and prevent its growing any bigger! I write this from a merchant's houſe, who ſent for me from on board. Thus our LORD provides for thoſe that are employed for him. Help me to praiſe him. My fatherleſs charge are all well. In a day or two we expect to ſail. My moſt cordial reſpects attend your mother, and all your dear relations. Continue to pray for me, and thereby add to the obligations already conferred on, my very dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXL.

Liſbon, April 12, 1754.

My dear Friend,

PROVIDENCE ſtill detains us at *Liſbon*, and therefore I know you will be enquiring what more news from thence?—Truly, as extraordinary as ever—For I have now ſeen the ſolemnities of an *Holy-Thurſday*, which is a very high day in this metropolis, and particularly remarkable for the grand illuminations of the churches, and the king's waſhing twelve poor men's feet.—Through the intereſt of a friend, I got admittance into the gallery where the ceremony was performed. It was large, and hung with tapeſtry; one piece of which repreſented the humble JESUS waſhing the feet of his diſciples.—Before this, upon a ſmall eminence, ſat twelve

men

men in black. At the upper end, and in several other parts of the gallery, were side-boards of large gold and silver basons and ewers most curiously wrought; and near these a large table covered with a variety of dishes, all cold, set off and garnished after the *Portuguese* fashion. Public high mass being over, his majesty came in attended with his nobles, who seemed to me to look like so many *Roman* senators. The act of washing the feet, I did not get in time enough to see; but that being ended, several of the young noblemen served up the dishes to the king's brother and uncles; these again handed them to his majesty, who gave (I think) twelve of them in all to each poor man. Every thing was carried on with a great deal of decency and good humour. The young noblemen served very chearfully, their seniors looked quite pleased, and the king and his royal relations behaved in a very polite, easy manner, —upon the whole, though as you may easily guess it was not an exact copy of the tapestry, yet, as the poor mens cloaths and food, when sold, came to about ten moidores; and as there was little mixture of superstition in it, I cannot say but I was as well pleased with my morning's entertainment as with any thing I had seen since my arrival.—I believe the whole took up near two hours. After dinner we went to see the churches; but the magnificence and sumptuousness of the furniture, cannot well be expressed.—Many of them were hung on the occasion with purple damask trimmed with gold.—In one of them there was a solid silver altar of several yards circumference, and near twelve steps high: and in another a gold one, still more magnificent, of about the same dimensions. — Its basis was studded with many precious stones, and near the top were placed silver images, in representation of angels. Each step was filled with large silver candlesticks, with wax-tapers in them, which going up by a regular ascent, 'till they formed themselves into a pyramid, made a most glittering and splendid blaze.—The great altars also of the other churches were illuminated most profusely, and silver pots of artificial flowers, with a large wax-taper between each, were fixed all round several of them.—Between these, were large paintings in black and white, representing the different parts of our Saviour's passion. And, in short, all was so magnificently, so superstitiously grand, that I am persuaded several thousands of

pounds would not defray the expences of this one day. Go which way you would, nothing was to be ſeen but illuminations within, and hurry without. — For all perſons, princes and crowned heads themſelves not excepted, are obliged on this day to viſit ſeven churches or altars, in imitation, as is ſuppoſed, of our LORD's being hurried from one tribunal to another, before he was condemned to be hung upon the croſs.—I ſaw the queen paſs by in great ſtate to viſit three of them. Velvet cuſhions were carried before her Majeſty, and boards laid along the ſtreets for herſelf and retinue to walk upon. Guards attended before and behind, and thouſands of ſpectators ſtood on each ſide to gaze at them as they paſſed along. Being deſirous of ſeeing the manner of their entrance, we got into the laſt church before they came. It was that of *St. Domingo*, where was the gold altar before mentioned, and at which her Majeſty and train knelt about a quarter of an hour.—All the while, the *Dominican* friars ſung moſt ſurpriſingly ſweet. But as I ſtood near the altar, over againſt the great door, I muſt confeſs my very inmoſt ſoul was ſtruck with a ſecret horror, when, upon looking up, I ſaw over the front of the great window of the church, the heads of many hundred *Jews*, painted on canvas, who had been condemned by what they call the *Holy Inquiſition*, and carried out from that church to be burnt.—Strange way this, of compelling people to come in! Such was not thy method, O meek and compaſſionate Lamb of GOD! Thou cameſt not to deſtroy mens lives, but to ſave them.—But bigotry is as cruel as the grave.—It knows no remorſe.—From all its bitter and dire effects, good LORD deliver us!—But to return to the Queen. Having performed her devotions, ſhe departed and went in a coach of ſtate, I believe, directly from the church to her palace, and without doubt ſufficiently fatigued: for, beſides walking through the ſtreets to the ſeveral churches, her Majeſty alſo, and the princeſſes, had been engaged in waiting upon, and waſhing the feet of twelve poor women, in as public a manner as the king. In our walk home, we met his Majeſty with his brother and two uncles, attended only with a few noblemen in black velvet, and a few guards without halberts. I ſuppoſe he was returning from his laſt church, and, as one may well imagine, equally fatigued with

his

his royal conſort and daughters.—When church and ſtate thus combine to be nurſing fathers and nurſing mothers to ſuperſtition, is it any wonder that its credit and influence is ſo diffuſive among the populace?—O *Britain! Britain!* hadſt thou but zeal proportionable to thy knowledge, and inward purity adequate to the ſimplicity of thy external worſhip, in what a happy and god-like ſituation wouldſt thou be! Here I could weep again.—Again I leave you to gueſs the cauſe; and if I can ſend you one more letter of a like nature, before we leave this place, it is all you muſt expect from, my dear friend,

Your's moſt aſſuredly in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MXLI.

To Mr. ——.

My dear Friend, *Liſbon, April* 12, 1755.

AFTER the news already ſent you, I thought our *Liſbon* correſpondence would entirely have been put a ſtop to; for upon returning to my lodgings, (as weary I believe as others that had been running from church to church all day) word was ſent me, that our ſhip would certainly ſail the next morning. This news, I own, was not altogether agreeable to me, becauſe I wanted to ſee the concluſion of the *Lent* ſolemnities. However, I made ready; and having diſpatched my private affairs the over-night, was conducted very early in the morning, by my kind hoſt, down to *Bellem*, where the ſhip lay. We parted. The wind promiſed to be fair; but dying away, I very eagerly went aſhore once more. But how was the ſcene changed! Before, all uſed to be noiſe and hurry;—now, all was huſhed and ſhut up in the moſt awful and profound ſilence. No clock or bell had been heard ſince yeſterday noon, and ſcarce a perſon was to be ſeen in the ſtreet all the way to *Liſbon*. About two in the afternoon we got to the place, where (I had heard ſome days ago) an extraordinary ſcene was to be exhibited. Can you gueſs what it was?—Perhaps not. Why then I will tell you. "It was the crucifixion of the Son of GOD, repreſented partly by dumb images, and partly by living perſons, in a large church belonging to the convent of *St. De Beato*." Several thouſands crouded

into it; ſome of whom, as I was told, had been waiting there from even ſix in the morning.—Through the kind interpoſition and aſſiſtance of a proteſtant or two, I was not only admitted into the church, but was very commodiouſly ſituated to view the whole performance. We had not waited long before the curtain was drawn up. Immediately, upon a high ſcaffold hung in the front with black bays, and behind with ſilk purple damaſk laced with gold, was exhibited to our view an image of the LORD JESUS at full length, crowned with thorns, and nailed on a croſs between two figures of like dimenſions, repreſenting the two thieves. At a little diſtance on the right hand, was placed an image of the virgin *Mary*, in plain long ruffles, and a kind of widow-weeds. Her veil was purple ſilk, and ſhe had a wire glory round her head.—At the foot of the croſs lay, in a mournful penſive poſture, a living man, dreſſed in woman's cloaths, who perſonated *Mary Magdalen*; and not far off ſtood a young man, in imitation of the beloved diſciple.—He was dreſſed in a looſe green ſilk veſture, and bob-wig.—His eyes were fixed on the croſs, and his two hands a little extended. On each ſide, near the front of the ſtage, ſtood two centinels in buff, with formidable caps and long beards; and directly in the front ſtood another yet more formidable, with a large target in his hand. We may ſuppoſe him to be the *Roman* centurion. To compleat the ſcene, from behind the purple hangings came out about twenty little purple-veſted winged boys, two by two, each bearing a lighted wax-taper in his hand, and a crimſon and gold cap on his head.—At their entrance upon the ſtage, they gently bowed their heads to the ſpectators, then kneeled and made obeiſance, firſt to the image on the croſs, and then to that of the virgin *Mary*.—When riſen, they bowed to each other, and then took their reſpective places over-againſt one another, on ſteps aſſigned for them at the front of the ſtage. Oppoſite to this, at a few yards diſtance, ſtood a black friar in a pulpit hung in mourning. For a while he pauſed, and then, breaking ſilence, gradually liſted up his voice 'till it was extended to a pretty high pitch, though I think ſcarce high enough for ſo large an auditory. After he had proceeded in his diſcourſe about a quarter of an hour, a confuſed noiſe was heard near the front great door; upon

turning

turning my head, I saw four long-bearded men, two of which carried a ladder on their shoulders, and after them followed two more with large gilt dishes in their hands, full of linen, spices, &c. These (as I imagined) were the representatives of *Nicodemus* and *Joseph* of *Arimathea*. On a signal given from the pulpit, they advanced towards the steps of the scaffold. But upon their very first attempting to mount it, at the watchful centurion's nod, the observant soldiers made a pass at them, and presented the points of their javelins directly to their breasts. They are repulsed. Upon this a letter from *Pilate* is produced. The centurion reads it, shakes his head, and with looks that bespoke a forced compliance, beckons to the centinels to withdraw their arms. Leave being thus obtained, they ascend; and having paid their homage, by kneeling first to the image on the cross, and then to the virgin *Mary*, they retired to the back of the stage. Still the preacher continued declaiming, or rather (as was said) explaining the mournful scene. *Magdalen* persists in wringing her hands, and variously expressing her personated sorrow; whilst *John* (seemingly regardless of all besides) stood gazing on the crucified figure. By this time it was near three o'clock, and therefore proper for the scene to begin to close. The ladders are ascended, the superscription and crown of thorns taken off, long white rollers put round the arms of the image, and then the nails knocked out which fastened the hands and feet. Here *Mary Magdalen* looks most languishing, and *John*, if possible, stands more thunder-struck than before. —The orator lifts up his voice, and almost all the hearers expressed concern by weeping, beating their breasts, and smiting their cheeks.—At length the body is gently let down. *Magdalen* eyes it, and, gradually rising, receives the feet into her wide-spread handkerchief; whilst *John* (who hitherto stood motionless like a statue) as the body came nearer the ground, with an eagerness that bespoke the intense affection of a sympathizing friend, runs towards the cross, seizes the upper part of it into his clasping arms, and, with his disguised fellow-mourner, helps to bear it away. And here the play should end, was I not afraid you would be angry with me, if I did not give you an account of the last act, by telling you what became of the corpse after it was taken down. Great prepa-

rations were made for its interment. It was wrapped in linen and ſpices, *&c.* and being laid upon a bier richly hung, was afterwards carried round the church-yard in grand proceſſion. The image of the virgin *Mary* was chief mourner, and *John* and *Magdalen*, with a whole troop of friars with wax-tapers in their hands, followed after. Determined to ſee the whole, I waited its return, and in about a quarter of an hour the corps was brought in, and depoſited in an open ſepulchre prepared for the purpoſe; but not before a prieſt, accompanied by ſeveral of the ſame order in ſplendid veſtments, had perfumed it with incenſe, ſung to and kneeled before it. *John* and *Magdalen* attended the obſequies; but the image of the virgin *Mary* was carried away and placed upon the front of the ſtage, in order to be kiſſed, adored, and worſhipped by the people.—This I ſaw them do with the utmoſt eagerneſs and reverence. And thus ended this *Good Friday*'s tragi-comical, ſuperſtitious, idolatrous farce. A farce, which whilſt I ſaw, as well as now whilſt I am deſcribing it, excited in me an high indignation.—Surely, thought I, whilſt attending on ſuch a ſcene of mock devotion, if ever, now is the dear Lord Jesus crucified afreſh; and I could then, and even now, think of no other plea for the poor beguiled devotees, than that which ſuffering innocence put up himſelf for his enemies, when actually hanging upon the croſs, "Father, "forgive them, for they know not what they do." There was but one thing wanting to raiſe one's reſentment to the higheſt pitch, and that was, for one of the ſoldiers to have pierced the ſide of the image upon the croſs. This in all probability you have heard hath actually been done in other places, and with a little more art, might, I think, have been performed here. Doubtleſs it would have afforded the preacher as good, if not a better opportunity of working upon the paſſions of his auditory, than the taking down the ſuperſcription and crown of thorns, and wiping the head with a blooded cloth, and afterwards expoſing it to the view of the people; all which I ſaw done before the body was let down.—But alas! my dear friend, how mean is that eloquence, and how entirely deſtitute of the demonſtration of the ſpirit, and of a divine power, muſt that oratory neceſſarily be, that ſtands in need of ſuch a train of ſuperſtitious pageantry to render it impreſſive!

impreſſive!—Think you, my dear friend, that the apoſtle *Paul* uſed or needed any ſuch artifices to excite the paſſions of the people of *Galatia*, amongſt whom, as he himſelf informs us, "JESUS CHRIST was crucified, and evidently ſet forth?"—But thus it is, and thus it will be, when ſimplicity and ſpirituality are baniſhed from our religious offices, and artifice and idolatry ſeated in their room.—I am well aware that the *Romaniſts* deny the charge of idolatry; but after having ſeen what I have ſeen this day, as well as at ſundry other times ſince my arrival here, I cannot help thinking but a perſon muſt be capable of making more than metaphyſical diſtinctions, and deal in very abſtract ideas indeed, fairly to evade the charge.—If weighed in the balance of the ſanctuary, I am poſitive the ſcale muſt turn on the proteſtant ſide.—But ſuch a balance theſe poor people are not permitted to make uſe of! Doth not your heart bleed for them? Mine doth I am ſure, and I believe would do ſo more and more, was I to ſtay longer, and ſee what they call their *Hallelujah*, and grand devotions on *Eaſter-day*.—But that ſcene is denied me.—The wind is fair, and I muſt away.—Follow me with your prayers, and believe me to be, my dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately, in our common Redeemer,

G. W.

LETTER MXLII.

To Mrs. D——.

On board the Succeſs, May 10, 1754.

My dear ſiſter in CHRIST,

IT really hath given me much concern ſince I have been on the mighty waters, that it was not in my power to write to you more frequently when on ſhore. I therefore ſend you a few lines from the great deep, which I hope will find you magnifying the LORD, and rejoicing in GOD your Saviour. For his great name's ſake, I am once more going to *Georgia*, and after a ſhort tour through ſome parts of *America*, I hope to ſee my native country, and begin to begin to ramble after poor ſinners again. In our way we touched at *Liſbon*, which I hope hath been bleſſed to me, ſo far as to make me prize proteſtant liberty and ſimplicity more than ever. Fain would I be one of CHRIST's bees, and learn to extract honey from every

every flower. But alas! I am a drone, and deserve to be flung out of GOD's hive. But he is gracious and long suffering. O eternity! How do I long to praise my GOD there! We are within a few hundred miles of our earthly, but when I shall arrive at my heavenly port GOD only knows. Strange! that I should be kept out at sea so long. I am now near forty. Father, thy will be done! Only vouchsafe to employ me, and then——I can no more. the Redeemer is pleased to fill my soul. Help me to cry Grace! Grace! and believe me to be,

Your most assured friend, and
ready servant, for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MXLIII.

To Mrs. S——.

On board the Success, May 12, 1754.

Dear Mrs. S——,

I Fully purposed to have written to you from *Lisbon*, but was so taken up in seeing the ecclesiastical curiosities of the place, and was so suddenly called away, that rendered it impracticable.—However, that I may not be disappointed again, I sit down to write you a few lines, though about eight hundred miles off shore. May they find you as to spirituals, in the same situation as is our ship in a natural respect, gently, sweetly gliding towards your heavenly harbour, under a pleasant gale of divine influence. Or,

Fear not—— *If rough and stormy be your way,*
Only to JESUS *cry, and say,*
Be strength proportion'd to my day.

You will find him a kind and faithful Saviour. Whom he loves, he loves to the end. He hath already delivered you out of the paw of the bear and of the lion, and he will also deliver out of the hand of every remaining *Goliah*. Courage then, my dear Mrs. *S*——, courage. The crown is before you, and ere long JESUS will put it on your head. I hope all your household, as well as yourself, have this in full view. It glitters, though at this distance. O how bright and radiant! Purchased at how dear a rate! It is worth striving for. The LORD help

you

you all to ſtrive ſo as to obtain. So wiſhes and prays, dear Mrs. *S*——,

Your aſſured friend and ſervant, for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MXLIV.

To Mr. H——.

On board the Succeſs, May 25, 1754.

My dear Mr. H——,

JUST now, through the tender mercies of a never-failing GOD, we ſaw the *American* ſhore, and are within a few miles of our deſired port. The wind being contrary, we cannot enter it; I will therefore employ a few minutes in anſwering your laſt kind letter. It was full of chriſtian love, and beſpoke a heart deeply engaged for the ſucceſs of the goſpel in *Glouceſterſhire*. I hope it runs and is glorified, and truſt ere now you find that the bleſſed Redeemer ſtands in no need of ſuch a wretch as I am. Fear not, our LORD will never want inſtruments to carry on his work.—A heavenly fire is lighted in *England*, which men and devils ſhall never be able to extinguiſh. I pray for its ſpreading night and day; receive this as a token that none of you are forgotten by me before the LORD. I believe we have fared the better for your prayers. Our paſſage hath been pleaſant, and aſſure yourſelves, I ſhall make all poſſible diſpatch in order to return unto you. O that it may be in the fulneſs of the bleſſing of the goſpel of CHRIST. Pray remember me to Mr. *R*—— *C*——, to your wife, and all thoſe dear ſouls, amongſt whom, when laſt in *Glouceſterſhire*, GOD gave us a heaven upon earth. O for a heaven in heaven! Bleſſed be GOD, that port is in view. From thence we ſhall never put to ſea any more. Adieu. I cannot enlarge. Continue to pray for me, as a poor travelling pilgrim, but, for CHRIST's ſake,

Yours moſt affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER MXLV.

To Mr. S——.

Beaufort, Port-Royal Iſland, South-Carolina, May 26, 1754.

My dear Friend,

THROUGH the divine goodneſs, we are juſt now ſailing into our harbour, after having been ſix weeks from *Liſbon*.—Providentially a ſhip goes out to-morrow for *Cowes*; I cannot omit the opportunity of ſending you a few friendly lines. They come from a friend, and leave him leaning on Him who hath promiſed never to forſake thoſe that put their truſt in him. Our paſſage hath been very eaſy, only our entrance into the harbour (like our laſt ſtruggle before we enter heaven) hath been ſomewhat troubleſome. May the LORD of all Lords give you, and yours, and all my never to be forgotten *Yorkſhire* friends, an abundant entrance there! I muſt not think of you too much; parting ſeaſons would come too freſh in my mind.—O bleſſed ſeaſon, when we ſhall part no more! Adieu, adieu. I hope to write ſoon again. My orphan-charge are all quite well, and I hope in a few days to ſee them ſafe at *Georgia*. I know whoſe company would be acceptable to all there; but,—Father thy will be done! I can no more. Accept this as a token of love unfeigned, from, my dear friend,

Yours for ever and ever, in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXLVI.

Dear Mrs. C——, *Charles-Town, July* 10, 1754.

SINCE I left *Bethesda*, I have been out two nights by land, and one by water, and though wearied, am preſerved in as good health as can in any wiſe be expected. To-morrow or *Monday*, I expect to embark again for *New-York*. The proſpect of being ere long at the new *Jeruſalem*, makes all things eaſy. I thank you for your kind letter, and for regarding my tears. They ſpeak better than words. JESUS knows they were ſhed for him, and for the welfare of that inſtitution which has lain ſo many years upon my poor heart. Have a little patience, and you will find more and more, that your

coming over the water was of GOD. I wish it was in my power to make every thing more than agreeable; our common LORD I trust will do it himself. This is my heart's desire, and shall be my constant prayer night and day. You will see what I have sent by this opportunity. Whatever of the linen or woollen stuff you would have made up for the children, may be sent by those who bring this; and what you want done in this way, only let Mrs. *B* —— have a line, and orders will be readily executed. Thus GOD raises up friends. The LORD be with you all. Help me to praise him, and continue to pray for, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your unworthy friend, and
ready servant, for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MXLVII.

To Mr. H——.

Very dear Sir, *Charles-Town, July* 12, 1754.

THOUGH I hear that Captain *Thompson* does not sail, these three weeks, yet as I am bound for the northward, I cannot help leaving a few grateful lines behind me. May they find you leaning on the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS, and determined through his strength steadily to pursue that one thing needful, which shall never be taken from you! My prayers are continually ascending in your behalf;—they are your due; I owe you, and shall owe you much love as long as I live. By this I send you most grateful acknowledgments for all favours,—they are many, but all noted in my Master's book. How are my obligations to love and serve him increased! He gave us a pleasant passage, and I trust hath blessed my ministry to some souls since my arrival, and also hath given me to leave my orphan-charge in comfortable circumstances; the family now consists of above an hundred. He that fed the multitude in the wilderness, can and will feed the orphans in *Georgia*. Your letters I delivered, and I suppose you will receive proper answers.—But I find Mr. *H*—— doth not trade at *Lisbon*, and Mr. *H*——*m* is about to leave off business and retire. Happy they who can do this, and at the same time that they retire from the world, retire into GOD. His presence is all in all. That you may be blessed with a

plentiful

plentiful portion of it here, and be admitted to an infinitely greater participation of it hereafter, is the earneſt prayer of, very dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged friend, and
ready ſervant, for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MXLVIII.

To Mr. C—— W——.

On board the Deborah, July 20, 1754.

My dear Friend,

I Do not forget my promiſe, though hurrying from place to place, and ſettling my orphan-charge, hath almoſt put it out of my power to perform it: however, I am now once more on the great deep in my way to *New-York*; accept a few lines as a token that you are not forgotten by me. I wrote to you from *Liſbon*. From thence we had a pleaſant paſſage to *Carolina*, and ſince that I found and left my orphan family comfortably ſettled at *Georgia*. The colony, as well as *Bethesda*, is now in a thriving ſituation. Black and white perſons I have now a hundred and ſix to provide for. The GOD whom I deſire to ſerve, will enable me to do it for his great name's ſake. At *Charles-Town*, and in other parts of *Carolina*, my poor labours have met with the uſual acceptance, and I have reaſon to hope a clergyman hath been brought under very ſerious impreſſions. Not unto me, O LORD, not unto me, but unto thy free grace be all the glory! What will befal me at the northward, I know not; this I know, that JESUS CHRIST will ſuffer nothing to pluck me out of his hands. My health is wonderfully preſerved.—My wonted vomitings have left me, and though I ride whole nights, and have been frequently expoſed to great thunders, violent lightnings, and heavy rains, yet I am rather better than uſual, and as far as I can judge, am not yet to die. O that I may at length learn to begin to live. I am aſhamed of my ſloth and lukewarmneſs, and long to be on the ſtretch for GOD. I hope this will find you thus employed. My cordial love awaits your whole ſelf, your brother, Mr. *B*——, and in ſhort all the followers of the bleſſed Lamb of GOD. Though unworthy of their notice, I earneſtly

intreat a continued intereſt in their prayers, as being, my very dear Sir,

Their and your affectionate friend, and
ready ſervant in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER MXLIX.

To Mr. D——.

On board the Deborah, July 20, 1754.

My very dear Mr. D——,

THIS leaves me on my way towards *New-York*. Accept this as a token, that change of climate doth not cauſe a change of affection. No, you and my other dear *Edinburgh* friends are ſtill upon my heart, and I truſt will remain fixed there, till we meet to join the ſinging choir that is about the throne. I hope you have an earneſt and anticipation of this, every *Monday* evening. I hope you enjoy a feeling poſſeſſion of your GOD, every day and every hour. This will make the moſt barren wilderneſs to ſmile, and ſupport you under the moſt diſtreſſing circumſtances. It is this that ſupports me by land and by water. Without it, what could ſuch a poor, weak, faint-hearted pilgrim do? Verily I ſhould faint.—But as yet I cannot die. In ſpite of thunder, lightning, rain, and heat, GOD is pleaſed to hold my ſoul in life, and to let me ſee his glorious work proſper in my unworthy hands. *Georgia* and *Betheſda* I found in a thriving way. My family conſiſts of a hundred and ſix, and will prove I truſt of more extenſive uſe every day. About ſix weeks I ſtaid at *Carolina* and *Georgia*. One is likely to be ſettled as miniſter in *Charles-Town*. There my poor labours have met with uſual acceptance, and I live in hopes of ſome gracious gales to the northward. Perhaps about *Chriſtmas*, or early in the ſpring, I may ſee my native country again.—O may I return grown in grace, and in the knowledge of my LORD and Saviour JESUS CHRIST! But I am a dwarf. Pray, pray for me. Accept unfeigned thanks for all favours, remember me in the kindeſt manner to all inquiring friends, and believe me to be, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER ML.

To Mr. S——.

New-York, July 27, 1754.

My very dear and ſteady Friend,

HERE will I ſet up my *Ebenezer*—for hitherto the LORD hath helped me. Through his divine goodneſs, I left *Georgia* and *Betheſda* in growing circumſtances, and am come once more to pay a ſhort viſit to the northward. O that the Redeemer may make it a ſweet one! Some time next month, perhaps I may have the pleaſure of ſeeing you and yours, and my other dear *Boſton* friends. As I am entirely unprovided with travelling furniture, I have thoughts of coming as far as *Rhode-iſland* by water. GOD willing, you ſhall have timely notice, or it may be, I may come upon you unawares. Strange! that I ſhould be in this dying world till now. What changes have I ſeen! What changes muſt I expect to ſee before my final departure, if the Redeemer is pleaſed to lengthen out this ſpan of life. Welcome, welcome, my LORD and my GOD, whatever cup thou ſhalt ſee meet to put into my hands! Only ſweeten it with thy love, and then, though bitter in itſelf, it cannot but be ſalutary. Alas! how little do we know of ourſelves, till we are tried, and how hard doth the old man die! Well! bleſſed be GOD, die he ſhall: JESUS hath given him his deadly blow, and at the beſt he only lives a dying life. Thanks be to GOD for ſuch a Saviour! O for a thouſand tongues to ſhew forth his praiſe! LORD JESUS, cloath me with humility, that I may every day know more and more the honour conferred upon me in being made a poor pilgrim for thee! Keep me travelling, keep me working, or at leaſt beginning to begin to work for thee till I die! But whither am I going? Excuſe me, my dear Sir.—I am writing to a beloved *Gaius*. GOD bleſs you and yours.—My moſt cordial reſpects await all enquiring friends.—Methinks they are dearer than ever to, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MLI.

To Mr. P——. Pemberton

New-York, July 28, 1754.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

ONCE more, the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS hath brought me hither, and laſt night gave me an opportunity of recommending his dying love. When I aſcended the pulpit, and found your place empty, I was ſomewhat affected; but I have met with ſo many changes in the church as well as the world, that it is time for me to begin to learn to be ſurprized at nothing. Some time next month, I hope to come as far as *Boſton.* I know, my dear Sir, that you will pray, it may be in the fulneſs of the bleſſing of the goſpel of CHRIST. What is to befall me I know not; Father, into thy hands I commend my ſpirit! Fain would I be as clay in thy hands. LORD JESUS, when ſhall it once be? But I am a ſtubborn, ill and hell-deſerving creature. Leſs than the leaſt of all, ſhall be my motto ſtill. Amazing,—that the Redeemer ſhould ſuffer ſuch a wretch to ſpeak or travel for him. Surely his name and nature is Love. O that I could but begin to begin to love him! My obligations increaſe daily. In *England* the word of the LORD runs and is glorified indeed. *Georgia* and *Betheſda* I left in growing circumſtances. The orphan-family now conſiſts of one hundred and ſix, black and white. A young man that hath been a ſtudent there, ſucceeds Mr. *S*—— of *Charles-Town.* O that the Redeemer may provide for the dear *New-York* people! The reſidue of the ſpirit is in his hands. LORD JESUS, make their extremity thy opportunity to help and relieve them! But I ſhall weary you, and detain you too long from more important work. May the great head of divine influence bleſs you and yours, and all your preſent flock! Some of them I know. If you ſhould ſee dear Mr. *P*—— or *F*——, be ſo good as to remember me to them, in the moſt reſpectful manner.—I intreat their prayers for a poor but willing pilgrim, and am, reverend and very dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate, obliged, though unworthy
brother and ſervant in our common LORD.
G. W.

LETTER MLII.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Sir, *New-York, July* 28, 1754.

HERE our LORD brought me two days ago, and laſt night I had an opportunity of preaching on his dying, living, aſcending, and interceding love, to a large and attentive auditory. Next week I purpoſe going to *Philadelphia*, and then ſhall come back again here in my way to *Boſton*. Whether I ſhall then return to *Betheſda*, or embark for *England*, is uncertain.—I fear matters will not be ſettled at the orphan-houſe, unleſs I go once more; I have put ſome upon their trial, and ſhall want to ſee how they behave. During my paſſage from *Charles-Town*, I left a few lines for you; I thought to have written an account of *Betheſda* for the preſs, but could by no means get freedom. GOD's time is the beſt. I owe for three of the negroes who were lately bought, but hope to be enabled to pay for them at my return from the northward. My GOD can, and will ſupply all my wants, according to his riches in JESUS. Glory be to his great name, he hath now taught me a little to be alone. His preſence keeps me company, and I find it ſweet to run about for him. I find the door all along the continent is as open as ever, and the way ſeems clearing up for the neighbouring iſlands. What a pity is it, that we can only be at one place at once, for the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS. Had I a good private hand, I could ſend you the account of my family, &c. but perhaps I may deliver it to you myſelf. LORD JESUS, direct my goings in thy way! I owe you much, yea very much love; but a pepper-corn of acknowledgment, and my poor prayers, is all the payment that I fear will be made by, my very dear Sir,

Your worthleſs, though moſt obliged, affectionate,
and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MLIII.

To Mr. G——.

My very dear Friend, *New-York, July 30, 1754.*

SHALL we once more see each other in the flesh? I hope so.—To-morrow, GOD willing, I preach at *Newark*; on *Wednesday*, two in the afternoon, at *New-Brunswick*; and hope to reach *Trent-Town* that night. Could you not meet me there quietly, that we might spend one evening together? You must bring a chair;—I have no horse, and will then once more venture your throwing me down. Mr. *V*—— passes me from hence to *Brunswick*, and Mr. *S*—— to *Trent-Town*. If you cannot come, I will get Mr. *S*—— to carry me on till we meet you. O that the LORD JESUS may smile on my feeble labours. Here I trust he hath given us a blessing. Yesterday I preached thrice: this morning I feel it. Welcome wearinefs for JESUS! O how little can I do for him! I blush and am confounded. Pray heartily for me; and if business will permit, come away to, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MLIV.

To Mr. R——.

Philadelphia, August 7, 1754.

My dear Mr. R——,

I once thought to write you a long letter; but it pleased GOD to cut off my strength in my journey. Yesterday I was taken with a violent cholera morbus, and hoped ere now to have been where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick." But I am brought back again. May it be in order to bring some more precious souls to the ever-blessed JESUS! This is all my desire. O that GOD should ever make use of such a worthless creature as I am! But his grace is free, he yet blesses me, and rather more than ever. My poor labours, seem to be owned here, as well as at *New-York*. I received the sacrament at church on *Sunday*, and have preached in the academy; but I find Mr. *Tennent*'s house abundantly more

commodious. I fear it will be impoſſible for me to come your way. This is the believer's comfort, all GOD's people ſhall meet in heaven. There I hope to ſee you and yours. Accept hearty love, and fail not to pray for, my dear Mr. *R*——,

Yours moſt affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER MLV.

To Mr. V——.

Philadelphia, Auguſt 15, 1754.

My very dear Mr. V——,

ONCE more, after having my cables out ready (as I thought) to caſt anchor within the port, I am conſtrained to put out to ſea again. My late ſickneſs, though violent, hath not been unto death. O that it may be to the glory of GOD! With ſome difficulty I can preach once a-day. Congregations rather increaſe than decreaſe; and many, O ſtrange! are deſirous of my making a longer ſtay. But the time is fixed for next *Tueſday*; and all the following days till *Sunday*, are to be employed between this and *New-Brunſwick*. There I am informed ſome execution was done. Whilſt I live, LORD JESUS, grant I may not live in vain. I could enlarge, but really am ſo faint, that I have been obliged to ſtop, and can now with difficulty ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MLVI.

To Mr. E——.

Philadelphia, Auguſt 17, 1754.

My dear Mr. E——,

I Hope this will find you fairly thruſt out into the highways and hedges, and under a divine commiſſion to compel many poor ſinners to come in. Fear not. JESUS will take care of body and ſoul.

Fix on his work thy ſtedfaſt eye,
So ſhall thy work be done.

Was

Was you on this ſide the water, you would find work enough. Here's a glorious range in the *American* woods. It is pleaſant hunting for ſinners. Thouſands flock daily to hear the word preached. Let us pray for each other. When we meet, we may talk more together. In the mean while, I recommend you to the unerring guidance and protection of the great Shepherd and Biſhop of ſouls, as being, for his great name's ſake, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MLVII.

To Mrs. S——.

Dear Mrs. S——, *New-York, Sept.* 2, 1754.

I Am much, yea very much indebted to you for your works of faith, and the labours which, I believe, have proceeded from unfeigned love to the ever-loving and ever-lovely JESUS. Put all to his account. You ſhall be rewarded at the reſurrection of the juſt: then ſhall the righteous ſhine forth like the ſun. O happy, happy time! LORD JESUS, haſten it! May the bleſſed Spirit prepare us to meet him! Methinks I hear you ſay, "I will not loſe a moment." The LORD ſtrengthen you in this and every holy reſolution! You muſt pray that I may not flag in the latter ſtages of my road. Bleſſed be GOD, we had good ſeaſons between *Philadelphia* and *New-York*. In the *New-Jeruſalem* more glorious ſeaſons await us yet. At preſent I can no more. Be pleaſed to remember me in the kindeſt manner to all, and believe me to be, dear Mr. *S*——,

Your aſſured friend, and ready ſervant
for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MLVIII.

My dear Doctor, *New-York, Sept.* 2, 1754.

MAY this find you rejoicing in the holy comforts of that infinitely great and gracious phyſician, to whoſe all-powerful blood and righteouſneſs, you and I are ſo much be-

 holden!

holden! Surely he hath been loving unto us. O that we may recover our firſt love, and return and do our firſt work! JESUS is able and willing to do this for us. The return of backſliders, and forgiving thoſe who cannot forgive themſelves, is his heart's delight. He ſpares when we deſerve puniſhment, and in his wrath thinketh upon mercy. Fly then, my dear friend, to his loving arms and heart; he waits to be gracious. Let us wait on him in the way of duty, and we ſhall find that his arm is not ſhortened, but that he is ſtill able and willing to ſave to the uttermoſt all that come to the Father through him. LORD JESUS, who can tell how far *thy uttermoſt* extendeth! None but thy own eternal Self: ſurely it muſt extend to the vileſt of ſinners, or it never could have reached ill and hell-deſerving me! Help me, my dear Sir, to cry Grace! grace! We had pleaſant ſeaſons in our way hither, and here people attend gladly. Some time this week I expect to ſail for *Rhode-Iſland*. Remember a poor but willing pilgrim, and accept this as a token, that neither you nor yours are forgotten by, my dear friend,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLIX.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Sir, *Newark, Sept.* 27, 1754.

THE ſearcher of hearts only knows what ſtruggles and toſſings your laſt letter, as well as that of dear Mr. *W——*, hath occaſioned in my breaſt. Affection, intenſe affection cries aloud, "Away to *New-England*, to dear *New-England* directly." Providence, and the circumſtances of the Southern provinces, point directly towards *Virginia* and the Orphan-houſe. In the former, I am told, the door is opening in earneſt; and the buſineſs of the latter requires my preſence this Winter. Theſe being diſpatched, my mind will be diſburdened, and my heart free for a large range in *New-England*. For this, I hereby give you and my dear never to be forgotten friends, a promiſſory note of hand. *Deo volente*, I will perform it, before I leave *America*. I think I can take ſhipping from *Boſton* for *England*. It will not do to go thence to the *Weſt-Indies*,

Indies, becauſe I cannot go without a companion, and that companion (if poſſible) is to be Captain *G*——. Theſe are my preſent thoughts. Have a little patience, and by delaying for a ſhort time, I ſhall enjoy more of my dear friends company: this is what I want to be filled with. In the mean while, my enemies may be preparing their artillery. I have nothing but a ſling and a ſtone. I truſt that my determination is agreeable to the mind of JESUS. Many of his true miniſters have been conſulted, earneſt prayers have been made, and I humbly hope the event will be glorious. What a pity is it that we can have but one body and one ſoul to glorify the bleſſed Redeemer with! LORD, accept my two worthleſs mites, and help me at length to begin to begin to do ſomething for thy great name's ſake! The worthy Preſident, who was to be my companion to *Boſton*, will let you know how affairs go. Bleſſed be GOD, the ſhout of a king hath been amongſt us. I am extremely well pleaſed with the ſynod and commencement. O that I had wings! then would I fly, if it was only juſt to have a ſight of you and yours, and my dear and worthy friends.—But—I muſt ſay no more. Pray, pray earneſtly, my dear friend, for him, who is leſs than the leaſt of all, indeed and indeed, but

Yours moſt affectionately, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLX.

To Lady H——n.

Elizabeth-Town (New-Jerſey), Sept. 30, 1754.

Ever-honoured Madam,

A Little before I had the favour of your Ladyſhip's kind letter, I had written from *New-York*. Since which time, I truſt, through the efficacy of divine grace, many new creatures have been formed for GOD. Every where a divine power accompanies the word, prejudices have been removed, and a more effectual door opened than ever for preaching the everlaſting goſpel. I am now at Governor *B*——'s, who ſends your Ladyſhip the moſt cordial reſpects. His outward man decays, but his inward man ſeems to be renewed day by day. I think he ripens for heaven apace. This laſt week

was the *New-Jersey* commencement, at which the President and Trustees were pleased to present me with the degree of A. M. The synod succeeded.—But such a number of simple hearted, united ministers, I never saw before. I preached to them several times, and the great Master of assemblies was in the midst of us. To-morrow, God willing, I shall set out with the worthy President for *New-England*, and expect to return back to the Orphan-house through *Virginia*, where the gospel I trust will have free course and be glorified. This will be about a two thousand mile circuit; but the Redeemer's strength will be more than sufficient. Once this Summer, I thought my discharge was come; but it seems the shattered bark must put out to sea again. Father, thy will be done! I hope this will find your Ladyship safe at your beloved *Clifton*, where you may enjoy yourself and God, without the interruptions of a noisy town. This is indeed heaven upon earth. That you and yours may enjoy it more and more every day, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged, dutiful,
and ready servant for Christ's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MLXI.

To Mr. Z——.

Elizabeth-Town (New-Jersey), Sept. 30, 1754.

Very dear and honoured Sir,

JUST two months ago, I arrived at *New-York* from *South-Carolina*, and ever since have been endeavouring to labour in my poor way for the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus. Many things have concurred, to prove that my coming at this time was of God. Sinners have been awakened, and saints quickened, and enemies made to be at peace with me. Grace! grace! In general, I have been enabled to travel and preach twice a day. Every where the door hath been opened wider than ever. At *Philadelphia*, I had a most comfortable evening with Mr. *B*—— and his collegues; and at the *New-Jersey* commencement I was much refreshed with the company of a whole synod of ministers, that, I believe, do indeed love the Redeemer

Redeemer in sincerity. I write this from Governor *B*——'s, who is indeed singularly good, and whose latter end greatly increases as to spirituals. O that this may be my happy lot! About a month ago, I thought my great change was coming, but I soon was sent back to sea again. To-morrow I steer for *New-England*, and from thence purpose returning to the Orphan-house through *Virginia*, where the door for preaching I hear is opening wide. Sometimes I have thoughts of going to the *West-Indies*, but fear it will not be practicable, before I see *England*. LORD JESUS, direct and strengthen, and then send me where thou pleasest! I beg, most earnestly beg the continuance of your prayers, and am, very dear, honoured Sir,

Your most dutiful, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLXII.

To Mr. H——.

My very dear Friend, *Boston, October* 13, 1754.

IT hath given me concern, that I have not been able to write one letter to *Georgia*, since my arrival at *New-York*. But it was impracticable. Sickness, travelling, and preaching prevented me. However, I must snatch a few minutes now. They leave me at *Boston*, where as well as in other places, the word hath run and been glorified, and people rather more eager to hear than ever. LORD, what am I? O that I could sink into nothing before thee! After staying a short time, I purpose, GOD willing, to go through *Connecticut* to *New-York*, and so on by land to *Georgia*. Blessed be GOD, that a Governor is at length nominated. I wish you joy of your new honour, which I find, by this week's post, is conferred upon you. May the King of kings enable you to discharge your trust, as becomes a good patriot, subject, and christian! The LORD help us to look to the rock whence we have been hewn. I wish I knew when the Governor intends being at *Georgia*, I would willingly be there to pay my respects to him. But this must be left to divine Providence. If we acknowledge GOD in all our ways, he hath promised to direct our paths. O my dear old friend and first fellow-traveller, my heart is engaged

engaged for your temporal and eternal welfare. You have now, I think, a call to retire from buſineſs, and to give up your time to the public. May the LORD of all lords direct, aſſiſt, and bleſs you and yours more and more. I hope Mrs. *H*—— is well: I have much to ſay when we meet. GOD deals moſt bountifully with me. Enemies are made to be at peace, and friends are every where hearty. Remember me in the kindeſt manner to all with you, and continue to pray for

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MLXIII.

To Mr. V——.

My very dear Friend, *Boſton, October* 14, 1754.

SURELY my coming here was of GOD. At *Rhode-Iſland* I preached five times. People convened immediately, and flocked to hear more eagerly than ever. The ſame ſcene opens at *Boſton*. Thouſands waited for, and thouſands attended on the word preached. At the *Old North*, at ſeven in the morning, we generally have three thouſand hearers, and many cannot come in. Convictions I hear do faſten, and many ſouls are comforted. Doctor *S*—— hath engaged me once to preach his lecture. The polite, I hear, are taken, and oppoſition falls. What art thou, O mountain? before our great *Zerubbabel* thou ſhalt become a plain. I preach at the *Old* and the *New North*. Mr. *P*—— and Dr. *S*—— continue to pray for me. A Governor for *Georgia* being nominated, determines my way thither. O that I may always follow GOD, even a GOD in CHRIST! This week I ſet out for Mr. *S*——'s. The door opens wider and wider. Pray tell Mr. *H*——, that I left his horſe a little lame at *Long-Iſland*, with one who is called in contempt *Saint Dick*. All hail ſuch reproach! I could enlarge, but muſt away. Adieu. My hearty love awaits your whole ſelf, and all who are ſo kind as to enquire after the chief of ſinners, but for CHRIST's ſake, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MLXIV.

To Dr. S——.

My very dear Doctor, *Boston, October* 14, 1754.

SHALL I promise and not perform? GOD forbid.—Accept, therefore, a few lines of grateful love. They bring you good news. At *Rhode-Island* and this place, souls fly to the gospel like doves to the windows. A divine power hath hitherto accompanied the word, and opposition seems to fall daily. Next week I purpose to go Eastward, and then I intend making as much haste as can be back to you. A Governor, I find, is appointed for *Georgia*, and my friend *H——Habersham* made Secretary. Those that honour GOD, he will honour. I have preached in four large meeting-houses, and the prospect of doing good is very promising. I was received with an excess of joy. LORD, what am I? Give me humility, for thy mercy's sake! Adieu. Remember me to all enquiring friends, and believe me to be, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLXV.

To Mr. S——.

Portsmouth (New-Hampshire), October 24, 1754.

My very dear Sir,

ABOUT a month ago I wrote you a few lines from the *New-Jersies*. Since that I am advanced about three hundred miles further northward. But what have I seen? *Dagon* falling every where before the ark; enemies silenced, or made to own the finger of GOD; and the friends of JESUS triumphing in his glorious conquest. At *Boston* a most lovely scene hath opened. In the morning before seven o'clock, though the meeting-houses will hold about four thousand, yet many were obliged to go away, and I was helped in through the window. The prospect is most promising indeed. In the country a like scene opens; I am enabled to preach always twice, and sometimes thrice a day. Thousands flock to hear, and JESUS manifests forth his glory. I know you will rejoice,

and

and join in crying Grace! grace! I am now come to the end of my *northward* line, and in a day or two purpose to turn back, in order to preach all the way to *Georgia*. It is about a sixteen hundred miles journey. JESUS is able to carry me through. Into his almighty and all-gracious hands I commend my spirit. I hope to write to you in the way. Gladly would I embark now for *England*, but I shall leave my *American* business but half done, if I come over now. LORD, help me! How little can I do for thee! And the little I can do, alas! with what a mixture of corruption and infirmities is it attended. Behold I am vile. Increase my obligations, my very dear Sir, by continuing to pray for

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MLXVI.

To Mr. S———.

Portsmouth, October 25, 1754.

My very dear Friend,

YOUR letter, as well as another from *Rhode-Island*, helped to lay me low before him, who delights to work by the meanest instrument. Still the LORD of all lords stoops to accompany my feeble labours with his divine presence. At *Salem* we were favoured with a sweet and divine influence. *Sunday* was a high day at *Ipswich*; twice I preached for Mr. *R*——, and once for Mr. *W*——. Hundreds were without the doors. On *Monday* at *Newbury* the like scene opened twice. Here Mr. *S*—— met me, and on *Tuesday* morning we had a blessed season. Too many came to meet and bring me into *Portsmouth*, where I preached on *Tuesday* evening, also twice the next day, and just now I have taken my leave. The blessed Spirit vouchsafed to be with us each time. Yesterday I preached at *York* and *Kittery:* at both places the Redeemer manifested forth his glory. In the evening I waited on general *P*——, who, with his Lady, were very glad to see me. I am now going to *Greenland* and *Durham*, and to-morrow shall preach at *Exeter*. The sabbath is to be kept at *Newbury*. *Monday* I am to preach thrice,—at *Rowley*, *Byfield*, and *Ipswich*; *Tuesday*, at *Cape Ann*, and *Wednesday*

neſday night or *Thurſday* morning at *Boſton*, if the priſoner is to die, though I want another week in theſe parts. Excuſe great haſte; I muſt away. Pray write a line by next ſhip to *London*. Salute all friends, and continue to pray for, very dear Sir,

Yours in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MLXVII.

To Mr. S——.

Rhode-Iſland, Nov. 22, 1754.

My very dear Friend,

YESTERDAY as I was riding along, I felt a love for you, which only friends experience, and was determined to write to you immediately. In the evening my faithful *Gaius* Mr. *S*—— brought your kind letter, which I now take the firſt opportunity of anſwering. But what ſhall I ſay? What you have heard is more than true. A more effectual door I never ſaw opened, than lately at *Boſton*, and indeed in every place where I have been in *New-England*; not a hundredth part can well be told you. With great difficulty I am got to this place, where people, as I am informed, are athirſt to hear the word of GOD. I ſhall therefore ſtay, GOD willing, till *Monday*, and then ſet forward to *Connecticut* in my way to *New-York*, which I hope to reach in about a fortnight. O that you may ſee me grown in grace, and humbled under a ſenſe of thoſe amazing mercies which I have received during this expedition! It ſeems to me to be the moſt important one I was ever employed in. Much, yea very much have I to tell you when we meet. I wiſh for the ſeaſon, and entreat you in the mean while not to forget me at his throne, who alone can uphold me with his right hand. O what a friend is JESUS! A friend that ſticks cloſer than a brother. He is indeed the pilgrim's ſtay and ſtaff; few chooſe to try him in ſuch a ſtation. This be my happy lot! I write this at Mr. *C*——'s who hath lately buried his wife. What a changing world! Thanks be to GOD for an unchangeable CHRIST! To his moſt tender and never-failing mercy, do I moſt earneſtly commend both you and yours, and hoping ere long to ſee you, and rejoice together

together in our common LORD, I subscribe myself, very dear Mr. *S*——,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLXVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Rhode-Island, Nov. 25, 1754.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

IS it true that your father-in-law and your dear yoke-fellow are dead? I sympathize with you from my inmost soul: at the same time as I rejoice on their account, who are happily arrived,

Where pain and sin and sorrow cease,
And all is calm and joy and peace.

Surely your turn and mine will come ere long. In the mean while, may I be doing something for my GOD! This shews you where I am at present, going towards *Georgia* from *Boston*; where my reception hath been far superior to that fourteen years ago. In that and other places in *New-England*, I have been enabled to preach near a hundred times since the beginning of *October*, and thanks be to GOD, we scarce had so much as one dry meeting. Not a hundredth part can be told you. In *Philadelphia*, *New-Jersies*, and at *New-York* also, the great Redeemer caused his word to run and be glorified. I am now returning through those and the other Southward provinces again, in my way to *Georgia*, where I expect to see our new Governor. Blessed be GOD, *Bethesda* is in growing circumstances, and, I trust, will more and more answer the end of its institution. I was exceedingly delighted at *New-Jersey* commencement. Surely that college is of GOD. The worthy president (Mr. *Burr*) intends to correspond with you. O that I could do it oftener: but it is impracticable. Travelling, and preaching always twice, and frequently thrice, engrosseth almost all my time. However, neither you nor any of my dear *Glasgow* friends, are forgotten by me. No, no: they are engraven upon the very tables of my heart. O that the LORD of all lords, whose mercy endureth for ever, may give

give you hearts to remember poor ſinful, ill, and hell-deſerving me! Fain would I continue a pilgrim for life.

Chriſt's preſence doth my pains beguile,
And make each wilderneſs to ſmile.

I have a fourteen hundred miles ride before me; but *nil deſperandum, Chriſto duce, auſpice Chriſto.* When I have ſeen Governor *D*——, I hope to write to dear Mr. *M*——. How is my dear *Gaius*, *S*——, &c.? But I muſt not begin to mention names. Affection riſes, and I ſhall be too eager to ſee them. LORD JESUS, haſten that bleſſed time, when we ſhall together ſee and enjoy thee for ever in glory! To this comforting and never-failing JESUS, do I moſt heartily commit you, as being, reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MLXIX.

To Mrs. C——.

Bohemia (Maryland), Dec. 27, 1754.

Dear Madam,

I Have juſt now taken leave of the northern provinces, where I have been travelling and preaching for near theſe five months. I ſuppoſe in all, I may have rode near two thouſand miles, and preached about two hundred and thirty times; but to how many thouſand ſouls cannot well be told. O what days of the Son of man have I ſeen! GOD be merciful to me an ungrateful ſinner! I am now forty years of age, and would buſineſs permit, would gladly ſpend the day in retirement and deep humiliation before that JESUS for whom I have done ſo little, notwithſtanding he hath done and ſuffered ſo much for me. Well! to-morrow, O bleſſed JESUS, through thy divine aſſiſtance, will I begin, and travel for thee again! LORD, is the call to *Virginia?* Who knows but an infinitely condeſcending GOD may improve me there! About *February* I hope to reach *Georgia*, and at Spring to embark for *England*. There, dear Madam, I expect to ſee you once more in this land of the dying. If not, ere long I ſhall meet you in the

land of the living indeed, and thank you before men and angels, for all favours conferred on, Madam,

Your moſt obliged and ready ſervant
for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXX.

To Mr. O——.

Very dear Sir, *Bohemia, Dec.* 27, 1754.

HOW condeſcending is true Friendſhip! And how does love, founded upon the love of GOD, like its bleſſed Author, delight to ſtoop to its beloved object! Your kind letter, which I received laſt week from worthy Governor *B——*, is a proof of this. An affection, a reciprocal affection ſomething like your own, would have conſtrained me to anſwer it ſooner, but travelling and preaching (my old excuſe) have prevented me. At length I am got into *Maryland*, and into a family, out of which, I truſt, five have been born of GOD. Gladly would I ſpend this whole day in deep humiliation and prayer: for I am now forty years of age. Fy upon me, fy upon me. Alas! how little have I done for JESUS! O that my head was water! O that my eyes were fountains of tears! What mercies, what infinite mercies have I received! What poor returns have I made! Behold, I am vile! Am not I treating you like a friend, even like a *Boſton* friend, my dear Sir? Yes, I am; and ſince you commanded me, I will. Your letter beſpeaks you to be worthy of that ſacred name, and to be acquainted with that which few, very few know any thing about; I mean the delicacies of true diſintereſted friendſhip. This is a ſecret that none but beloved diſciples are let into. May you always remain in the number of theſe, and when you are leaning on that boſom, where all that is lovely centers, may you have a heart to remember one who is called to travel, whilſt you are acting in another ſphere for GOD! Bleſſed be his name, heaven is at the end of the journey. Happy Mrs. *L——!* ſhe hath had a ſpeedy tranſlation. May my latter end be like hers! How ought ſuch events to teach us to converſe when together, that if we ſhould be called before the

next intended meeting, we might have no trifling converſation to reflect upon. To-morrow, GOD willing, I move again. Ere long my laſt remove will come; a remove into endleſs bliſs, where with you and all the redeemed of the LORD, I truſt you will ſee, very dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged, affectionate friend,
and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MLXXI.

To Mr. R——.

Virginia, Jan. 17, 1755.

I Am juſt now on the borders of *North-Carolina*, and after preaching to-morrow in a neighbouring church, I purpoſe to take my leave of *Virginia*. Had I not been detained ſo long at the northward, what a wide and effectual door might have been opened.—Here, as well as elſewhere, rich and poor flock to hear the everlaſting goſpel. Many have come forty or fifty miles, and a ſpirit of conviction and conſolation ſeemed to go through all the aſſemblies. One Colonel *R*——, a perſon of diſtinction, opened one church for me, invited me to his houſe, and introduced me himſelf to the reading deſk. As I was riding in his chariot, he informed me of his intention to ſee *Boſton* next Summer. If my friends would be ſo good as to mention my name, and ſhew him ſome reſpect when he comes amongſt you, it would add to my obligations. Bleſſed be GOD, I ſee a vaſt alteration for the better. O for more time, and if poſſible for more ſouls and bodies! LORD JESUS, twenty times ten thouſand are too few for thee, and yet (O amazing love) thou art willing to accept of only two mites! Theſe, I truſt, you, my very dear Sir, have put into his ſacred treaſury. O that the trifling thing called *honour*, may never, ſo much as for a ſingle moment, draw you from your GOD! I hope Colonel *P*—— ſtands to his colours. Then I live, if my dear friends ſtand faſt in the LORD. My moſt cordial reſpects and tender love await them all. I doubt not of your improving Mrs. *L*——'s ſudden diſſolution: another call to be always ready. That this may be the happy

lot of you and yours, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXII.

To Mr. P——.

Virginia, Jan. 17, 1755.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

THOUGH at this distance of time and place, yet I do not forget our solemn and mournful parting. Blessed be GOD, there is a time coming, when these cutting trials will be over. I long, I long for it, and yet when fresh doors of usefulness are opening, I am content to stay below. This I trust is the case at present in *Virginia*. The prospect is promising indeed. People have flocked from all parts to hear the word, and arrows of conviction have fled, and I believe stuck fast. Seed sown several years ago, hath sprung up and brought forth fruit. Doth not the LORD of the harvest by this say, "Go forward." Do, my dear Sir, help me by your prayers; I want to have my tardy pace quickened. I am now forty years old. Surely it is high time to awake out of sleep. I doubt not but this will find you and yours all alive for JESUS. Being straitened for time, I must beg you to remember me in the most tender manner to all dear, very dear friends as they come in your way, and accept the same for your whole self, from, reverend and very dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, obliged friend, brother,

and servant in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXIII.

To Mr. F——.

Virginia, Jan. 17, 1755.

My dear Mr. F——,

I Hope that this will find you safely arrived at *Philadelphia*, from your northward expedition, and ready to come further southwards. This leaves me in my last *Virginia* stage, near the borders of *North-Carolina*. People as I came along

have been very willing to attend on my feeble labours, and I hope that some real good hath been done. If this be effected, it matters little how the labourer himself may be sometimes fatigued.

His presence doth my pains beguile,
And makes the wilderness to smile.

Lovely delusion this! Living, dying, and after death I hope to be possessed of it. I have seen your *Epitaph*. Believe on JESUS, and get a feeling possession of GOD in your heart, and you cannot possibly be disappointed of your expected second edition, finely corrected, and infinitely amended. *Verbum sapienti sat est.* I could say more, but time is short. Glad shall I be to wait on you and Mr. *H*—— at the Orphan-house. I send you both my cordial respects, and praying that you may have what good Colonel *G*——*r* once wished me, "A thriving soul in a healthy body," I subscribe myself, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate, obliged friend and ready servant,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXIV.

To Mr. ———.

Jonathan Parsons.

Virginia, in Hanover County, Jan. 23, 1755.

My very dear Jonathan,

THAT ever-loving and ever-lovely Redeemer that owned my feeble labours in the northward, still continues to bless and succeed me in my journey southward. I have not been here a week, and have had the comfort of seeing many impressed under the word every day. Two churches have been opened, and a third (*Richmond*) I am to preach in to-morrow. Prejudices I find do subside, and some of the rich and great begin to think favourably of the work of GOD. Several of the lower class have been with me acknowledging what the LORD of all Lords did for them, when I was here before. O that I may be humbly thankful, and improve every smile to quicken my tardy pace, and make me all alive for JESUS! About this day month, I hope to reach *Georgia*; from thence, I intend writing to you again. But be where I will, dear *Boston* is much upon my heart. This may serve

as a proof that you and yours are not forgotten. Indeed and indeed I often think of, and pray for you from my inmoſt ſoul. Bleſſed be GOD, that we can meet at the throne of grace! JESUS ſits thereon, even JESUS our advocate, our GOD, and our All. You muſt add to my obligations, by continuing to pray, that I may begin to love and ſerve him in earneſt, and thus you will appear a *Jonathan* indeed, to,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXV.

To Mrs. C——.

Charles-Town, March 3, 1755.

Dear Mrs. C——;

THROUGH divine goodneſs we arrived here laſt *Wedneſday* afternoon, on *Thurſday* Mr. *E*—— was ſolemnly ordained, and on *Friday Andrew H——n* and his wife, and *R*——, came in a ſchooner from *Port-Royal*. I believe they will ſettle here.—The trials I have met with on various accounts, have brought my old vomitings upon me, and my ſoul hath been pierced with many ſorrows.—But I believe, (LORD help my unbelief!) that all is intended for my good.—Amidſt every thing, I am comforted at the preſent ſituation of *Betheſda*.—I hope you will love and walk in love, and the children alſo grow in years and grace.—I purpoſe ſending all the things by Mr. *R——n*, who comes ſhortly by water. Then I purpoſe writing to dear Mr. *Dixon* and others, and hope by that time to be determined what courſe I ſhall ſteer. O that it may be heaven-wards, go where I will! This I know will be your prayer, and the prayer of the reſt of my dear family in my behalf.—I pray for you all night and day.—I would have you write to Mr. *H——t* by the bearer, who is an experimental Baptiſt preacher from the northward.—O that he may ſay ſomething, that may do my dear family ſome good.—Mr. *Z——y* will be with you in about three weeks. The LORD be with you all. Hoping to write again ere long, and wiſhing you all much of his preſence, that is better than life, I ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your moſt aſſured friend, brother,

and ſervant in CHRIST JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXVI.

To the Same.

Charles-Town, March 17, 1755.

Dear Mrs. C——,

HAD I wings like a dove, how often would I have fled to *Bethesda* since my departure from it. I could almost say, that the few last hours I was there, were superior in satisfaction to any hours I ever enjoyed. But I must go about my heavenly Father's business.—For this, I am a poor but willing pilgrim, and give up all that is near and dear to me on this side eternity.—This week I expect to embark in the *Friendship*, Captain *Ball*; but am glad of the letters from *Bethesda* before I go.—They made me weep, and caused me to throw myself prostrate before a prayer-hearing and promise-keeping GOD.—He will give strength, he will give power. Fear not; you are now I believe where the LORD would have you be, and all will be well.—I repose the utmost confidence in you, under GOD, and verily believe that I shall not be disappointed of my hope.—I should have been glad if the apples had been sent in the boat; they would have been useful in the voyage.—But JESUS can stay me with better apples. —May you and all my dear family have plenty of these! I imagine it will not be long before I return from *England*. Now *Bethesda* would be pleasant. GOD make it more and more so to you and to all. I can only recommend you in the most endearing manner to the ever-blessed JESUS, and my unworthy vile self to your continual prayers, as being, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Yours most affectionately in our blessed LORD,

G. W.

P. S. I hope that one of the players is snatched as a brand out of the burning. Grace! grace!

LETTER MLXXVII.

To the Reverend Mr. G———.

London, May 10, 1755.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

THE love which I owe and bear to you for the LORD JESUS CHRIST's ſake, conſtrains me to ſend you a few lines immediately upon my arrival at my native country.—I arrived at *New-haven* in *Suſſex* the 8th inſtant, after a ſix weeks paſſage. Hither the cloud ſeemed to move, though I muſt own that I left *America* with regret.—Never was the door opened wider in thoſe parts for preaching the everlaſting goſpel, than now.—Perhaps this may ſhorten my ſtay at home, but future things belong to JESUS. It is not in man to direct his ſteps.—Prepare us, O LORD, for whatever thou haſt prepared for us! I hear, you have met with changes ſince my departure.—What have we to do to expect any thing elſe? Dear Mr. *M——n!*—Whither is he gone? Where JESUS reigns, and where, through rich and ſovereign grace, even ill and hell deſerving I, hope ere long to be.—Haſten, glorious *Emmanuel*, that wiſhed-for time!—If your dear yoke-fellow is alſo gone, ſhe I truſt is happy too.—*Sequar, etſi non paſſibus æquis.*—You will write ſoon, and ſend me ſome news about the upper world.—This is ſcarce worth a thought.—I hope my dear hoſt and hoſteſs, Mr. *S*——, Mrs. *M*——, and all friends are well.—I can only ſend them and you my hearty love, and beg the continuance of your prayers for, very dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLXXVIII.

To Lady H———n.

London, May 13, 1755.

Ever-honoured Madam,

SINCE I put my letter into the office on *Saturday* night, I have heard that your Ladyſhip was gone to *Aſhby*, and therefore make bold to trouble your Ladyſhip with a few more lines. They leave me ſafely arrived at my deſired port, and endeavouring

endeavouring to begin to do something for him, who hath loaded me with his benefits, and still continues to smile upon my feeble labours. Glad am I to hear, that so many have lately been stirred up to preach a crucified Saviour. Surely that scripture must be fulfilled, "and many of the priests also were obedient to the word." The work is of GOD, and therefore must prosper. Blessed be his great name, for continuing to hold your Ladyship as a star in his right-hand. May you shine more and more till the perfect day! I find your Ladyship still delights to do good. The late benefaction for *Bethesda* came very opportunely; GOD will provide! That institution begins to rise. But I cannot descend to particulars now; ere long I hope to wait on your Ladyship at *Bristol*. My first circuit is to be in the west. Hoping to be favoured soon with a line to acquaint me of your Ladyship's welfare, and earnestly praying that your Ladyship and honoured relations may be filled with all the fulness of GOD, I beg leave to subscribe myself, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLXXIX.

To the Marquis of L——.

London, May 14, 1755.

BEING but lately arrived in my native country, I take the first opportunity of returning your Lordship thanks for your great zeal in promoting the welfare of *New Jersey* college. Surely it is the purest seminary that I have known. Your Lordship's name is precious in *America*, and children yet unborn will be bound to bless GOD for what you have done. I think, if the degree of Doctor of divinity could be procured for Mr. *A*—— *B*——, their present worthy president, it would still make an addition to the honours of the college. He is a most excellent man; your Lordship will not be offended at my making the motion. Blessed be GOD, in various places abroad, the gospel runs and is glorified. In *Virginia* a wide and effectual door is opened. The *Indian* mission can never I think come upon a proper establishment, till some lands are purchased, and the *Indians* brought to live together upon them. The plan that was laid, I mentioned to Mr. *D*—— some

months ago, and ere now, I suppose your Lordship hath seen it. O for that happy time, when the kingdoms of the earth shall become the kingdoms of the LORD and of his CHRIST! Blessed *Emmanuel*, may thy temple be built in troublesome times! But I forget myself. Your Lordship will excuse my freedom. I am writing to one who delights to serve the Redeemer's interest. That your Lordship may have the continued honour of confessing him upon earth, and be confessed by him after death in the kingdom of heaven, is and shall be the prayer of, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful, obliged,
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MLXXX.

To Lady H———n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London*, *May* 27, 1755.

IT hath given me great concern, that I have not been able till now, to acknowledge your Ladyship's most kind letter. I could almost say, excess of business at my first coming over hath prevented me; but to make the most of it, I do but little, and that little in so bad a way, that if it was not for the compleat and all-sufficient righteousness of the everlasting, ever-lovely JESUS, I could not lift up my guilty head. And yet what a blessed week have we had! Surely, sinners have come like a cloud, and fled like doves to the windows. In about a fortnight, I hope to take the field in *Gloucestershire*, and shall endeavour to make all possible dispatch in the west, in order to wait on your Ladyship in my northern visit. Help me, thou friend of sinners, to be nothing, and to say nothing, that thou mayest say and do every thing, and be my all in all!—What a happiness is it to be absorbed and swallowed up in GOD? To have no schemes, no views, but to promote the common salvation. This be my happy lot! Your Ladyship will still add to my innumerable obligations, by praying for me. How shall I express my gratitude?—Tears trickle from my eyes, whilst I am thinking of your Ladyship's condescending to patronize such a dead dog as I am. But it is because I belong to JESUS. He will, he will reward your Ladyship openly. Ever-honoured Madam excuse me. Tears flow too fast for me to write on.

I

I must go and speak to GOD for you and yours, as being, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged,
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MLXXXI.

To Governor B——. Belcher

Much-honoured Sir, *London, June* 6, 1755.

WHILST I remain myself where you are called to sojourn, in this dying world, I trust your Excellency will never be forgotten by unworthy me. You see, honoured Sir, where a poor but willing pilgrim is tossed now. Just this day month did I arrive in this metropolis, where, glory, glory be to the great head of the church! The word hath still free course. The poor despised Methodists are as lively as ever, and in several churches the gospel is now preached with power. Many in *Oxford* are awakened to the knowledge of the truth, and I have heard almost every week of some fresh minister or another, that seems determined to know nothing but JESUS CHRIST, and him crucified. This, I am persuaded, is the best news I can send to your Excellency. This, must necessarily rejoice your heart, which I know pants after nothing more, than the enlargement of the Mediator's kingdom. Ere long, your utmost thirsting shall be satisfied, you shall see JESUS; you shall see him as he is: *O Gloriam quantam et qualem!* GOD give me patience to wait till my appointed change comes! But would it not be a shame to go to heaven without scarce beginning to do something for the blessed Redeemer? He that searches the heart and trieth the reins, knows full well, how often I cry out, "my leanness, my leanness!" GOD be praised, next week I hope to go on my country range. I hope that your Excellency will have a heart given you to pray for me, whilst life lasts, and after death I doubt not but the glorious *Emmanuel* will reward you before men and angels, for all your works of faith, and labours of love, which you have done for the church in general, and particularly for all favours conferred on, honoured, much-honoured Sir,

Your Excellency's most dutiful, obliged,
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MLXXXII.

To Mr. C——.

Reverend and dear Sir, *London, June 7, 1755.*

JUST now I was informed that the bag is to be taken away this afternoon; hurried therefore as I am, you must have a few lines.—And why? Because I love and honour you for JESUS CHRIST's sake. Will it not rejoice you to hear that his glorious gospel gets ground apace. Several of the clergy, both in town and country, have been lately stirred up to preach CHRIST crucified, in the demonstration of the spirit and with power. This excites the enmity of the old serpent, which discovers itself in various shapes. The greatest venom is spit out against Mr. *R——n*, who having been reputed a great scholar, is now looked upon and treated as a great fool; because made wise himself, and earnestly desirous that others also should be made wise to eternal salvation. Methinks I hear you say, O happy folly! May this blessed leaven diffuse and spread itself through the whole nation! The prospect is promising. Many students at *Oxford* are earnestly learning CHRIST. Dear Mr. *H——y* hath learnt and preached him some years; his loving and truly catholic heart chearfully complied with the motion about your future correspondence. As for myself, I can only say "that less than the least of all," must be my motto still. I labour but feebly, and yet, O amazing condescension! JESUS owns and succeeds such feeble labours. People still continue to flock to the gospel, like doves to the windows. Next week I begin to take my country range. Be so good, my dear Sir, to add to my obligations, by continuing to remember a poor but willing pilgrim, and to salute all my dear friends as they come in your way. I hope, Mr. *A——* (to whom I send cordial respects) goes hand in hand with you, striving together for the faith and the practice of the gospel.—Glorious strife this! I do not forget the books I promised to look out for.—I have spoken to Mr. *H——*, but he says they are very difficult to be procured. I would write to the Chief Justice, but suppose he is at the northward. Will you be pleased to accept of my *Lisbon* letters, to be disposed of as you think proper? My little communion-book is not yet come out. GOD be

praised,

praiſed, that there is a time coming when we ſhall need books and ordinances no more, but ſhall be admitted into an uninterrupted communion and fellowſhip with the bleſſed Trinity for evermore. The LORD ripen us for that bliſsful ſtate! I muſt bid you farewel. Be pleaſed to excuſe the length of this, as being occaſioned by the love unfeigned which is due to you from, reverend and dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXIII.

To Mr. P——.

Dear Nat. *London, June* 12, 1755.

I Think every thing is now procured that was in the memorandums. I would have ſent the children's cloaths, &c. but they could not be got ready; you will therefore have them by another opportunity. I am glad to hear by your laſt, that the children go on well in their learning. Let this encourage you to go on, and who knows, but by and by they may learn CHRIST? Such power belongs only unto GOD. I am quite ſatisfied in your preſent employ, and doubt not (if you are cloathed with humility, as I truſt you will be) but GOD will bleſs and delight to honour you. To have our own mother's children angry with and deſpiſe us, *if ſanctified*, is a good preſervative againſt ſelf-love, and ſelf-complacency: it puts us more upon the watch, and drives us nearer to GOD. This be your happy lot! As for your affair with Mr. *C*——, I can only ſay, you have my leave to act as you think beſt.—Shew thy will, O GOD, and give power to perform it! To *A*—— *W*—— and his wife, I have allowed twenty pounds *per annum*, till they have a place, or get into buſineſs. GOD knows, I can little afford it; but I can as yet truſt on him, who feedeth the ravens, and hath promiſed to ſupply all my wants. O that the LORD of all Lords may keep you all at *Bethesda* of one heart and one mind, and give you to ſend me ſuch news, as may gladden my frequently burdened (though I hope diſintereſted) mind; and cauſe me to go on with more chearfulneſs and joy! Thanks be to GOD, my feeble labours on this ſide the water, are owned and ſucceeded. People ſeem to be as lively as ever. I hope the time will come, when *Bethesda* alſo

ſhal

ſhall bloſſom like a roſe. We wait for thy ſalvation O LORD; make no long tarrying our LORD and our GOD! My dear *Nat.* farewel. Feed CHRIST's lambs, and he will feaſt thy ſoul.—Look upon his work as its own wages, and he will richly repay thee for all thy care. I charge you, and all, to continue wreſtling in prayer for me, as being, dear *Nat.*

Your aſſured friend and ready ſervant,
for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MLXXXIV.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *London, June* 13, 1755.

I Wrote to you amidſt a great throng of buſineſs, a few days ago, by a *Carolina* ſhip. I am now retired to Mr. *C*——'s, in order to ſend you a few lines more. Matters about Mr. —— and his wife, have happened as might be expected; it is my lot to be a pelican. But all will be well at laſt; I know who will ſtand on my ſide. Thanks be to GOD for JESUS CHRIST! He upholds me, and daily ſucceeds my feeble, but I truſt honeſt labours, and that to me is all in all. I hope you will write often. What your brother hath written, I know not. I believe you are where GOD would have you to be, and I pray him night and day to make you more and more a mother in *Iſrael.* Ere this comes to hand, I hope you will have received the things from the northward. However it fares with me at home, fain would I care for my dear friends and family abroad. GOD will provide! This is my comfort. Much depends on your ſucceſs in the ſilk, but more on my family's increaſing in the knowledge of JESUS. O that this may be their happy caſe! O that the LORD of all Lords may feed you in that wilderneſs! He is good to us here. We have golden ſeaſons at the tabernacle, and ſeveral miniſters preach CHRIST in the churches. This makes my call abroad ſtill more clear. Though I have not yet entered upon my country range, methinks I could ſet out for *America* to-morrow. What is time, relations, and even the enjoyment of GOD's people, compared with the unmixed, uninterrupted joys of an happy eternity! Here I could enlarge, and on this dwell, but muſt away.

Ere

Ere long I hope to write to you again, and in the mean while beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your moſt aſſured friend, and willing ſervant, for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXV.

To Mr. G——.

Reverend and dear Sir, *Briſtol, June* 27, 1755.

EVER ſince I received your laſt kind letter, I have been ſo perpetually engaged in preaching, travelling, and a multiplicity of other buſineſs, that I have not been able to anſwer it till now. In *London* the word runs and is glorified, and every day almoſt we have heard of freſh miniſters of our national church being called out, and ſpirited up to preach the truth as it is in JESUS. This is my firſt excurſion: I came through *Glouceſterſhire*, where the fields were white, ready unto harveſt. Thrice laſt Lord's-day, many many thouſands attended on the word preached, and I believe a divine power accompanied it. That is all in all.—People in this place hear as for eternity. Next week I ſhall travel further weſtward; but whether I can ſee *Scotland* this ſummer, the Redeemer only knows. But whether abſent or preſent, you, my dear Sir, and my other *Scotch* friends, have my poor prayers night and day, that your ſouls and bodies may proſper and be in health. O that GOD may hear you for unworthy me! I long, I long to do ſomething for JESUS. Glad would I be to ſerve the church of CHRIST any way. If you remember, I hinted to you ſomething about getting a Doctor's degree for Preſident *Burr*; ſince that I wrote to the Marquis of *L*——*n*. His Lordſhip writes thus: "The univerſity of *Edinburgh* deſire of me to obtain ſome account of Mr. *Aaron Burr*'s literature, or performances: this I hope you will do, and a diploma will be immediately tranſmitted." By this poſt, I ſhall write what I know of the Preſident, but I would have you and Mr. *E*—— write alſo, immediately to the Marquis. Surely he is the moſt worthy, ingenious, diligent, and truly chriſtian Preſident of his age, now in the world. He hath publiſhed ſomething lately to animate our people againſt the common enemy. I have it at *London*, and hope you have it with you. If ſo, be pleaſed to tranſmit

tranſmit it to the Marquis. I ſhall mention it, and ſo do you, to his Lordſhip. Adieu, my very dear Sir, adieu. I muſt away. May the glorious *Emmanuel* bleſs and proſper you and yours, and all the dear followers of the Lamb! I cannot forget you, and hope never ſhall, whilſt I have ſtrength to ſubſcribe, what indeed I am, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD.

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXVI.

To the Marquis of L——.

My Lord, *Briſtol, June* 27, 1755.

HOW ſhall I expreſs my gratitude to your Lordſhip, for condeſcending to anſwer my poor letter, and ſo readily concurring with the motion made in it, for a degree being procured for my worthy friend? The great Head of the church will bleſs and reward your Lordſhip for it. Never was there a man in the world, that could be more ſafely recommended as a ſcholar, and a truly chriſtian miniſter of the goſpel, and a laborious prudent Preſident of a college, than Mr. *Aaron Burr*.—He was educated at *Yale College* in *Connecticut*, *New England*; and for his pregnant abilities, and many years well approved piety, was unanimouſly choſen to ſucceed the Reverend Mr. *D*—— in the care of *New-Jerſey* college. It would have delighted your Lordſhip, to have ſeen how glorioufly he filled the chair laſt year, at the *New-Jerſey* commencement. His *Latin* oration was beautifully elegant, and was delivered with an unaffected, yet ſtriking energy and pathos. As a preacher, diſputant, and head of a college, he ſhines in *North America*; and the preſent proſperity of the *New Jerſey* college, is, under GOD, greatly owing to his learning, piety, and conduct. The ſtudents revere and love him. Your Lordſhip might have teſtimonials enough from good Governor *B*——*r*, Mr. *Jonathan Edwards*, *cum multis aliis*. And I believe, they would all concur in ſaying, "that of his age (now upwards of forty) there is not a more accompliſhed deſerving Preſident in the world." As for any thing of his in print, that can be referred to, I cannot ſay, unleſs it be a little pamphlet lately publiſhed, in which he hath animated the people againſt the common enemy, and diſcovered a cloſe attachment to the intereſt of our rightful

rightful ſovereign King *George*. May the King of kings long preſerve his important and precious life! This piece of Mr. *Burr*'s I have at *London*, and hope it is in *Scotland*. I juſt now wrote to Mr. *G*—— of *Glaſgow*, who, together with Mr. *J*—— *E*——, I ſuppoſe will write to your Lordſhip concerning Mr. *Burr*. I wiſh the diploma may be tranſmitted againſt the next commencement. It will endear your Lordſhip more and more to the good people of *America*. May the LORD of all lords vouchſafe your Lordſhip a good degree in the kingdom of heaven! O for the loweſt place there! It will be abundantly too high for ſuch an unworthy wretch as I am: but his name and nature is Love. He ſtill vouchſafes to employ me, and ſtill continues to countenance my feeble labours. At *London* we have enjoyed golden ſeaſons, and in the country the fields are white ready unto harveſt. O that we may be helped to bear the heat and burden of every day! That your Lordſhip may live long to do much for CHRIST, and be at laſt gathered like a ripe ſhock of corn into his heavenly garner, is the earneſt prayer of, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged, and
ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXVII.

To Mr. Thomas J——.

My dear Thomas, *Briſtol, June* 27, 1755.

YOUR treatment of me at *Honſlow*, put me in mind of *Joſeph*'s ſteward, who put his brothers money, unknown to them, into their ſacks mouth. Well! JESUS takes notice of all help vouchſafed his ſervants, and will not forget thoſe who aſſiſt them in their pilgrimage for his great name's ſake. You and yours then will not be forgotten:—and GOD forbid that I ſhould ceaſe praying for you both. The Searcher of hearts knows that I love you both in the bowels of JESUS CHRIST; and my heart's deſire night and day is, that you may be rich, yea very rich towards GOD. Such are durable riches. Every thing elſe is leſs than vanity itſelf. Thanks be to GOD for ſuch an unſpeakable gift! This ſupports me in my pilgrimage, and makes me go on my way rejoicing.

Thou-

Thousands and thousands flocked in *Glouceſterſhire*; and here the congregations fall little ſhort of thoſe at *London*. The bleſſed Redeemer ſhews us his ſtately ſteps. O that we may feel his renovating, ſin-ſubduing, heart-refining power more and more! So ſhall we approve ourſelves to be his diſciples, who hath ſaid, that thoſe "whom the Son of man makes free, are free indeed." Adieu. The LORD be with you and yours. My love to Mr. *W*——, Mr. *K*——, &c. I forget none of you. I pray the LORD of all lords to keep you unſpotted from the world, and entreat you not to forget

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXVIII.

To Lady H——.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London*, *July* 11, 1755.

YESTERDAY about noon, after being worn down with travelling, and preaching twice and thrice a day in *Glouceſterſhire*, at *Bath* and *Briſtol*, a gracious and never-failing Providence brought me to town, where I had the pleaſure of receiving two kind, very kind and undeſerved letters from your Ladyſhip's hand. Had I the leaſt leiſure or ſtrength, I ſhould have written a letter of condolence to your Ladyſhip from *Briſtol*. There I heard of the death of good Lady *Ann*, and was glad to find that Miſs *W*—— bore the news of it with ſo much compoſure. Alas! how many have your Ladyſhip lived to ſee go before you! An earneſt this, I hope, that you are to live to a good old age, and be more and more a mother in *Iſrael*. A ſhort, but ſweet character. GOD knows how long I am to drag this crazy load, my body, along. Bleſſed be his holy name, I have not one attachment to this inferior earth. I am ſick of myſelf, ſick of the world, ſick of the church, and am panting daily after the full enjoyment of my GOD. *John C*—— is now added to the happy number of thoſe who are called to ſee him as he is. I do not envy, but I want to follow after him. Give me patience, holy JESUS, to wait till my appointed time ſhall come. In the mean while, if it be thy holy will, improve me to promote, in ſome ſmall degree, thy glory and the good of ſouls! Thanks be to his adorable

adorable majesty, the fields at *Bristol* and *Kingswood* were whiter, and more ready to harvest than for many years last past. Was the new Tabernacle at *Bristol* as large as that in *London*, it would be filled. Thrice last *Sunday*, and twice the *Sunday* before, I preached in the fields to many, many thousands. The youngest of the Miss *W*——'s, and little Miss *H*—— attended twice, and again by six on the *Sunday* morning. At *Bath* we had good seasons; good Lady *G*——, Mrs. *B*——, *G*——, Miss *H*——, &c. were very hearty, and GOD was with us of a truth. Mr. *T*——'s wife, of *Cornwall*, is dead, and my brother hath been very ill of a fever; but they tell me (and he doth himself) that the blessed JESUS hath visited his soul. If so, his journey hither will be a happy one. LORD, help me to pray, and not to faint! O for an humble, thankful heart! I am now looking up for direction what course to steer next. I suppose it will be northward. I wish your Ladyship's plan may do; but I fear the parts about your Ladyship are too cold. O how unworthy of such a guest! Well, honoured, ever-honoured Madam, in the *New-Jerusalem*, your Ladyship will have company enough. There the Redeemer shall hold up before the mighty and the noble, and let them see what almighty, rich, and sovereign grace could do. Be pleased, my good Lady, to excuse the length of this. Gratitude always gives motion to my pen, when writing to your Ladyship. I am ashamed, that I have not so much as a pepper-corn to offer as an humble tribute. JESUS, the ever-loving, the altogether lovely JESUS must pay you all. I must away to preach the everlasting gospel. O how unworthy of such a divine employ! Pardon, honoured Madam, this poor, and too prolix scribble, and assure yourself, that neither your Ladyship nor family are ever forgotten by

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, unworthy,
but ready servant for CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXIX.

To the Reverend Mr. H——n.

Horton

My dear Friend, *London, July* 25, 1755.

I Received your kind letter, and have ſince heard of your removal from *Indian* land. I cannot help commending you for it, ſince I know various places, where you might do as much good in a week, as in thoſe parts for years. Poor *Indian* land! I fear thou haſt had thy call! May JESUS ſecure the remaining few, and be their refuge from every impending ſtorm! O my dear friend, you and I ſhall find more and more, that we muſt be made perfect by ſufferings. If we do not meet them in our younger days, we ſhall certainly have them in the decline of life. Trials, at ſuch a ſeaſon, are like the finiſhing ſtrokes of the Limner's pencil. They ſerve, in the hands of the holy Spirit, to compleat the new creature, and make it fit for heaven. Happy they who can ſay, "He knoweth the way that I take:" when they are tried, they ſhall come forth like gold. GOD only knows what a trying ſeaſon lies before us. It is to be feared, that we are upon the eve of a bloody war. O that the war between *Michael* and the *Dragon* may go on! The proſpect is promiſing. Several miniſters preach CHRIST boldly; and as for my own poor feeble labours, the bleſſed JESUS vouchſafes to crown them with ſucceſs. So many paths lie open, that I can ſcarce tell which to take firſt. Through frequent preaching and travelling, and a multiplicity of buſineſs, I have been ſo weakened, that I am obliged to retire for a little relaxation, and to get leiſure to write you theſe few lines. May they find you and yours rejoicing in tribulation, and increaſing with all the increaſe of GOD! I commend you, and all enquiring friends, to the care of Him, who never faileth thoſe who truſt in him, and entreat the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my dear friend,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MXC.

To Mrs. C———.

Dear Mrs. C———, London, July 25, 1755.

I Write this from Mr. *C*———'s, whither I have retired for a little relaxation, and to get leiſure to write a few letters. Your brother is juſt gone from me, and would ſend you his hearty love if he knew of my writing. *T*—— is gone to *Plymouth*, and Miſs *L*—— is ſick of a fever (though I hope not dangerouſly) at *Lewiſham*. Mrs. *W*——, one of the conference, I buried laſt *Tueſday*; and am longing for that happy time when this frail tabernacle ſhall be alſo laid in the ſilent grave. It hath tottered lately more than ever, and yet the Redeemer vouchſafes ſo to comfort me within, that methinks I am not yet to die, but live and declare the works of the LORD. O that I may begin to begin to do ſomething for my GOD! I am afraid we are at the eve of a war: but fear not. *Bethesda* eſpecially, I believe, will be hid under the ſhadow of the Redeemer's wings. Whilſt I have perſons there (as I think is the caſe now) that act with a ſingle eye, I am perſuaded it will be like the *burning buſh*. Pray remember me to all in the kindeſt manner. I hope to write when the children's cloaths are ready. We have bleſſed ſeaſons at Tabernacle. I have met with ſome outward as well as inward trials; but this is my comfort, "The LORD knoweth the way that I take. When I am tried I ſhall come forth like gold." O that faith and patience may have their perfect work in this ſinſick ſoul! Deſire dear *Nat*, Mr. *Dix*, &c. not to be uneaſy, becauſe I do not write now; it is impracticable. Night and day you are all upon my heart, and I long to hear how you go on. My bleſſing attends you all, even you and the children. Surely, was I retired from public work, feeding CHRIST's lambs ſhould be my conſtant employ. But alas! I muſt be in the front of the battle. LORD JESUS, magnify thy ſtrength in my weakneſs, or I ſhall deny thee and deſert my poſt! Pray hard all of you, I intreat you, for me, and let me know all your wants. I will labour night and day to have them ſupplied, and will pray the great Shepherd and Biſhop of ſouls to pay you bleſſed wages. I know you will be content with

ſuch a paymaſter. I commend you all to his never-failing mercy, as being, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your moſt ſincere and cordial friend and willing ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MXCI.

To Lady ———.

Elect Lady, *Norwich*, *Aug.* 9, 1755.

HOW glad was I ſome time ago to receive a letter from your Ladyſhip! How glad am I now to ſit down to anſwer it, and thereby renew a correſpondence, which to me was always profitable and delightful! Shall I wiſh your Ladyſhip joy? Of what? Not barely of your additional eſtate and honour, but of your having an opportunity, with your noble Lord, of moving in a ſuperior orb, and letting your light ſhine more before men. The LORD of all lords only knows, how I love and honour you both; though I have not written, yet I have not ceaſed praying for you and yours theſe many years. Your honoured family on both ſides, muſt always be dear to me. What *Bethels*, what gates of heaven have we been in together, whilſt engaged in ſocial prayer, and reading and opening the lively oracles of GOD! Had I wings, gladly would I fly to ſee your Ladyſhip's dear little growing family: but GOD only knows, whether I ſhall be able to reach *Scotland* this year. I am now at *Norwich*, where there hath undoubtedly been a glorious work of GOD. Twice a day, both gentle and ſimple flock to hear the word, and I think it comes with power. LORD, what am I? In *London*, I think, our people are as lively as ever; in *Briſtol* they are the ſame; and as for *America*, words cannot expreſs the glorious ſcenes that opened in various parts, eſpecially at *Boſton* in *New-England*. The tide ran full as high as ever your Ladyſhip knew it at *Edinburgh*, or in any part of *Scotland*. This I know is the beſt news I can ſend to your Ladyſhip; for what news, comparatively ſpeaking, is worth hearing, except that which concerns the kingdom of GOD? What beauties worth admiring, but the beauties of JESUS CHRIST? What riches worth poſſeſſing, but the ſubſtantial and durable riches of the divine life? What honour worth acquiring, but that honour which cometh

cometh from GOD? May these be the beauties, these the riches, these the honours of you and your noble Lord! I assure your Ladyship that my heart springs when I think of him, or write his name. I truly loved the father, I as truly and most affectionately respect and love the son. GOD almighty bless you both, and give you grace to keep yourselves unspotted from the world! Glad shall I be to see his Lordship in town. In the mean while, I hope his Lordship, and the honourable family where you are, will accept not of bare compliments, but unfeigned and most cordial acknowledgments and respects. May the great physician of souls vouchsafe to give you all thriving souls in healthy bodies! I am glad to hear good Lady *D*—— is well. My obligations to her, and all your honoured family, are very great. Be pleased to accept this poor pepper-corn, which, except my poor prayers, is all the acknowledgment that can be made by, my good Lady,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged,
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MXCII.

To Mr. J—— W——.

Reverend and dear Sir, *Norwich, Aug.* 9, 1755.

TILL *Tuesday* evening, I knew no more of coming to *Norwich* than the child unborn. Had I been well enough, and my private business permitted, I should have been some miles in my way towards *Dunnington* park. This I told Mr. *H——ly*, and acquainted him with every step; he should have written himself, and not retailed our conversation. As I expect to be in town some time next week, I choose to defer writing more till we have a personal interview. My time is too precious to be employed in hearkening to, or vindicating of myself against, the false and invidious insinuations of narrow and low-life informers. Never was I more satisfied of my call to any place, than of my present call to *Norwich*. The Redeemer knows the way that I take. I came hither purely for his glory, without the least design to make a party for myself, or to please or displease any other party whatsoever. In this

way, and in this ſpirit, through his divine aſſiſtance, I hope to go on. Bleſſed be his name, I truſt my feeble labours have not been in vain. Sin, I hope, hath been prevented, errors detected, ſinners convicted, ſaints edified, and my own ſoul ſweetly refreſhed. But I muſt add no more. That JESUS may give us all a right judgment in all things, and keep all parties whatſoever from giving a wrong touch to the ark, is and ſhall be the conſtant prayer of, reverend and dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXCIII.

To Doctor R——.

London, Aug. 20, 1755.

Honoured and very dear Sir,

AS long as GOD is pleaſed to hold my ſoul in life, and I hear that you alſo are in the land of the living, I ſhall always think it my bounden duty to thank, and pray for you. Surely you have been to me, honoured Sir, a father and a friend. Be pleaſed to accept repeated acknowledgments for all favours conferred on me at college, and the great care you took to prepare me for the miniſtry of the church. Alas! I am aſhamed of my unfruitfulneſs, and wonder that the bleſſed Redeemer continues to improve me at all. But his name and nature is Love. He hath once more brought me ſafe over the mighty waters, and hath vouchſafed to own my poor feeble labours in yonder new world. The Orphan-houſe, bleſſed be his name, is on a good footing, and I truſt will prove a nurſery for church and ſtate, when my head is laid in the ſilent grave. I am waiting daily for my diſcharge, and long to be at home. Be pleaſed to add to my innumerable obligations, by continuing to pray for me. I retain my old name, being the chief of ſinners, and leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints, but, honoured and very dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged, dutiful ſon and ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MXCIV.

To ——.

My dear Friends, *London, Aug.* 26, 1755.

I Received both your kind letters, and likewiſe one from Mr. *W.*——, and laſt night a long one from Mr. *C*——; but alas! I have no time for controverſy. To their own Maſter they muſt both either ſtand or fall. All I can ſay in your preſent circumſtances, is, "that you had beſt make a trial, and let matters for a while ſtand as they are." I have ſent letters, if poſſible, to prevent the ſpreading, at leaſt the *publiſhing* any further tales. In the mean while, my dear friends, do you ſtrengthen yourſelves in the LORD your GOD. The cauſe is his; you honeſtly, I believe, embarked in it for his great name's ſake, and he will help you out of all. When I ſee Mr. *R*——*r*, I ſhall ſpeak to him again. But to-morrow I muſt away to the northward. Follow me, I entreat you, with your prayers, and aſſure yourſelves, that you and yours, and the dear people of *Norwich*, will not be forgotten by me. If ever the Redeemer, in his good providence, ſhould bring me thither again, I can then converſe with Mr. *W*—— and *C*—— face to face;—but I beg to be excuſed from writing, when I think by ſo doing I can do no ſervice. The LORD cloathe us all with humility, and give us all true ſimplicity and godly ſincerity! Then we need fear nothing. Bleſſed be his name, we have golden ſeaſons here. Bleſſed be his name, if any good was done by my poor feeble labours in your city. To Him, who delights to ſhew himſelf ſtrong in behalf of thoſe who are of an upright heart, be all the glory. If I know any thing of myſelf, I want to ſupplant none, but to ſtrengthen the hands of all that preach and live CHRIST JESUS. In his great name, and with repeated thanks for all favours, I ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear friends,

Yours moſt affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER MXCV.

To Miſs P——.

Dear Miſs, *Weſton-Favell, Aug.* 30, 1755.

A Few days paſt, as I was going into the Tabernacle to read letters, yours came to hand; immediately I read it among the reſt, and you and my other dear *New-England* friends had the prayers of thouſands. But how did I wiſh to be tranſported to *America!* How did I long to ſtir up all againſt the common enemy, and to be made inſtrumental in doing my dear country ſome little ſervice! But ſurely GOD ſent me over at this juncture, and therefore I hope to be reſigned. Already, bleſſed be his name, he hath vouchſafed to own my feeble labours in *London*, *Glouceſterſhire*, *Briſtol*, *Bath*, and *Norwich*. I have been at the laſt place very lately, and notwithſtanding offences have come, there hath been a glorious work begun, and is now carrying on. The Polite and Great ſeem to hear with much attention, and I ſcarce ever preached a week together with greater freedom. Praiſe the LORD, O my ſoul! I am now going my northern circuit, and perhaps may take a trip to *Ireland*. O what a pity is it, that we have but one body and one ſoul for JESUS CHRIST! I write this from dear Mr. *H*——'s, who ſends kind love to all his dear *New-England* friends, and earneſtly begs the continuance of their prayers. He is now writing another volume upon ſanctification: that, you ſay, dear Miſs, is what you want. That is what the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS longs to give. Out of his fulneſs we are all to receive even grace for grace. But how ſlow are we to believe! LORD, I believe, help my unbelief! muſt be my language ſtill. I thank your honoured father for the kind preſent of the ſermons, charter, &c. I ſee you are reſolved to increaſe my obligations, till they amount to a prodigious ſum. My bleſſed Maſter muſt pay you all. O that I may be remembered before him; night and day, in public and in private! Dear *New-England*, dear *Boſton* lies upon my heart; ſurely the LORD will not give it over into the enemies hand. He hath too many praying miniſters and praying people there, for ſuch a dreadful cataſtrophe. Immediately upon hearing of your late

defeat, I preached from thoſe words, "When the enemy comes in like a flood, then the ſpirit of the LORD lifts up a ſtandard againſt him." This we ſhall find true in a temporal and ſpiritual ſenſe.

Bleſt is faith that truſts Chriſt's power,
Bleſt are ſaints that wait his hour.

I could enlarge, but muſt away. My heart is full for dear *New-England*, and I muſt go to GOD and vent it. I can only ſend you and your honoured parents, and all your religious aſſociates, and all enquiring friends, ten thouſand thanks for all favours, and beg them never to ceaſe praying for, dear Miſs,

Their and your aſſured and ready ſervant
for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MXCVI.

To Lady P——Papperell.

Dear Madam, *Weſton-Favell, Aug.* 30, 1755.

THOUGH Providence prevented my ſeeing you again, yet you have been much upon my heart. As a proof of it, be pleaſed to accept of theſe few haſty lines. I find you are once more called to give up your honoured huſband for his country's good. That GOD whom you ſerve, will richly reward you for ſuch a ſacrifice, and be better to you than ſeven huſbands. I long, I long to hear that he is returned victorious. He is gone upon a good cauſe, and under the conduct of the beſt general, even the Captain of our ſalvation. To him I am praying night and day for the temporal and ſpiritual welfare of dear, never to be forgotten *New-England*. Courage, dear Madam, courage:—a few more partings, a few more changes, a few more heart-breakings, heart-purifying trials, and we ſhall be ſafe landed. That you and yours, dear Madam, may have a triumphant entrance adminiſtered to you into the heavenly kingdom, is and ſhall be the hearty prayer of, dear Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's obliged and ready ſervant, &c.

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MXCVII.

To Mr. V——. Van Horn

My dear Friend, *Weſton-Favell, Aug.* 30, 1755.

I Wrote you a letter juſt before I left *Charles-Town*, which I find you have not received. The things ſent proved bad, but I have a GOD to go to, who can and will ſupply all my wants according to the riches of his grace in CHRIST JESUS. I am ſorry that your people continue yet as ſheep having no ſhepherd. What I ſaid about Mr. *B*——, was by commiſſion from himſelf. I wiſh Mr. *D*—— may ſee his way clear. But who will come to be torn in pieces by two contending parties?

Giver of concord, prince of peace,
Meek lamb-like Son of GOD,
Bid theſe unchriſtian jarrings ceaſe,
O quench them with thy blood!

Amidſt all this, what a mercy is it, my dear friend, that JESUS ſhews you more of your heart. O thank him a thouſand and a thouſand times, for pointing out to you the ſin that doth moſt eaſily beſet you. Surely it is a too great love of money. Of this your friends every where take notice; and this, in many caſes, makes you act an unfriendly part. If GOD ſhould ſuffer our enemies to prevail, you will wiſh you had laid up more treaſure in heaven. Bleſſed be GOD, mine is out of the reach of men or devils. Strange! that five per cent. from man, ſhould be preferred to a hundred-fold from CHRIST! A word to the wiſe is ſufficient. I ſhould not have ſaid this, leſt there ſhould be the appearance of ſelf-intereſt, had you not given me the hint. But I hope you know, (however, I am ſure that GOD knows) that I want to deny, not enrich myſelf. But enough of this. I am now looking out for more news from dear *America*. May the late defeat be ſanctified; and then I doubt not but we ſhall be more than conquerors through the love of CHRIST. I often wiſh myſelf abroad; but aſſuredly Providence called me home.—My poor feeble labours are ſtill bleſſed both in town and country, and many dear miniſters of JESUS are coming out. It would delight

you

you to be at Tabernacle. We are often in the ſuburbs of heaven. I write this from dear Mr. *H*——*y*'s, in my way to *Yorkſhire*, and perhaps *Ireland*. I told him what you wrote about *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*, and he begs your prayers. O *America*, how near doſt thou lie upon my heart! GOD preſerve it from popiſh tyranny and arbitrary power! I can write no more. Adieu, my dear Mr. *V*——. Continue to write to me, and live and give for JESUS, who hath given you this world, and that which is to come. Was you here, methinks we ſhould weep together. O redeeming love! How can we think of it, and at the ſame time not be ambitious of opportunities to ſpend and be ſpent for JESUS. *Non magna loquimur, non magna ſcribimus, ſed vivimus*, is the chriſtian's motto. Mr. *D*—— can *Engliſh* it. I ſend to him, and all enquiring friends, my cordial reſpects. I ſaw his daughter well at *Braintree* a little while ago. There, as well as elſewhere, we had bleſſed ſeaſons. I know you will join in crying Grace! grace! with, my dear *Gaius*,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXCVIII.

To Mr. J—— S——.

Northampton, Sept. 1, 1755.

AND did my dear Mr. *S*—— direct a letter and not ſend me one line at a venture? Well, I thank him even for the direction, as well as for all other unmerited favours. O that it was in my power to ſhew my gratitude in a ſubſtantial manner! This is my comfort, GOD is a prayer-hearing, promiſe-keeping GOD. He will not fail thoſe, who have confeſſed him or his miniſters before men.—It may be, before men they ſhall be rewarded. Certain it is, they ſhall be confeſſed by JESUS CHRIST in the preſence of men and angels in the kingdom of heaven. This, ere long, will be your happineſs. Methinks I long for the day; but am aſhamed I do no more for JESUS, who yet continues to employ me. Every where the fields are white ready unto harveſt. At *London*, *Briſtol*, *Bath*, in *Glouceſterſhire*, at *Norwich*, *Bury*, *Braintree*, and yeſterday twice here, we had bleſſed ſeaſons. I

am now going into *Yorkſhire*, and it may be to *Ireland*. If there ſhould be a bloody war, GOD only knows when I ſhall ſee my dear *New-England*. Thither I find a ſtrong attraction. O for good news from the northern forces! I ſuppoſe death muſt come firſt before life.—This is always the method of Providence. LORD, help us to pray and not faint! Happy they who have got a JESUS to fly to: he is our refuge from every ſtorm. Your whole ſelf and all enquiring friends do I moſt earneſtly commend to his never-failing mercy, as being, my very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MXCIX.

To Colonel P~~epperell~~.

My dear Sir, *Northampton, Sept.* 1, 1755.

ACCORDING to my promiſe, before I embarked for *England*, I ſent you the copy of my oath, from *Charles-Town*; which, I fear, is not come to hand, becauſe not mentioned in either of your letters, which I had the pleaſure of receiving a few days ago. In my way northward, I take the firſt opportunity of thanking you for both, and at the ſame time heartily thank the Captain of our ſalvation, for giving you grace to ſtand to your colours, and perſiſt in your ſpiritual warfare. Perhaps, ere this reaches *Boſton*, you may be called out in the ſervice of your country. May your head, and the heads of all engaged, be covered in every day of battle; and may our troops be made in the end more than conquerors through the love of GOD! This is what we are aſſured of in our ſpiritual combat.—JESUS, who is truth itſelf, hath told us, that nothing ſhall pluck us out of his almighty hands. Though faint then, let us ſtill purſue. Through the Redeemer ſtrengthening me, I am yet continuing my feeble labours, which, I truſt, are not in vain in the LORD. Fain would I be with you; but Providence ſeems to have caſt my lot at preſent here. Well, my dear Sir, there is a place, at which, though abſent from, we may be preſent with each other; I mean the throne of grace. There, GOD willing, I will often meet you. I know you will accept the challenge, and GOD himſelf

himſelf will ſay, *Amen.* Glad ſhould I be to hear from you frequently. O for good news from dear *New-England!* Bleſſed be GOD for what you ſend me concerning Mrs. *P*——. May root and branch be ſpared for the Mediator's glory! To his tender, never-failing mercy, do I moſt humbly commend you, and all other enquiring friends, as being, my dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate friend and
ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MC.

To Mrs. M——.

Dear Madam, *Liverpool, Sept.* 12, 1755.

ERE this can reach you, I hope the days of your mourning will be ended. By your laſt to Mr. *W*—— I find your harp was hanging upon the willows, your chariot wheels taken off, and your poor ſoul driving heavily. Add to all this, —Satan was beſetting you on every ſide, and ſo daring as to ſay, "Where is now thy GOD?"—This is his common artifice; thus he attacked the great High-prieſt and bleſſed apoſtle of our profeſſion, "If thou be the Son of GOD, &c." But if you love not JESUS, whence this pain of abſence? Why ſo often crying out,

For to my ſoul it's hell to be
But for one moment void of thee?

This is not the language of a hypocrite. No: it is the native, genuine cry of a new and heaven-born ſoul. Woman, therefore, why weepeſt thou? Thy LORD hath drank of this bitter cup before thee.

He knows what this temptation means,
For he hath felt the ſame.

Look then to Him, dear Madam, who upon the croſs cried out in the bitterneſs of his ſoul, "My GOD, my GOD, why haſt thou forſaken me?" The Redeemer is now only giving you bleſſings in diſguiſe, and teaching you inſtructive leſſons by the thorns and briars of the wilderneſs. Now is the time

for

for you to prove the ſtrength of JESUS yours, and to learn to live upon a GOD that changeth not. Be pleaſed to excuſe this freedom. At Mr. *W——d*'s deſire I take it. Your advice to him, amidſt all your gloom, beſpeaks your concern for the ark of GOD; I wiſh he may take it. But I love not to interfere in other people's plans, any further than I can contribute a mite towards promoting the common ſalvation. This principle made me incline to ſee *Ireland*, but I believe the ſeaſon is too far gone. The Redeemer's time is beſt. O that all may have grace given them to wait his leiſure! Then will affairs have a more comfortable aſpect, and many wrong touches of the ark be happily prevented. Bleſſed be GOD, in many places the word runs and is glorified. O that I could begin to begin to do ſomething for JESUS! I wiſh that Mr. *C*—— may be raiſed to work for him once more. And yet, methinks it is cruel to wiſh him to ſtay longer out of heaven. GOD give me patience to wait till my wiſhed-for change ſhall come! My cordial reſpects await all that love CHRIST JESUS in ſincerity.—Be pleaſed to accept the ſame for your whole ſelf, from, dear Madam,

Your ſympathizing friend, and
ready ſervant, for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCI.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Sir, *Newcaſtle, Sept.* 24, 1755.

AT length I can ſit down, and ſend you (what I know you dearly love) ſome good news concerning the kingdom of JESUS CHRIST. O infinite condeſcenſion! He hath vouchſafed to own and bleſs my feeble labours all the way. At *Northampton* we had bleſſed ſeaſons; at Lady *H——n*'s, the LORD of all Lords was with us of a truth; at *Liverpool* I truſt ſome fallow ground was broken up; at *Bolton* the cup of many ran over; at *Mancheſter* people heard moſt gladly; and at *Leeds* and *Bradford*, what many felt, I believe, is unutterable. In my way hither, I hope a ſmart gentleman was touched at *York*, and ſeveral I find were awakened when I was at this place laſt. LORD, what am I?

If

If thou excuſe, then work thy will,
By ſo unfit an inſtrument;
It will at once thy goodneſs ſhew,
And prove thy power omnipotent.

What GOD does further, you may hear by and by. Perhaps I am at the end of my northern circuit, and I fear I am too impatient to get at the end of my chriſtian race. I long, I long to ſee JESUS. Well, he that comes, will come and will not tarry. His reward is with him; then, but not till then, ſhall you and yours be fully recompenſed, for ſtrengthening my poor feeble hands in the LORD. He only knows how feeble. Surely this is grace indeed, to employ ſuch a wretch as I am. Help me to adore it. Continue to pray for me, and thereby add to the obligations already conferred on, my very dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCII.

To Lady H———n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *Newcaſtle, Sept.* 24, 1755.

I KNOW not how long it is ſince I left your Ladyſhip; but this I know, a ſenſe of the ſatisfaction I felt when at *Donington*, ſtill lies upon my heart. Surely, was I not called out to public work, waiting upon and adminiſtring to your Ladyſhip in holy offices would be my choice and higheſt privilege. But JESUS calls, and therefore I travel to do or ſuffer thy will, O GOD! The only new ground that hath been broken up, I think is *Liverpool*; there the proſpect is promiſing. I preached in a great ſquare on the Lord's day, and the alarm I hear went through the town. At *Bolton* the cup of GOD's people ran over; and at *Manchester* we had large auditories and bleſſed ſeaſons. At *Leeds* we felt what is unutterable, and at *Bradford*, I believe, laſt *Sunday* the congregation conſiſted of at leaſt ten thouſand. But O how hath my pleaſure been alloyed at *Leeds!* I rejoiced there with trembling; for unknown to me, they had almoſt finiſhed a large houſe in order to form a ſeparate congregation. If this ſcheme ſucceeds, an awful ſeparation I fear will take place amongſt the

ſocieties.

ſocieties. I have written to Mr. *W*——, and have done all I could to prevent it. O this ſelf-love, this ſelf-will! It is the devil of devils. LORD JESUS, may thy bleſſed ſpirit purge it out of all our hearts! But O how muſt the divine Paraclete ſit as a refiner's fire upon the heart, in order to bring this about! Few chooſe ſuch fiery purgations, and therefore ſo few make the progreſs that might juſtly be expected of them in the divine life. Make me, O GOD, willing to be made, willing to be, to do, or ſuffer what thou pleaſeſt, and then——what then?—this fooliſh fluttering heart will ſweetly be moulded into the divine image.—This I write from *Newcaſtle*, where the people twice a day hear the goſpel gladly. At *York* I hope a fine gentleman was touched, and ſeveral I find were awakened there, and here alſo, at my laſt viſit. What to do now, I know not. Calls on all ſides are very loud, and it is too late to go either to *Ireland* or *Scotland*. O my GOD!—Winter is at hand, and in the ſummer how little hath been done for thee! I cannot bear to live at this poor dying rate. My good and ever-honoured Lady, add; for CHRIST's ſake add to my already innumerable obligations, by praying for a poor unfruitful and ungrateful dwarf. I am ſick of my vileneſs, and yet juſt comes in a letter acquainting me, that my preaching hath been bleſſed to many this morning. Good GOD, what is this? Grace! Grace! I am loſt, I am loſt.

Take me Uriel, take me hence,
And bear my ſoul to GOD.

Your Ladyſhip ſees I am running into my old fault. I cannot well help it, when writing to your Ladyſhip. May the choiceſt of GOD's mercies reſt on you and yours! I hope my poor but ſincere reſpects will find acceptance with Lady *S*——'s, Maſter *H*——, &c. I muſt away to pray for your Ladyſhip and them, and therefore haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt ready ſervant,
G. W.

LETTER MCIII.

To Mr. D—— B——.

My dear Friend, *Newcaſtle, Oct.* 4, 1755.

WHO would but wiſh to be in heaven, where we ſhall enjoy the communion of ſaints without interruption? Whilſt here, how long is it before we can anſwer each other's letters? With difficulty I now ſit down to anſwer your laſt; for theſe ſeven or eight days paſt, I have been deeply engaged in travelling, and preaching thrice a day. JESUS CHRIST hath made it pleaſant to my ſoul, and comfortably ſupported my weak body. It being ſo late in the year, I cannot proceed further northward. However I muſt write, if it be only to let you know, that my dear *Scotch* friends are continually upon my heart, and that I moſt earneſtly beg the continuance of their prayers. I am a dwarf,—I am a dwarf,—and that is enough to excite their pity. Alas! alas! Autumn is come, winter is drawing on, and (O my GOD) how little have I done for thee in the ſummer. The concern I feel upon this account almoſt prevents my writing. Adieu, I muſt retire.—My tender love to Mrs. *B*——, and all that are ſo kind as to inquire after me. Exhort them to love, and live near to the ever-loving JESUS, and for his great name's ſake, never to forget, my dear friend,

Their and your affectionate friend,
and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCIV.

To Mr. ——.

My very dear Friend, *London, Oct.* 31, 1755.

LAST night, a never-failing GOD brought me from the north of *England*, where I have been enabled to preach twice and thrice a day, to many, many thouſands for theſe two months laſt paſt. And yet I cannot die.—Nay they tell me, "I grow fat." O that I may grow in grace, eſpecially in humility! Then would the LORD delight to honour me. Vile as I am, this he continues to do. Never did I ſee the word more bleſſed, or ſo many thouſands run after it with

greater greedineſs. Next to inviting them to CHRIST, I have always taken care to exhort them to pray for King *George*, and our dear friends in *America*. I truſt, that thouſands are now engaged this way, and whatever dark providences may intervene, I hope to hear they have been more than conquerors.—"Pray continue to write," I often tell my friend. I often think of him who ſent me the glaſs, before the friend of ſinners. GOD almighty bleſs you and yours, and all enquiring dear ſouls, with all ſpiritual and temporal bleſſings! I ſee ſome are marrying, and others giving in marriage. May the LORD JESUS ſanctify every change, till we all come to ſit down at the marriage feaſt of the ſupper of the Lamb! There I hope ere long to meet you. Fly, fly, Time: haſten, haſten, O wiſhed-for Eternity! Adieu: my tender love to all. I wiſh dear Mr. *T*—— a good help-mate, but above all, I wiſh him much ſucceſs in eſpouſing poor ſinners to the ever adorable JESUS. Once more farewel.

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCV.

To Mr. B——.

My dear Mr. B——, *London, Nov.* 1, 1755.

ON *Thurſday* evening, a never-failing Providence brought me in ſafety from my northern circuit, and this morning I find a letter of a diſtant date from you, which before I look over my other letters, I ſit down to anſwer. And what ſhall I ſay? Bleſſed be GOD, I have good news to ſend you from the north country; never did I ſee the word of GOD have freer courſe, or congregations more numerous or attentive. I was ſtrengthened to preach generally twice or thrice a day, and thanks be to my gracious Maſter, my poor carcaſe held it out. Next to JESUS, my King and country were upon my heart. I acted as at *Stroud*, and other parts of *Glouceſterſhire*, and I hope I ſhall always think it my bounden duty, next to inviting ſinners to the bleſſed JESUS, to exhort my hearers to exert themſelves againſt the firſt approaches of popiſh tyranny and arbitrary power. O that we may be enabled to watch and pray againſt all the oppoſition of *Antichriſt* in our hearts; for after all, there lies the moſt dangerous man of ſin; there

is

is the temple in which he sits, exalting himself above all that is called GOD. And what shall, what can destroy him? Nothing but the breath of the Redeemer's mouth, and the brightness of his appearing, by his blessed spirit in our souls. O for more of this baptismal fire! GOD give you, and the dear Alderman, to pray earnestly for me, that I may begin at length to be a little alive to my GOD. O winter! winter! how near art thou drawing, and how little have I done for JESUS in the summer! Perhaps before *Christmas* I may see you again. Future things belong to JESUS. To his tender never-failing mercy do I most heartily commit you; and the dear Alderman, all your relations, and all enquiring friends, and once more beg that you will not forget to pray for, my dear Mr. *B*——,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCVI.

To Lady H———n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London, Nov.* 1, 1755.

WHAT shall I say? Indeed and indeed, it hath given me great concern, that I could not perform my promise to return to *Donnington-park* so soon as I expected.—But had I done so, I must have failed preaching at least to above fifty thousand souls, who at different places ran most greedily many miles after the everlasting gospel. This I thought your Ladyship would by no means approve of, and therefore acquiesced. On *Thursday* evening, with no small regret I came to town, after having preached about a hundred times, and travelled about eight hundred miles in the country. Blessed be GOD, my feeble carcase was strengthened to hold out, though for more than ten days together, I preached thrice a day.—O that I could preach three hundred times! all would be little enough, (alas, alas, infinitely too little) to testify my feeble love to the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS. I hope that your Ladyship, and the other elect Ladies, will enjoy much of his blessed spirit, in your present sweet retreat. After about a week's stay here, I hope to move westward. O winter, winter! haste and fly, that I may again set out, and begin to

ſpring for my GOD! I know I ſhall have your Ladyſhip's prayers, and I am ſure your Ladyſhip and family and friends have mine. Yeſterday I waited upon the Counteſs *D*——, and on *Thurſday*, GOD willing, I am to dine with her Ladyſhip. Bleſſed be GOD, all was well. O for growth in grace! O for the total deſtruction of ſelf and ſelfiſhneſs! Alas, what inward purgations and martyrdoms muſt be undergone! LORD JESUS, we are the clay, and thou art the potter; ſtamp thine image in what way thou pleaſeſt! I know your Ladyſhip will ſay, Amen. I truſt an "Even ſo, LORD JESUS, come quickly," is ſincerely added by, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged,
and ready ſervant, for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCVII.

To the Honourable J—— R——. Royal

Very dear Sir, *London, Nov.* 7, 1755.

ARE you yet called out in defence of your country? The meaſures taken by your honourable and loyal council and aſſembly, I hope will be bleſſed to prevent a ſtir ſo near to *Boſton*. I am glad to hear, that the Ladies are employed in making the ſoldiers cloaths; I truſt my female friends are ſome of the moſt active. Surely, the cauſe is the cauſe of GOD, and if done out of love to JESUS, this labour of love ſhall not go unrewarded. GOD make male and female good ſoldiers of JESUS CHRIST! Nothing like fighting under his banner; he is a refuge from every ſtorm. I can only add, that I moſt earneſtly commend you and yours, and the whole circle of my never to be forgotten friends, to his never-failing mercy, and intreat you to accept theſe few haſty lines, as a token of love and reſpect unfeigned, from, very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER MCVIII.

To the Honourable A—— O——.

Very dear Sir, *London, Nov.* 8, 1755.

I Hear you have been ſitting night and day in council. May JESUS, the wonderful counſellor, preſide in your aſſembly, and influence you to purſue ſuch meaſures, as may be bleſſed to the humbling a perfidious enemy, and making the dear *New Englanders* more than conquerors through the love of GOD! All we can do on this ſide the water, is to pray. This I truſt thouſands are doing every day.—I ſeldom preach, without mentioning dear *New England.* O for more good news from that part of yonder new world! O that this time of outward danger, may be ſanctified to the exciting of greater zeal againſt our inward ſpiritual enemies! For after all, the man of ſin in our own hearts, is the greateſt foe the real chriſtian hath to fear. May JESUS deſtroy him both within and without, by the breath of his mouth, and the brightneſs of his appearing! Bleſſed be GOD, the proſpect is promiſing here! In the north of *England*, the word runs and is glorified more than ever, and in *London* people flock like doves to the windows:—and yet I feel a ſtrong attraction for *America.* Pray be ſo kind, very dear Sir, to ſend me ſome account now and then, how matters ſtand.—Perhaps it may be of ſome ſervice. I could enlarge, but muſt drop a line or two more to ſome more friends, and therefore can only ſend my moſt cordial ſalutations to yourſelf, and whole houſhold, and begging a continued intereſt in your prayers, ſubſcribe myſelf, very dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged, affectionate friend,
and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCIX.

To Lady H——n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London, Nov.* 10. 1755.

YOUR Ladyship's kind and condescending letter, found me just returned from *Chatham*, and led me (as your Ladyship's letters always do) to a throne of grace. I immediately threw myself prostrate before GOD, and earnestly prayed, in my poor feeble manner, that grace, mercy, and peace might be multiplied upon your Ladyship, and your happy family. The Court, in the best sense of the word, is now removed to *Clifton*. For there only is the real court kept, where JESUS reigns, and where he has erected a spiritual kingdom in the heart. All besides this, is only tinsel and glitter. Here alone is real and abiding happiness to be found. O for further searches into the heighths and depths of GOD? O for further leadings into the chambers of that selfish, sensual, and deviliſh imagery, that yet lie latent in my partly renewed heart. This self-love, what a *Proteus*! This self-will, what an Hydra? This remaining body of sin and death, what an antichrist! what a scarlet whore! what a hell! what a red dragon! what a cursed monster is it! How hard, how slow he dies! O what gratitude do I owe to the bruiser of this serpent's head! O for a heart gladly to embrace every cross, every trying dispensation, that may have a tendency to poison, or starve, or nip the buddings of the old, and cherish, promote, or cause to bloom and blossom the graces and tempers of the new man in my soul! Ordinances, providences, doctrines, (I am more and more convinced) are of no service to believers, than as they are attended with this mortifying and life-giving power. Happy family, that have this one thing in view! Happy retirement, that is improved to this blessed purpose! Happy, therefore, good Lady *H——n*, and the other elect Ladies, who are determined thus to go on hand in hand to heaven! All hail, ye new-born, heaven-born souls! ye know, by happy experience, that JESUS is an inward as well as an outward saviour, and that he came indeed and indeed to redeem us from this present evil world. Was even annihilation to follow at death, who would but have this redemption

whilſt they live? But, glory, glory be to GOD, it is only the dawning of an eternal day, the beginning of a life that is ere long to be abſorbed and ſwallowed up in never-ceaſing, uninterrupted fruition of the ever-bleſſed triune Deity. O the depth, the height of this love of GOD! It paſſeth human and angelic knowledge. My paper only permits me to add, (GOD knows it is with gratitude and ſincerity) that I am, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful and ready ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER MCX.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Sir, *Briſtol, Nov.* 30, 1755.

TO be three weeks without ſending you a line, ſeems a long while to me. What if we ſhould meet ere long in an endleſs and happy eternity? For near ten days paſt I have preached in pain, occaſioned by a ſore throat, which I find now is the beginning of an inflammatory quinſey. Silence and warmth, the doctor tells me, under GOD, may cure me, but heaven (if I had my will) is my choice, eſpecially if I can ſpeak no longer on earth for my GOD. However, painful and expenſive as, in a ſpiritual ſenſe, the medicine of ſilence is, I have promiſed to be very obedient, and therefore I have not preached this morning. If I grow better, (as the world terms it) I hope to ſee you in about a fortnight, if otherwiſe, GOD willing, you ſhall hear from me again. Bleſſed be JESUS, I am ready: I know that my Redeemer liveth. O that all who were lately ſwallowed up in *Portugal*, had known it! Then an earthquake would only be a rumbling chariot to carry the ſoul to GOD. Poor *Liſbon!* how ſoon are all thy riches and ſuperſtitious pageantry ſwallowed up! What a ſhock muſt the news give to a full exchange! Who would but lay up treaſure in heaven? Thanks be to GOD, for teaching you, my very dear Sir, this heavenly art! May you and yours improve in it every day and hour. This is my comfort, all my goods are gone before me. O the pleaſure of having nothing, and yet poſſeſſing all things in JESUS! This be my happy lot! I beg a continued intereſt in your prayers, and truſt

that living and dying you will always be remembered by, my very dear friend,

Your most affectionate friend and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXI.

To the Reverend Mr. H—— D——.

Briſtol, Dec. 6, 1755.

My dear Friend and Brother,

ONE would think, that Providence did in a more immediate manner interpoſe to prevent our meeting. I ſaw your laſt to Mr. *M——n*, and intended to have anſwered it for him, but it hath pleaſed a gracious and ſovereign GOD to ſilence me for a few days, by a ſore throat, which was like to have terminated in an inflammatory quinſey. This gave me hopes of putting into port; but it ſeems I am yet to put out to ſea again. O that my ſtammering tongue may be looſed, and that I may begin to begin to ſpeak in earneſt for my GOD! Every thing, both from within and without, calls upon us to cry aloud and ſpare not. Whatever becomes of ill and hell-deſerving me, may the ever-loving and ever-lovely JESUS cauſe your bow to abide in ſtrength! I truſt many arrows have ſtuck faſt in the North of *England*; and in the Weſt, I truſt, the ſword of the LORD hath not returned empty. On *Monday* ſe'nnight, GOD willing, I purpoſe going to *Glouceſter*, and hope to be in *London* ſoon. Our meeting, therefore, muſt neceſſarily be put off till Spring. In the meanwhile, I ſhould be glad to ſee and converſe with Mr. *J——*, of whom I have heard a good report. I am ſorry there is no greater connection between *England* and *Wales*. The harveſt is great, and the diſintereſted labourers are few. This is my comfort, the LORD of the harveſt can and will, in his own time and way, thruſt out more labourers into the harveſt. That he may own and bleſs you, and all in your connection, more and more, is the earneſt prayer of, my very dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCXII.

To Lady H———n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London, Dec.* 31, 1755.

YOUR Ladyſhip's kind and condeſcending letter ſhould not have lain ſo long by me, had not bodily weakneſs, and my *Chriſtmas* labours, prevented my writing. Indeed and indeed my good Lady, it hath been a joyful mournful ſeaſon to my inward man. For excluſive of a pretty ſharp outward trial, *Saturday* laſt being my birth-day, my ſoul was deeply exerciſed from morning till evening, in thinking how much in one-and-forty years I have ſinned againſt, and how little I have done for an infinitely good and ever-bleſſed GOD. This impreſſion yet lies deep upon my heart, and therefore, through divine aſſiſtance, I purpoſe to end the old year in preaching on thoſe words, "I abhor myſelf, and repent in duſt and aſhes." O that all things belonging to the old man, may die in me, and all things belonging to the new man live and grow in me! But alas, this is a work of time. Every day and every hour muſt we be paſſing from death to life. Mortification and vivification make up the whole of the divine work in the new-born ſoul. Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly; have compaſſion on this barren fig-tree, and if it is to be ſpared another year, ſo dig and dung round it, that it may bring forth much fruit unto GOD! But ſhall I conceal the goodneſs of my long-ſuffering Maſter? No: I dare not;—for in ſpite of my unworthineſs, he ſtill continues to ſmile upon my poor miniſtrations, and gives me to ſee his ſtately ſteps in the great congregations. A noble chapel is now opened in *Long-acre*, where I am to read prayers and preach twice a week. Hundreds went away laſt night, who could not come in; but thoſe that could, I truſt, met with JESUS. Mr. *C*——— and I have met twice, and hope for a third interview very ſoon. LORD JESUS, make me a peace-maker! I am obliged to Mrs. *W*——— and the other Ladies for their kind remembrance of an unworthy worm. I return it, by earneſtly praying, that they and your Ladyſhip may be filled with all the fulneſs of GOD. I can riſe no higher, and therefore, with all poſſible

acknowledgments for all unmerited favours, I must hasten to subscribe myself, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and
very ready servant for CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXIII.

To Mr. S——. Smith

My very dear Friend, *London, Jan.* 1, 1756.

YOUR not answering my two last sooner, gave me pain; sorrows are lessened, and joys become greater by being communicated. It is so with an earthly friend, much more so with the friend of sinners.

Our sorrows and our tears we pour,
Into the bosom of our GOD.

He bottles them all up, and will not suffer one of them to fall to the ground unregarded. I hope that these trials, which, like *Job*'s messengers, come one upon the back of another, by being sanctified, will make your soul as a watered garden. You know who hath said, "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy." O blessed religion, that shews us the holy art of gaining by our losses, and rising by our falls! Was it in my power, this letter should enclose something that would stop every temporal gap; but I am not rich at present. Poor, yet endeavouring to make many rich, I would have my motto still! Thanks be to GOD, at our lowest estate we can draw on the bank of heaven. A believer never hath a bill protested there. "My GOD (says the Apostle *Paul*) shall supply all your need according to his riches in CHRIST JESUS." Away, and endorse it afresh, and send it directly away post on the wings of prayer. Never fear any trial that sends you to your knees; You must then needs go forward whether you know it or not. I would enlarge, but weakness prevents. I have been in the furnace; I hope it is intended to prepare me for fresh success. The awakening at *London* seems to be quite new. Adieu, adieu. I am called away.

Ever yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCXIV.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

London, Jan. 22, 1756.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

ENCLOSED you have ſome extracts, which perhaps may afford you comfort, and I truſt will excite you to pray for one, who is indeed leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints. Ever ſince I came from the North, it hath pleaſed a ſovereign LORD to viſit me with a violent cold and ſore throat, which threatened an inflammatory quinſey. Such a thing, I hoped, would have ſoon carried me, where this cold heart ſhould for ever be inflamed with ſeraphic love. But alas! I fear this wiſh'd-for time is not at hand. One phyſician preſcribed a *perpetual bliſter*, but I have found *perpetual preaching* to be a better remedy. When this grand catholicon fails, it is over with me. You will pray, that (if I muſt put out to ſea again) it may be to take ſome freſh prizes for my GOD. Every day brings us freſh news of newly awakened ſouls. Both at this and the other end of the town, (where I now preach at a chapel twice a week) there is a glorious ſtirring amongſt the dry bones. My heart is pained for dear *America*; but I truſt the LORD will fight their battles, and make them more than conquerors. Happy they who have fled to JESUS: he is a ſtrong and ſure refuge from every ſtorm. I hope he hath appeared for his cauſe at *Glaſgow*. May that dear people never be left without many teaching prieſts! I ſend my kind hoſt and hoſteſs, and all enquiring friends, moſt cordial reſpects, and beg you to accept the ſame from, my very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCXV.

To Lady H——n.

Ever-honoured Madam, London, Jan. 29, 1756.

YOUR Ladyſhip will ſee by the incloſed, how dangerous it is to give me liberty. I would not grow upon it, and yet I cannot diſcharge my conſcience, unleſs I lay particular diſtreſſing

diſtreſſing applications before your Ladyſhip. I know the perſon mentioned in Mr. *G*——'s letter, and believe he belongs to the little flock of JESUS: the beſt recommendation that can be laid before your Ladyſhip. I doubt not but what your Ladyſhip hath done in behalf of the priſoner, will have good effect: I do not know how ſoon I may be called before my ſuperiors myſelf. The ſons of *Tubal* and *Cain* continue to ſerenade me at *Long-Acre* chapel. They have been called before a juſtice; and yeſterday the Biſhop of *B*—— ſent for them, and enquired where I lived. My houſe is pretty public, and the Biſhop of ſouls ſhall anſwer for me:—he does. One, who ſubſcribes to hire men to make the noiſe, hath been pricked to the heart, and can have no reſt till he ſpeaks with me. Thus JESUS gets himſelf the victory.——One of the incloſed extracts comes from a perſon, that a few weeks ago was a confirmed deiſt: now, I truſt, he is a little child. The Redeemer ſpeaks, and it is done; he commands, and new creatures inſtantaneouſly ariſe before him. Your Ladyſhip enjoined me to be particular; I could be more ſo, but muſt ſend a few lines to the elect Ladies. That they may find both them and your Ladyſhip filled with all the fulneſs of GOD, is the earneſt prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged,
and very ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCXVI.

To Mr. F——.

Honoured Sir, *Jan.* 30, 1756.

GRATITUDE conſtrains me to ſend you a few lines of thanks for the care and zeal you have expreſſed in ſuppreſſing the late diſorders at *Long-Acre* chapel. A better acknowledgment will, I truſt, await you at this bar, by whom kings reign, and princes decree juſtice, and who hath inſtituted magiſtracy to be a terror to evil doers, and a praiſe to them that do well. I hear that ſome unhappy man hath incurred the penalty inflicted by our ſalutary laws. As peace, not revenge, is the thing aimed at, I ſhould rejoice if this could be procured without the delinquents ſuffering any further puniſhment.

ment. Perhaps what hath been done already, may be sufficient to deter others from any further illegal proceedings, and that will be satisfaction enough, honoured Sir, to

Your much obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXVII.

To the Bishop of B——.

My Lord, *Tabernacle-House, Feb.* 2, 1756.

A Few weeks ago, several serious persons chosen to be a committee for one Mr. *B*——, applied to me in the name of JESUS CHRIST, and a multitude of souls desirous of hearing the gospel, to preach at a place commonly called *Long-Acre* chapel. At the same time they acquainted me, "That the place was licensed; that Mr. *B*—— either had taken, or was to take it for a certain term of years, and had preached in it for a considerable time, as a protestant Dissenting minister: notwithstanding, (they added) I might use the Liturgy if I thought proper, so that I would but come and preach once or twice a week." Looking upon this as a providential call, from him, who in the days of his flesh taught all that were willing to hear, *on a mount*, *in a ship*, or *by the sea-side*, and who after his ascension, commanded us by his Apostle, to be "instant in season and out of season," I readily complied, and humbly hope that my feeble, though I trust sincere labours, have not been altogether in vain in the LORD. This being the case, your Lordship will necessarily suppose, that I was somewhat surprized at the prohibition I received from your Lordship this evening. For I looked upon the place as a particular person's property, and being, as I was informed, not only unconsecrated, but also licensed according to law, I thought I might innocently preach the love of a crucified Redeemer, and for his great name's sake, loyalty to the best of princes our dread sovereign King *George*, without giving any just offence to *Jew* or *Gentile*, much less to any bishop or overseer of the church of GOD. As I have therefore given notice of preaching to-morrow evening, and every *Tuesday* and *Thursday* whilst I am in town, I hope your Lordship will not look upon it as *contumacy*, or done out of contempt, if I persist in prosecuting my

design

design, till I am more particularly apprized wherein I have erred. Controversy, my Lord, is what I abhor, and as raising popular clamours, and ecclesiastical dissentions must be quite unseasonable, especially at this juncture, when *France* and *Rome* and hell ought to be the common butt of our resentment, I hope your Lordship will be so good as to inform yourself and me more particularly about this matter; and upon due conviction, as I have no design but to do good to precious souls, I promise to submit. But if your Lordship should judge it best to decline this method, and I should be called to answer for my conduct, either before a spiritual court, or from the press, I trust the irregularity I am charged with, will appear justifiable to every true lover of *English* liberty, and what is *all* to me, will be approved of at the awful and impartial tribunal of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, in obedience to whom I beg leave to subscribe myself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXVIII.

To Mr. B——.

Reverend Sir, *Tabernacle-House, Feb.* 9, 1756.

ON our late fast day, a collection was made at the Tabernacle where I preach, eighty pounds of which I have deposited in the hands of Mr. *A*——, in *Fleet-street*, for the use of the poor persecuted *French* protestants. That our great and compassionate High-priest may accept it as done to himself, and bless you and the honourable society established for promoting so laudable a charity, is the hearty prayer of, reverend Sir,

Your unworthy brother and fellow-labourer
in the cause of our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCXIX.

To the Biſhop of B——.

My Lord, *Tabernacle-Houſe, Feb.* 16, 1756.

I This evening received your Lordſhip's kind letter, and though it is late, and nature calls for reſt, yet in the fear of him to whom all hearts are open, all deſires known, and from whom no ſecrets are hid, I deſire now to ſit down and give your Lordſhip an explicit anſwer. GOD, even that GOD by whom I am to be judged, can witneſs, that with a diſintereſted view to promote his glory, and the welfare of precious and immortal ſouls, I entered into holy orders, according to the form of ordination of the church of *England*; and, as thouſands can teſtify, for near theſe twenty years laſt paſt, I have conſcientiouſly defended her homilies and articles, and upon all occaſions ſpoken well of her liturgy. Either of theſe, together with her diſcipline, I am ſo far from renouncing, much leſs from throwing aſide all regard to, that I earneſtly pray for the due reſtoration of the one, and daily lament the wanton departure of too, too many from the other. But, my Lord, what can I do? When I acted in the moſt regular manner, and when I was bringing multitudes even of Diſſenters themſelves to croud the churches, without any other reaſon being given than that too many followed after me, I was denied the uſe of them. Being thus excluded, and many thouſands of ignorant ſouls, that perhaps would neither go to church nor meeting-houſes, being very hungry after the goſpel, I thought myſelf bound in duty to deal out to them the bread of life. Being further ambitious to ſerve my GOD, my King, and my country, I ſacrificed my affections, and left my native ſoil, in order to begin and carry on an Orphan-houſe in the infant colony of *Georgia*, which, through the divine bleſſing, is put upon a good foundation. This ſerved as an introduction, though without deſign, to my viſiting the other parts of his Majeſty's dominions in *North-America*; and I humbly hope, that many made truly ſerious in that foreign clime, will be my joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the LORD JESUS. If it was not for this hope, nay, my Lord, if I was not aſſured, that the bleſſed Redeemer (O amazing

conde-

condescension) hath vouchsafed to own me for the real conversion, and turning of many from darkness to light, the weakness of my frequently worn out and decaying body, the innumerable temptations that have beset my soul, together with the violent opposition I have met with from various quarters, would long since have quite overwhelmed, and at least have prevailed on me to accept some of those offers that have been made me to nestle, by accepting of which I might have screened myself from that obloquy and contempt, which, in some degree or other, every day I have the honour to meet with for JESU's sake. But hitherto having obtained help from GOD, without eating a morsel of the church of *England*'s bread, I still continue to use her liturgy, wherever a church or chapel is allowed me, and preach up her articles, and enforce her homilies. Your Lordship therefore judgeth exceeding right, when you say, "I presume you do not mean to declare any dissent from the church of *England*."—Far be it from me; no, my Lord, unless thrust out, I shall never leave her, and even then (as I hope whenever it happens it will be an unjust extrusion) I shall still continue to adhere to her doctrines, and pray for the much wished-for restoration of her discipline, even to my dying day. Fond of displaying her truly protestant and orthodox principles, especially when church and state are in danger from a cruel and popish enemy, I am glad, my Lord, of an opportunity of preaching, though it should be in a meeting-house; and I think it discovers a good and moderate spirit in the Dissenters, who will quietly attend on the church service, as many have done, and continue to do at *Long-Acre* chapel, while many, who I suppose stile themselves her faithful sons, by very improper instruments of reformation, have endeavoured to disturb and molest us. If the lessor of this chapel, my Lord, hath no power to let it out, or if it be not legally and properly licensed, I have been deceived indeed; and if upon enquiry I find this to be the case, I shall soon declare in the most public manner, how both your Lordship and myself have been imposed upon. But if it appears, that the lessor hath a right to dispose of his own property, and that the place is licensed, if not in the court books of the Quarter Sessions, yet in the Commons or some other proper court; and as some good, I trust, has been,

been, and hope will yet be done by this fooliſhneſs of preaching, ſurely your Lordſhip's candour will overlook a little irregularity; ſince I fear that in theſe dregs of time, theſe laſt days, wherein we live, we muſt be obliged to be irregular, or in ſhort we muſt do no good at all. My Lord, I remember well, (and O that I may more than ever obey your Lordſhip's admonition) and often recollect that awful day wherein I was ordained prieſt, and when authority was given me, by my honoured friend and father good Biſhop *Benſon*, to preach the word of GOD. O that the glorious exhortation, which he delivered with ſo much ſolemnity, may be written upon the tables of my heart! Mindful of this, I ſhall be always ready to go out, and ſeek for CHRIST's ſheep that are diſperſed abroad, and be willing to ſpend and be ſpent for the good of his children which are in the midſt of this naughty world. Never did I ſo much as dream, my Lord, that this was only a local commiſſion, or that the condition annexed, "Where you ſhall be lawfully appointed thereunto," was to confine me to any particular place, and that it would be unlawful for me to preach out of it. It is plain my Lord Biſhop of *Glouceſter* did not think ſo; for when his ſecretary brought a licence for me, his Lordſhip ſaid, "It would coſt me thirty ſhillings, and therefore I ſhould not have it." And when after being preſented to the late Biſhop of *London*, I applied to him for a licence, his lordſhip was pleaſed to ſay, "I was going to *Georgia*, and needed none." Accordingly I preached in moſt of the *London* churches under his Lordſhip's immediate inſpection; and why any other licence than my letters of orders ſhould now be required, I believe no ſubſtantial, I am poſitive no truly ſcriptural, reaſon can be aſſigned. It is true, as your Lordſhip obſerves, there is one canon that ſays, "That no curate or miniſter ſhall be permitted to ſerve in any place, without examination and admiſſion of the Biſhop of the dioceſe." And there is another alſo, as quoted by your Lordſhip, which tells us, "That neither miniſter, churchwardens, nor any other officers of the church, ſhall ſuffer any man to preach within their chapels, but ſuch as, by ſhewing their licence to preach, ſhall appear unto them to be ſufficiently authorized thereunto." But, my Lord, what curacy or parſonage have I deſired, or do I deſire to be admitted to

ſerve in? Or into what church or chapel do I attempt to intrude myſelf, without leave from the churchwardens or other officers? No, my Lord, being, as I think, without cauſe denied admiſſion into the churches, I am content to take the field, and when the weather will permit, with a table for my pulpit, and the heavens for my ſounding-board, I deſire to proclaim to all, the unſearchable riches of JESUS CHRIST. Beſides, my Lord, if this canon ſhould be always put into full execution, I humbly preſume, that no biſhop or preſbyter can legally preach at any time out of the dioceſe in which he is appointed to ſerve; conſequently no city incumbent can even occaſionally be lawfully aſſiſted by any country clergyman, or even a biſhop himſelf be lawfully permitted to preach a charity ſermon out of his own dioceſe, without a ſpecial licence for ſo doing. And what a loſs would that be to many noble charities here in town? As for that other canon which your Lordſhip mentions, and which runs thus, "Neither ſhall any miniſter, not licenſed as is aforeſaid, preſume to appoint or hold any meetings for ſermons, commonly termed by ſome, prophecies or exerciſes, in market towns or other places, under the ſaid pains." I need not inform your Lordſhip, that it was originally levelled againſt thoſe who would not conform to the church of *England*, and that too in ſuch high flying times, which I cannot believe any one of the preſent moderate bench of biſhops would wiſh to ſee again reſtored. And if this be the true ſtate of the caſe, how, my Lord, doth this canon belong to me, who am epiſcopally ordained, and have very lately publiſhed a ſmall tract (which I humbly beg your Lordſhip's acceptance of) on purpoſe to recommend the communion office of the church of *England*? But, my Lord, to come nearer to the point in hand, (and for CHRIST's ſake let not your Lordſhip be offended with my uſing ſuch plainneſs of ſpeech) I would, as in the preſence of the living GOD, put it to your Lordſhip's conſcience, whether there is one biſhop or preſbyter in *England*, *Wales*, or *Ireland*, that looks upon our canons as his rule of action? If they do, we are all perjured with a witneſs, and conſequently, in a very bad ſenſe of the word, *irregular indeed*. May I not, therefore, ſay on this, alluding to what my bleſſed Maſter did on another occaſion, "He that is without the ſin of acting illegally, if the

canons of our church be implicitly to be obeyed, let him caſt the firſt ſtone at me and welcome." Your Lordſhip knows full well, that canons and other church laws are good and obligatory, when conformable to the laws of CHRIST, and agreeable to the liberties of a free people; but when invented and compiled by men of little hearts and bigotted principles, on purpoſe to hinder perſons of more enlarged ſouls from doing good, or being more extenſively uſeful, they become mere *bruta fulmina*; and when made uſe of only as cords to bind up the hands of a zealous few, that honeſtly appear for their King, their country, and their GOD, like the withes with which the *Philiſtines* bound *Sampſon*, in my opinion, they may very legally be broken. What pains and penalties are to be incurred for ſuch offence, (as I have not the canons at preſent before me) I cannot tell; but for my own part, my Lord, if any penalty is incurred, or any pain to be inflicted upon me, for propheſying or preaching againſt ſin, the Pope, and the devil, and for recommending the ſtricteſt loyalty to the beſt of princes, his Majeſty King *George*, in this metropolis, or any other part of his Majeſty's dominions, I truſt, through grace, I ſhall be enabled to ſay,

All hail reproach, and welcome pain!

I think there now remains but one more particular in your Lordſhip's letter to be anſwered:—your Lordſhip's truly apoſtolical canon taken out of 2 *Cor.* x. 16; upon turning to, and reading of which, I could not help thinking, my Lord, of a paſſage I once met with in good Mr. *Philip Henry's* life. It was this: Being ejected out of the church, and yet thinking it his duty to preach, he uſed now and then to give the people of *Broad-Oaks*, where he lived, a goſpel ſermon; and one day, as he was coming from his exerciſe, and meeting with the incumbent, he thus addreſſed him: "Sir, I have been taking the liberty of throwing a handful of ſeed into your field." "Have you ſo, ſaid the good man? may GOD give it his bleſſing! There is work enough for us both." This, my Lord, I humbly conceive, is the caſe not only of your Lordſhip, but of every miniſter's pariſh in *London*, and every biſhop's dioceſe in *England*; and therefore as good is done, and ſouls are benefited, I hope your Lordſhip will not regard a

little irregularity, since at the worst, it is only the irregularity of doing well. But supposing this should not be admitted as an excuse at other seasons, I would hope it will have its weight at this critical juncture, wherein, if there were ten thousand sound preachers, and each preacher had a thousand tongues, they could not well be too frequently employed in calling upon the inhabitants of *Great-Britain* to be upon their guard, against the cruel and malicious designs of *France*, of *Rome*, and of hell. After all, my Lord, if your Lordship will be pleased to apply to Mr. *B*—— himself, (who, I suppose, knows where the place is registered) or if upon enquiry I shall find, that the lessor hath no power to let it out, as I hate and abhor every dishonourable action, after my setting out for *Bristol*, which I expect to do in a few days, I shall decline preaching in the chapel any more. But if the case should appear to be otherwise, I hope your Lordship will not be angry, if I persist in this, I trust not unpardonable, irregularity: for if I decline preaching in every place, meerly because the incumbent may be unwilling I should come into his parish, I fear I must seldom or never preach at all; and this, my Lord, especially at this juncture, when all our civil and religious liberties are as it were at stake, would to me be worse than death itself. I humbly ask pardon for detaining your Lordship so long, but being willing to give your Lordship all the satisfaction I possibly could, I have chosen rather to sit up and deny myself proper repose, than to let your Lordship's candid letter lie by me one moment longer than was absolutely necessary. I return your Lordship a thousand thanks for your favourable opinion of me, and good wishes, and begging the continuance of your Lordship's blessing, and earnestly praying, that whenever your Lordship shall be called hence, you may give up your account with joy, I beg leave to subscribe myself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCXX.

To the Bishop of B——.

My Lord, *Tabernacle-House, Feb.* 23, 1756.

SINCE I had the honour of writing my last letter to your Lordship, I have made inquiry, and find that the certificate is in the hands of one Mr. *Culverwell*, with whom Mr. *Gardiner* lodges. I think he told me, the place was licensed in the Commons, and as far as I can judge, Mr. *Barnard*'s committee do not intend to let the chapel go out of their hands. As therefore, your Lordship would undoubtedly chuse that the church liturgy should be read in it sometimes, rather than it should be entirely made use of in a non-conformist way, I hope your Lordship will not be offended, if I go on as usual after my return from *Bristol*. I assure your Lordship, through the divine blessing, real good hath been done; and therefore I am sorry to inform your Lordship, that notwithstanding the admonitions I hear your Lordship hath given them, some unhappy persons have still endeavoured to disturb us, by making an odd kind of a noise in a neighbouring house. I hear that some of them belong to your Lordship's vestry, and therefore wish that your Lordship would so far interpose, as to order them once more to stop their proceedings. But I only just mention it, and shall leave it to your Lordship's discretion. I can only entreat the continuance of your Lordship's blessing, and begging your Lordship's acceptance of a short address I am now publishing, I hasten to subscribe myself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXI.

To Mr. W——.

My dear Friend, *London, March* 18, 1756.

YESTERDAY I received your kind letter, and this morning I send you a few lines by way of *New-York*. May they find you and all my dear *Boston* friends strong, yea very strong in the LORD, and in the power of his might. Every day do I make mention of them, and dear *New-England*, in my sermons and prayers. Thousands I trust are interceding

for you continually. Laſt night I preached upon *Moſes*'s praying on the mount, whilſt *Joſhua* fought againſt *Amalek* in the valley. I hope ſome ſpiritual ſhot went after the fleet, that we hear is gone to *America*. What awaits us here at home, the Redeemer only knows. We deſerve the greateſt ſcourge, but I truſt we have too many praying people amongſt us, to have ſuch a one as the threatened invaſion, laid upon our backs.—The event will prove. Bleſſed be GOD, for the effects of the late earthquake. May they be laſting! no doubt they will be upon ſome. The awakening at *London* continues, and more miniſters are coming out for the ever-bleſſed JESUS. Laſt Lord's day I opened my ſpring campaign, by preaching thrice in the fields to many thouſands in *Glouceſterſhire*. O that I may begin to begin to ſpring for my GOD! I truſt you and my other never to be forgotten friends will not fail to remember us here. Though at ſuch a diſtance, we can meet at the throne of grace. Why does not dear Mr. *S*—— ſend me one line? I deſire to be remembered in the kindeſt manner to him, and his, and all my dear, very dear friends. I can now add no more, but hoping to have another opportunity, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, with tender affection to your whole ſelf,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXII.

To the Biſhop of B——.

My Lord, *Tabernacle-Houſe*, *March* 20, 1756.

TO my great ſurprize, upon my coming up to town, I found that the diſturbances ſo juſtly complained of near *Long-Acre* chapel, had been continued. On *Thurſday* evening laſt, when I preached there myſelf, they were rather increaſed. Notwithſtanding ſome of the windows were ſtopped up, to prevent in ſome degree the congregations being diſturbed by the unhallowed noiſe, yet large ſtones were thrown in at another window, and one young perſon ſadly wounded. This conſtrains me to trouble your Lordſhip once more, and to beg the favour of your Lordſhip ſo far to interpoſe, as to deſire the perſons belonging to your Lordſhip's veſtry, to deſiſt from ſuch irregular proceedings. For my own irregularity

in

in preaching, I am ready at any time to anſwer; and was I myſelf the only ſufferer, I ſhould be entirely unconcerned whatever perſonal ill treatment I might meet with in the way of my duty. But to have the lives of his Majeſty's loyal ſubjects endangered, when they come peaceably to worſhip GOD, and to pray for his long and proſperous reign, is an irregularity, which I am perſuaded your Lordſhip will look upon as unjuſtifiable in the ſight of GOD, and of every good man. However, as a ſubject to King *George*, and a miniſter of JESUS CHRIST, I know your Lordſhip will allow, I have a right to do myſelf juſtice, and therefore, I hope, if the diſturbances be yet continued, your Lordſhip will not be offended, if I lay a plain and fair narration of the whole affair, together with what hath paſſed between your Lordſhip and myſelf, before the world. I beg your Lordſhip not to look upon this as a threatning, or as done with an intent to expoſe; I ſcorn any ſuch mean procedure. But as providence ſeems to point out ſuch a method, I hope your Lordſhip will have no juſt reaſon to cenſure me, if it be purſued by, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful ſon and ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXIII.

To Mr. ——.

Honoured Sir, *London, March* 22, 1756.

THE long and intimate acquaintance I formerly had with Mr. *N*—— and Lady *Jane*, would have induced me to ſend you the incloſed ſome weeks paſt, as a mark of unfeigned reſpect due to you for your perſonal worth and character; but I heard, that both Lord *M*—— and yourſelf were out of town: accept it therefore, honoured Sir, though late. I likewiſe want to conſult you on account of a very indecent, and I think illegal diſturbance, that hath been made for many weeks laſt paſt, whilſt I have been preaching at *Long-Acre* chapel. Several have been ſadly wounded, and I fear the ſame fate awaits more, unleſs thoſe that have hitherto diſturbed us, are ſome way or other reſtrained. Did I know when it would ſuit you, I would wait upon you in perſon, and acquaint you with particulars. In the mean while, praying that

he, who is the wonderful Counſellor, and who hath ſo richly furniſhed you with talents for your country's ſervice, may more and more improve you for ſuch noble purpoſes, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, honoured Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXIV.

To the Biſhop of B——.

London, March 25, 1756.

I Heartily thank your Lordſhip for your kind acceptance of my three ſmall tracts, and my very long letter dated *February* 16th.—At the ſame time, I acknowledge myſelf concerned, that any thing I have written ſince, ſhould prevent your Lordſhip's pointing out to me any miſtakes, which I may lie under in regard to the canons. GOD knows, if I do err, it is for want of better information; and therefore if your Lordſhip will vouchſafe to favour me with the letter prepared for that purpoſe, it ſhall be moſt thankfully received, moſt impartially examined, moſt explicitly replied to, but withal never expoſed to the view of the world. Your Lordſhip needed not to inform me of the privilege of a Peer, to deter me from publiſhing your Lordſhip's letters without firſt aſking leave. I thank GOD, I have not ſo learned CHRIST. By his help, nothing ſhall be done in that way, which is the leaſt inconſiſtent with the ſtricteſt honour, juſtice and ſimplicity. But I hope, if a public account of the repeated diſturbances at *Long-Acre* chapel ſhould be rendered neceſſary, your Lordſhip will not eſteem it unreaſonable in me, to inform the world, what previous ſteps were taken to prevent and ſtop t'em. Surely ſuch a ſcene, at ſuch a juncture, and under ſuch a government, as has been tranſacted in your Lordſhip's pariſh, in the houſe or yard of one Mr. *Cope*, who I hear is your Lordſhip's overſeer, ever ſince laſt *Twelfth-Day*, I believe is not to be met with in *Engliſh* hiſtory. Indeed, my Lord, it is more than noiſe. It deſerves no milder a name than *premeditated rioting*. Drummers, ſoldiers, and many of the baſer ſort, have been hired by ſubſcription.—A copper-furnace, bells, drums, clappers, marrow bones and cleavers, and ſuch like inſtruments

inſtruments of reformation, have been provided for, and made uſe of, by them repeatedly, from the moment I have begun preaching, to the end of my ſermon. By theſe horrid noiſes, many women have been almoſt frightened to death, and mobbers encouraged thereby to come and riot at the chapel door during the time of divine ſervice, and then inſult and abuſe me and the congregation after it hath been over. Not content with this, the chapel windows, while I have been preaching, have repeatedly been broken by large ſtones of almoſt a pound weight (ſome now lying by me) which though levelled at, providentially miſſed me, but at the ſame time ſadly wounded ſome of my hearers. Mr. *C*——, one of your Lordſhip's relations, can acquaint your Lordſhip with many more particulars, and if your Lordſhip would be ſo good as only to ride to Mr. *C*——'s houſe, you would ſee ſuch a ſcaffold (unleſs taken down) and ſuch coſtly preparations for a noiſe upon it, that muſt make the ears of all that ſhall hear it to tingle. Indeed laſt *Tueſday* night all was huſh'd,—and in order to throw off all popular odium, I gave it as my opinion, that it was owing to your Lordſhip's kind interpoſition. One Mr. *C*—— and one Mr. *M*——, I am informed, are parties greatly concerned. I know them not, and I pray the LORD of all Lords never to lay this ill and unmerited treatment to their charge. If no more noiſe is made on their part, I aſſure your Lordſhip no further reſentment ſhall be made on mine. But if they perſiſt, I have the authority of the Apoſtle on a like occaſion, to appeal unto *Cæſar*.—And thanks be to GOD, we have a *Cæſar* to appeal to, whoſe laws will not ſuffer any of his loyal ſubjects to be uſed in ſuch an inhuman manner. I have only one favour to beg of your Lordſhip, that "you would ſend (as they are your Lordſhip's pariſhioners) to the above gentlemen, and deſire them henceforward to deſiſt from ſuch unchriſtian (and eſpecially at this critical juncture) ſuch riotous and dangerous proceedings." Whether as a Chaplain to a moſt worthy Peereſs, a Preſbyter of the church of *England*, and a ſteady diſintereſted friend to our preſent happy conſtitution, I have not a right to aſk ſuch a favour, I leave to your Lordſhip's mature deliberation. Henceforward, I hope no more to trouble your Lordſhip; but committing my cauſe to him,

who

who judgeth righteouſly, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful ſon and ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXV.

To ——————.

Gentlemen, *London, April* 1, 1756.

YOUR obliging letter came to hand laſt night. As my influence I fear was but very ſmall, it ſcarce called for ſuch an acknowledgment. I truſt, my views to ſerve my GOD and my King are diſintereſted; and therefore I ſhall always think it my duty to eſpouſe their cauſe, who are firmly united in the bonds of friendſhip and ſocial love, to defend the proteſtant intereſt, and the glorious privileges we enjoy under our dread and rightful ſovereign King *George.* Such a union I take yours to be.—That you may therefore meet with ſucceſs on earth, and by an infinitely ſuperior union (I mean that of your ſouls with GOD) be prepared for a never-ceaſing union with the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect in heaven, is and ſhall be the hearty prayer of, Gentlemen,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXVI.

To the Reverend Mr. B——.

My dear Friend, *London, April* 3, 1756.

NONE but he, whoſe name and nature is love, can tell what I felt at the receipt of your kind letter. O how did the welfare of dear never to be forgotten *New England,* lie upon my heart. How could I have wiſhed for the wings of a dove to fly thither! The delightful interviews we have had together, when in the confidence of ſocial prayer we have laid hold on GOD, came ſo freſh upon my mind, that I knew not what to do. O come, LORD JESUS, come quickly, that friendſhip begun on earth, may be conſummated in the kingdom of heaven! He only knows, what awaits us here below, before we are called to live with him above. *England* is now equally threatened with *America.* Let this be our comfort,

" the

"the LORD reigneth." Nothing can rob us of our CHRIST, —let us help each other by mutual prayer. Thouſands here hold up their hands daily for you. I know you will gladly return the favour. You would be pleaſed to ſee how eagerly people attend the word. I think the awakening, and proſpect of doing good in *London*, is as great as ever. Satan hath raged at a place called *Long-Acre* chapel, near the play-houſes, but you know who hath promiſed to bruiſe him under our feet. Send me what good news you can from your ſide the water, and aſſure all the followers of the Lamb of GOD, that they are upon my poor heart night and day. How goes on your ſon *Daniel?* May he greatly be beloved! I could fill, yea more than fill a ſheet, but with great difficulty I write this. Adieu, my dear friend, for the preſent. I ſhall never forget our laſt pleaſant ſhort journey. Surely our hearts burned within us, when we talked of JESUS in the way. I can no more.

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCXXVII.

To the Honourable Hume C——.

Honoured Sir, *Canterbury, April* 9, 1756.

YOUR kind behaviour when I had the pleaſure of waiting upon you, emboldens me to trouble you with the incloſed. It is the copy of an anonymous letter, that was ſent to my houſe on *Tueſday* laſt, juſt after I left town, and forwarded hither to me by my wife the day following. As I am ſatisfied that the LORD reigneth, and that a ſparrow doth not fall to the ground without the knowledge of our heavenly Father, its contents in reſpect to myſelf, I thank GOD, do not much alarm me. But as others are concerned, and it is an affair that hath reference to the welfare of civil government, I would beg the favour of your advice. Next *Tueſday* I expect to return to *London*, and on *Wedneſday* morning, purpoſe, GOD willing, to wait upon you in perſon. In the mean while, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, honoured Sir,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCXXVIII.

To Lady H——n.

Canterbury, April 10, 1756.

Ever-honoured Madam,

THE letter on the other ſide, was ſent to me laſt *Tueſday*. By that, your Ladyſhip may ſee to what an height the oppoſition hath riſen at *Long-Acre*; indeed the noiſe hath been infernal. For a night it was ſtopped, but I have reaſon to think there was a ſecret deſign for my life; ſome of my friends were ſadly uſed; they applied for warrants, and that occaſioned this letter. I have written to Mr. *H—— C——* for advice. May the wonderful Counſellor direct me how to act! Here, all is peaceable. It is moſt delightful to ſee the ſoldiers flock to hear the word; officers likewiſe attend very orderly. On *Monday* I return, GOD willing, to *London*. LORD JESUS, do thou prepare me for whatever thou haſt prepared for me! Baron *Munchauſen* hath been very kind in *Long-Acre* affair; I would if poſſible huſh all up, but I know no other way but holding my tongue. O this enmity of heart! This is my comfort,—"the LORD reigneth." I hope to anſwer Mrs. *G——* ſoon. At preſent, I have ſcarce time to beg the continuance of your Ladyſhip's prayers, and to ſubſcribe myſelf, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged,
and ready ſervant, for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCXXIX.

To Lady H——n.

Ever-honoured Madam, London, April 18, 1756.

SINCE my laſt from *Canterbury*, I have received two more letters of a like kind with the former. Before they came to hand I was exceedingly comforted, from whence I inferred a further ſtorm lay before me. My greateſt diſtreſs is, how to act ſo as to avoid raſhneſs on the one hand, and timidity on the other. I have been introduced to the Earl of *H——ſs*, who received me very courteouſly, and ſeemed to make no objection againſt iſſuing out a reward for the diſcovery of the letter-

letter-writer. Whether I had beſt accept it, I know not. Sir *H*—— *C*—— ſays, it is not felony; and he adviſes me by all means to put all concerned into the court of *King's Bench*. The facts are moſt flagrant. LORD JESUS direct me for thy mercy's ſake! A man came up to me in the pulpit at the tabernacle; GOD knows, what was his deſign: I ſee no other way for me to act, than either reſolutely to perſiſt in preaching and proſecuting, or entirely to deſiſt from preaching, which I think would bring intolerable guilt upon my ſoul, and give the adverſary cauſe to blaſpheme. Bleſſed be GOD, I am clear, quite clear in the occaſion of my ſuffering. It is for preaching CHRIST JESUS, and, for his great name's ſake, loyalty to King *George*, to whom under GOD I owe the liberty of preaching many years. Alas! alas! what a condition would this land be in, was the proteſtant intereſt not to prevail? Glad ſhould I be to die by the hands of an aſſaſſin, if popery is to get footing here. I ſhall then be taken away from the evil to come. I hope that your Ladyſhip, and the good Ladies with you, will have hearts given you to pray for me, that, whether by life or by death, JESUS may be glorified. Thanks be to GOD, to me to live is CHRIST, and to die will be my gain. He knows, that with ſimplicity and godly ſincerity, I have endeavoured to promote in my feeble way his honour and glory. I ſhould be glad of a line of advice from your Ladyſhip; this is giving trouble I no way deſerve, but as your Ladyſhip is pleaſed to honour me with your friendſhip, it will be adding to the innumerable obligations already conferred upon, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful,
obliged, and ready ſervant,
G. W.

LETTER MCXXX.

To Mrs. G——.

Dear Madam, *London, April* 20, 1756.

IT hath given me concern, that I could not anſwer your kind letter till now; but making a ſhort excurſion abroad, and fighting with a kind of beaſts at home, hath prevented me. I fancy that ſomething we cannot ſee is behind the curtain. Satan ſeems to have overſhot himſelf. O what a mercy is it,

dear Madam, to be rescued from his slavery! Nothing less than an Almighty arm could bring about such a great salvation. Its depths, its lengths, its breadths, who can fathom? By being plunged into the first, we stretch and rise into the two last. Our Saviour's death preceded his resurrection, and his resurrection that of his glorious ascension into heaven.—So must we die, and rise, in order to ascend hereafter where he is gone before. No matter if a sudden stroke opens the passage: GOD grant I may be always ready! I hope that you, dear Madam, and the other elect Ladies, have hearts given you to pray for me. Hitherto the LORD hath helped me. I thank Mr. *S*—— for his hint. If occasion requires, I shall improve it. O for a steady disinterested zeal for my GOD, my King, and my country! Welcome death, when brought upon me in defence of these. As I expect to be called away every moment, I can only add, after sending my most cordial and grateful acknowledgments to the whole *Clifton* court, that I am, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,

G. IV.

LETTER MCXXXI.

To Mrs. D——.

Dear Madam, *London, April* 21, 1756.

I Have heard by several hands, that you are lately entered into a new relation of life. Gratitude constrains me to wish you joy, and earnestly to pray, that you and Mr. *D*—— may live together as heirs of the grace of life, and bring forth much fruit unto GOD in the decline of age. This is a changing world; but we are hastening towards an unchangeable state, where we shall neither marry nor be given in marriage, but be like unto the angels of GOD. For this I am waiting day by day. Many seem to be quickened in this work too; though at the other end of the town, amongst some of the popish party, I have lately met with much opposition. But we know who hath promised to tread Satan shortly under our feet. I hope this will find you, my dear Madam, and my other *Charles Town* friends, going on from conquering to conquer. I do not, I cannot forget them. I send them my most cordial

love

love and reſpects, and beg you and Mr. *D*—— to accept the ſame from, dear Madam,

Your moſt affectionate, obliged friend,
and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCXXXII.

To Mrs. C———.

London, April 21, 1756.

Dear Mrs. C———,

YOUR laſt kind letter is come to hand.—By that, I find poor *N*—— *P*—— is engaged, and that ſome good friends in *Carolina* have been inſtrumental in drawing him from the care of a family, over which I thought divine providence had made him overſeer, and where I imagined he intended to have abode at leaſt for ſome years.—I know not what reaſon I have given him, to ſuſpect my confidence was weakened towards him.—I could do no more than truſt him with my all, and place him at the head of my affairs and family without the leaſt check or controul.—Add to all this, that notwithſtanding the diſparity of age, I conſented that he ſhould have my dear friend's ſiſter, with whom I thought he might live moſt uſefully and happily at *Betheſda*, if you pleaſed, as long as you both ſhould ſojourn here below: and you know what ſatisfaction I expreſſed when I took my leave. —But it ſeems my ſcheme is diſconcerted, and my family like to be brought into confuſion.—Alas, my dear Mrs. *C*——, if this be the caſe, whom can I ſend that I may hope will *continue diſintereſted long?* But you know, this is not the firſt time that I have been wounded in the houſe of my friends. —However, I truſt the wound is not incurable.—Till I can procure a proper Latin maſter, I ſhould think Mr. *Dixon*, &c. might do in the ſchool, and if you think *George Whitefield* would do for the houſe, he might be gradually bred up for it.—If not, I ſhall write to Mr. *T*—— and *Edn*—— of *Charles-Town* to get him a place there: upon the whole, I believe this would be beſt. *Joſeph P*—— I deſign for *New-Jerſey* college, and ſhall ſend particular orders concerning him in my next by *Cheſeman*.—Your brothers are very fond of your marriage with Mr *D*——. I am quite free for it.—May

GOD

GOD bleſs you both together; I cannot think of parting with you for any body I know.—GOD bleſs and direct you to do his will! Never fear; GOD will be *Bethesda*'s GOD.—He knows the way that I take; when I am tried I ſhall come forth like gold.—Will not Mr. *D*—— and you be a proper check upon the overſeer? As I think at the bottom he is honeſt, I can ſcarce provide myſelf with a better. Gladly would I come over, but at preſent it is impracticable. I muſt throw my affairs into the hands of my GOD and you. I pity thoſe who without cauſe have troubled my envied camp. Well, my dear Mrs. *C*——, let us remember, that though the buſh burned it was not conſumed. And why? becauſe the LORD was in the midſt of it. He hath ſpoken to us many times out of the buſh, and ſo he will again. I know you muſt have been in the furnace: but our affections muſt be crucified. I pity Dr. —— from the bottom of my heart. Never was I wrote to or ſerved ſo by any from *Bethesda* before. LORD JESUS, lay it not to his charge! LORD JESUS, ſuffer us not to be led into temptation! I did not think to write ſo much. I rather chooſe to ſpread all before *Bethesda*'s GOD. But you will not miſimprove it. By *Maclellan* I hope to hear more particulars. GOD willing, they ſhall be anſwered. My wife will get you the things ſent for. I have no thoughts at preſent of her ever ſeeing the Orphan-houſe again. Bleſſed be GOD, we ſhall ere long ſee heaven. Some antepaſts of it we are favoured with daily. Though lately my life hath been threatened at the other end of the town, JESUS can and will guard me. This evening I am to bury *Wittern*'s mother: ſhe died triumphant. Adieu for the preſent. GOD bleſs you all. I am, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your moſt affectionate, ſympathizing friend,
and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCXXXIII.

To Mr. C——.

My dear Mr. C——, *London, April* 25, 1756.

BY this time I thought to have been moving towards *Briſtol*, but am detained in town, by endeavouring to put a ſtop to the dreadful uproar made at *Long-Acre* chapel. Such an infernal

fernal continued noiſe, on ſuch an occaſion, at ſuch a juncture, under ſuch a government, I believe was never heard of before. To complete the ſcene, I have had three anonymous letters ſent me, "threatening a certain, ſudden, and unavoidable ſtroke, unleſs I deſiſt from preaching, and purſuing the offenders by law." You have gueſſed at the quarter from whence it comes. Bleſſed be GOD, it is for ſpeaking in behalf of the glorious JESUS, and our dread and rightful ſovereign King *George* and his government. Mr. *S*—— hath been ſo good as to go with me to the Earl of *H*——'s, from whom I hope this week ſome redreſs will be obtained. On *Thurſday* next, I am to wait upon his Excellency again. Mine eyes are waiting on the bleſſed JESUS, from whom all ſalvation muſt come. Ere long I hope to ſhew you the letters; they are indeed very extraordinary. O the enmity of the heart! LORD, help us! What would become of us, if ſome folks were to have the upper hand? Our cauſe, in my opinion, is the cauſe of GOD, and the cauſe of civil and religious liberty; and if death itſelf ſhould be permitted to befall me for defending it, I hope, through CHRIST ſtrengthening me, it would be gratefully received by, my dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged, affectionate friend,
and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCXXXIV.

To Lady H——n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London, May 2, 1756.*

VARIOUS have been my exerciſes ſince I wrote to your Ladyſhip laſt. But I find, that out of the eater cometh forth meat, and that all things happen for the furtherance of the goſpel. I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip hath ſeen his Majeſty's promiſe of a pardon to any that will diſcover the letter writer; and this brings your Ladyſhip the further news of my having taken a piece of ground very commodious to build on, not far from the Foundling-Hoſpital. On *Sunday* I opened the ſubſcription, and through GOD's bleſſing, it hath already amounted to near ſix hundred pounds. If he is pleaſed to continue to ſmile upon my poor endeavours, and to open the hearts of

ſome more of his dear children to contribute, I hope in a few months to have what hath been long wanted,—a place for the goſpel at the other end of the town. This evening, GOD willing, I venture once more to preach at *Long-Acre*. The enemy boaſts that I am frightened away: but the triumph of the wicked is ſhort. Our people, Sir *H*—— *C*——, Mr. *M*——, &c. are all for bringing the rioters to the King's-Bench, and perhaps upon the whole it may be beſt. LORD JESUS, direct my goings in thy way! On *Tueſday* next I hope to ſet out for *Wales*. For indeed my body is weakened through care and watchfulneſs, a variety of exerciſes, and want of ſleep. But the Redeemer's grace is all-ſufficient. To his tender and never-failing mercy do I moſt humbly commend your Ladyſhip, and the other elect Ladies, and beg a continued intereſt in their prayers. With repeated thanks for repeated favours; I ſubſcribe myſelf, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged, and ready ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXV.

To Mr. H——.

My very dear Sir, *Briſtol, May* 20, 1756.

FOR ſo I muſt addreſs myſelf, having had you in a peculiar manner upon my heart, ever ſince I ſaw and read a letter that came from you ſome months ago. It beſpoke the language of a heart devoted to the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS. Mrs. *B*—— confirmed me in this opinion yeſterday, and withal told me, ſhe believed you would be glad of a line from me, who am indeed leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints, but willing, if I know any thing of my own heart, to ſpend and be ſpent for the good of ſouls. They are redeemed by the blood of JESUS, whoſe croſs, bleſſed be his name, hath been made delightful to me for ſome years. I thank GOD that I am caſt out for my Maſter's ſake. Indeed, my very dear Sir, it is preferable to all other preferment whatſoever. It is the way to the crown. Glory be to GOD, that there are ſome young champions coming forth: methinks I could now ſing my *nunc dimittis* with triumphant joy. Though I decreaſe, may you, my very dear Sir, increaſe. O that you may be kept

from

from conferring with flesh and blood! O that you may be owned and blessed of GOD! I believe you will, and never more so than when you are reviled and despised by man. It is a fatal mistake, to think we must keep our characters in order to do good; this is called *prudence*; in most, I fear, it is *trimming*. Honesty I find always to be the best policy. They who honour JESUS, he will honour. Even in this world, if we confess him, his truth, and his people, we shall receive an hundred-fold. To lose all in this respect, is to find all. But whither am I going? Excuse, my very dear Sir, the overflowings of a heart, that loves you dearly for the glorious Redeemer's sake. I am here preaching his cross, and expect to stay over *Sunday*. Next week I have thoughts of being at *Bath* and *Westbury*. I lead a pilgrim life. You will pray that I may have a pilgrim heart. Ere long I hope my heavenly Father will take me home. I am ambitious; I want to sit upon a throne. JESUS hath purchased and provided a throne and heaven for me. That you may have an exalted place at his right hand, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXVI.

To Mr. B——.

My dear Mr. B——, *Bristol, May* 21, 1756.

THE first part of your letter made me smile: for what? Because I was glad to find you had such an enlarged heart, and at the same time imagined, that I could build two houses at a time. If the top-stone of one is brought forth, I shall think we have reason to shout unto it, Grace! grace! This I hope will be the happy lot of you and your young fellow-soldiers, in respect to your spiritual building. Remember, war is proclaimed; the sword is unsheathed; the devil, the world, and the flesh will dispute every inch of ground, and you must fight or die. Angels stand by to see the combat, and JESUS stands ready to make you more than conquerors through his love. Provoke then one another, but let it be to love and to good works. Take heed of a trifling spirit when

together. It will hurt you, and by degrees rob you of true and holy joy. I thank you for remembering unworthy me. I am called to travel, you to trade for JESUS. Laſt week, I truſt, was a good week. The Lord of the harveſt is pleaſed to ſmile upon us here. I hope to be in town at the appointed time. I hope that dear Mr. *J*—— proſpers every day. Pray remember me to him, and your ſingle circle, in the moſt tender manner, and believe me to be, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and ready ſervant
for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXVII.

To Mr. J—— R——.

My dear Sir, *Briſtol, May* 21, 1756.

THIS morning, (which is the firſt leiſure time I have had ſince my leaving town) looking over my letters, I found one from you, who I ſuppoſe to be the perſon whom I have taken notice of at *Long-Acre* chapel. As your behaviour there, and your letter before me, beſpeak you to be in earneſt about your ſoul, you will be quite welcome to come to my houſe; and if GOD ſhould vouchſafe to bleſs any thing that I may drop for the furtherance of your faith, to him and him alone be all the glory. I deſire to bleſs him for what he hath already done. O amazing mercy! to be tranſlated from the kingdom of darkneſs into the kingdom of GOD's dear Son; to be brought from the ſwine's trough to feed upon the fatted calf; what a heaven upon earth is this! Be not diſcouraged, though you are obliged to fight every inch of your way. JESUS will pray for you, and your faith ſhall not fail. He can and will enable you to overcome yourſelf and the world. To his never-failing mercy do I moſt earneſtly commit you, as being, for his great name's ſake,

Your friend and ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCXXXVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. V———.

London, June 4, 1756.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

GLAD, yea very glad was I to hear by Mr. *A*——, that you grew better and better every day. Surely your late ſickneſs was only to purge you, that you might bring forth more fruit unto GOD. Such trying and threatening diſpenſations are glorious preſages of future uſefulneſs. It is in the furnace, that both our gifts and graces are purified and increaſed. How gradually doth our great, compaſſionate, and all-wiſe High-prieſt train up his choſen ones for the ſervices appointed to them! Happy they that can eye his providences, and with a diſintereſted ſpirit be ready to follow the Lamb whitherſoever he is pleaſed to lead them.

Through winds and clouds and ſtorms,
He gently clears our way;
Wait we his time, ſo ſhall each night
Be turn'd to joyous day.

I rejoice in the proſpect of your coming forth like gold that is tried. May you increaſe though I decreaſe! Juſtly might my Maſter throw me aſide; but he is patient and long-ſuffering, and will ſend by whom he will ſend. Since we parted, I have been led to ſeveral new places. Travelling and preaching thrice a day was made delightful. Bleſſed be GOD for my airy pluralities! O what am I, LORD, that I ſhould be ſent into the highways and hedges!

All hail reproach, and welcome pain,
Only thy terrors, LORD, *reſtrain!*

Theſe I cannot bear. A Father's, a Saviour's frowns are intolerable. But what am I doing? Excuſe this freedom, becauſe it flows from love. How does dear Mr. *D*——? How are the elect Ladies? If poſſible I ſhall write to-night; if not, very ſoon. I am glad Miſs *G*—— is in ſuch a promiſing way. She nor any of our honoured friends are forgotten in my poor prayers. If I ſhould be prevented from writing, be

pleaſed to preſent my moſt dutiful reſpects, and accept moſt cordial love and ſalutations from, my very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXIX.

To Lady H———n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London, June 4, 1756.*

MAN appoints, but GOD diſappoints. In hopes of ſeeing your Ladyſhip, I haſtened to *Briſtol*, but found your Ladyſhip had been in *London* whilſt I was there. Sorry was I for the occaſion of your Ladyſhip's journey, and yet glad to hear that Maſter *H*—— was ſo well recovered. At *Briſtol* the Redeemer cauſed us to triumph, and likewiſe in *Glouceſterſhire*, at *Bradford*, *Frome*, *Warminſter*, and at *Portſmouth*, whither I have been theſe three weeks laſt paſt. I am now come up for about ten days to keep Pentecoſt; I truſt it will be a Pentecoſt to many ſouls at *Long-Acre*. Bleſſed be GOD, a new building is now erecting at *Tottenham-Court Road:* Mr. *J*—— promiſes to aſſiſt me. We have conſulted the Commons, about putting it under your Ladyſhip's protection. This is the anſwer: "No nobleman can licence a chapel, or in any manner have one put in his dwelling houſe; that the chapel muſt be a private one, and not with doors to the ſtreet for any perſons to reſort to at pleaſure, for then it becomes a public one; that a chapel cannot be built and uſed as ſuch, without the conſent of the parſon of the pariſh, and when it is done with his conſent, no miniſter can preach therein, without licence of the Biſhop of the dioceſe." There ſeems then to be but one way,—to licence it as our other houſes are: and thanks be to JESUS for that liberty which we have. O that I could begin to work while it is day. My GOD! half the year gone, and ſo little, yea very little done for thee! I have need of being purged, that I may at length bring forth ſome fruit unto GOD. Glory be to his great name, he doth not ſay, "Let him alone." Outward and inward trials frequently ſurround me; but, by the help of my GOD, I ſhall leap over every wall. I know your Ladyſhip will not forget to pray for me. My poor prayers are always offered up for

your

your Ladyſhip and honoured family. That is the only peppercorn of acknowledgment that can be made by, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged, and
ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCXL.

To Mr. G——.

My very dear Friend, *London, June* 10, 1756.

WHAT ſhall I ſay? Had I wings, how gladly would I fly to my dear *America?* But alas! the glittering ſword is now unſheathed, and I fear it would not be proper for me to croſs the water now. However, all the provinces are continually upon my heart: night and day do I remember them before GOD. Satan hath been angry with me for appearing for my JESUS, my King, and my country. If you examine the *Gazette* for the latter end of *April*, or beginning of *May*, you will ſee what it hath produced. My life hath been threatened, but we are immortal till our work is done. A new building is now erecting at the other end of the town, the top-ſtone of which, I truſt, will be brought forth with ſhoutings, and we ſhall cry Grace! grace! People are rather more eager than ever to hear the word. I remark what you ſay about *Georgia*, and ſhall talk with Mr. *D*——. The good LORD JESUS direct you in every ſtep! What if you went and lived at *Betheſda*, and took all my outward affairs upon your hands, and furniſhed the family with all it wanted. Glad ſhould I be of ſuch a ſteward, and of ſuch a ſteward's wife as I know dear Mrs. *G*—— would prove. Poor *P*—— hath ſerved me as others before him have done. GOD keep us from that proſperity which deſtroyeth! In all time of our wealth, good LORD deliver us! Let me hear from you concerning *Betheſda*. Watch and pray. I ſend moſt cordial reſpects to you and yours, and all dear friends that are ſo kind to enquire after, my very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER MCXLI.

To Lady H———n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London, June* 10, 1756.

BEING juſt come off the bed, where I have been ſweating for a cold and cholic that had ſeized me this day, I met with your Ladyſhip's very kind and condeſcending letter. I ſee your Ladyſhip is touched in a very tender point: generous minds are always thus affected, when a friend is abuſed. But I find more and more, honoured Madam, that our own mother's children will be permitted to be angry with one. The contradiction of ſaints, is more trying than that of ſinners:—but it is all to teach us to ceaſe from man, and wrap ourſelves in Him, in whom alone dwells conſummate perfection. That I might ſay, "ſome of Mr. *L*——'s principles, in my opinion, are wrong," I do not deny; but that I put Mr. *W*——*y* upon writing, or had any active hand in his pamphlet, is utterly falſe. I think it is a moſt ungentlemanlike, injudicious, unchriſtian piece. However, Mr. *L*—— knows too much of the divine life, not to ſee ſome call even in this croſs; and I hope your Ladyſhip will not ſuffer it to burden your mind any longer. Satan wants to diſturb your Ladyſhip's repoſe. Ere long, bleſſed be the glorious *Emmanuel*, he will be bruiſed under our feet. This laſt week I have had ſome reſpite from his artful and perplexing ſuggeſtions, and have been enabled to ride upon my high places. My preſent work at *London* ſeems to be over, and *Monday* or *Tueſday* next, GOD willing, I hope to ſet out for *Briſtol*, where I purpoſe preaching next *Thurſday*. If divine Providence ſhould not direct your Ladyſhip thither, I have thought of coming through *Leiceſterſhire*, in my way to *Scotland*. This circuit, I hope, will be a three months circuit. The proſpect in *London* is very promiſing. Every day we hear of freſh conqueſts. To thee, and thee alone, moſt adorable Redeemer, be all the glory! Want of ſtrength forbids my enlarging. O this vile body! Surely our treaſure is in earthly veſſels. When it is breaking to pieces, and the rattles are in my throat, I hope with my laſteſt breath to acknowledge the innumerable unmerited favours

vours which have been conferred by your Ladyſhip on, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged, and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXLII.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *London, June* 21, 1756.

NOTHING concerns me in your laſt letter, but your having the leaſt ſuſpicion that I was not pleaſed with your conduct, or was not ſatisfied with your being at *Bethesda*. I know of no perſon in the world that I would prefer to you, neither had I ever one thought to the contrary. I think myſelf happy in having ſuch a mother for the poor children, and am perſuaded GOD will bleſs and own you more and more. I pity poor Mr. *P*——, but doubt not of *Bethesda*'s being well ſupplied. I think if Mr. *R*—— manages outward things, and Mr. *D*—— takes the accounts, and keeps to the children, affairs may be managed very well. I care not how much the family is leſſened. As it is a time of war, this may be done with great propriety, and then the plantation will have time to grow. *J*—— *H*——*y* writes that you uſe him quite well, and ſeems very contented. Never fear, my dear Mrs. *C*——, JESUS will ſtand by a diſintereſted cauſe. I have aimed at nothing in founding *Bethesda*, but his glory and the good of my country. Let *Lots* then chuſe the *plain*, GOD will be *Abrahams'* ſhield and exceeding great reward. All is well that ends well. Faith and patience muſt be exerciſed by means of friends as well as by foes. I hear that my nephew is married. Alas, what a changing world do we live in! Bleſſed be GOD for an unchangeable CHRIST! Amidſt all, this is my comfort, his word runs and is glorified. A new building is now erecting at the other end of the town, and many ſouls, I truſt, are daily built up in their moſt holy faith. To-morrow, GOD willing, I ſet out upon a long range. Fain would I have all concerned with me to be happy. Juſt now Mrs. *F*—— hath determined to come over and marry *H*——. I have adviſed her to go with *M*——, and told her ſhe ſhould be

be welcome to my houſe till ſhe goes to *Carolina*. I know you will receive her kindly. It is her own choice, and therefore ſhe muſt look to the conſequences. The LORD give us all a right judgment in all things. Near this time, I ſuppoſe, you know my mind about Mr. *D*——. I have no objection, and your brothers are quite fond of the match. Perhaps, take all together, it may be more agreeable than the other. We ſeldom chooſe well, when we chooſe for ourſelves. GOD's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Take courage, my dear Mrs. *C*——; *Bethesda*'s welfare doth not depend on a ſingle perſon. GOD will provide: I think he hath already. I care not if all the boarders were gone. Mr. *R*—— and *D*—— and you are hearty. Enough, enough! GOD will bleſs and proſper you. I am more than contented. My bleſſing to all the children. That the GOD of all grace and mercy may fill you with all his fulneſs, is the earneſt prayer of, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your very affectionate, ſincere friend, and
ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCXLIII.

To Mr. D——.

My dear Mr. D——, *London, July* 10, 1756.

YOUR letter gave me ſatisfaction. I read it on our Letter-day, and you and the reſt of my dear family had many prayers put up for you. May they enter into the ears of the LORD of Sabaoth! Ere now, I hope you have agreed upon what plan to act. I ſhall ſend no one over. As I would have the family leſſened as much as poſſible, you that are left upon the ſpot will be ſufficient. Debts may then be paid, and the plantation brought into good order, by the time Providence opens a door for my ſeeing *America* again. What think you of *J*—— *P*——? If not truly ſerious, I would not have him ſent to the college. LORD JESUS, do thou ſhew all concerned, what thou wouldſt have them to do! Surely *Bethesda* will be a houſe of mercy ſtill. GOD bleſſes my feeble labours here. Laſt night I came from *Briſtol*. There the word ran and was glorified. In a few days I ſet out for *Scotland*. GOD

continue

continue my moving life, till I am moved at laſt to glory! Continue to pray for me, and aſſure yourſelf of not being forgotten by, my very dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours moſt affectionately, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCXLIV.

To Lady H——n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London, July* 17, 1756.

YOUR Ladyſhip's kind letter found me juſt returned from *Briſtol*, and juſt ſetting out for *Maidſtone* and *Chatham*, where I have been to preach the goſpel, and to viſit a poor murderer. I hope that my poor feeble labours were not altogether in vain in the LORD. A divine influence accompanies the word preached here, and I am now preparing for my northern expedition. If your Ladyſhip removes not from *Donnington* ſoon, perhaps I may have the honour of waiting upon your Ladyſhip there. My motions muſt be very quick, becauſe I would haſten to *Scotland* as faſt as poſſible, to have more time at my return. Eternity! eternity! O how do I long for thee! But alas, how often muſt we be like pelicans in the wilderneſs, before we arrive there? Solitarineſs prepares for the ſocial life, and the ſocial life for ſolitarineſs again. Thus doth an all-wiſe Redeemer ſet one over againſt another. JESUS is the alone center of peace and comfort in either ſituation. Your Ladyſhip knows this by happy experience. Perhaps our conſolations come ſweeteſt, when immediately derived from the fountain head. Springs fail, the fountain never can nor will. That your Ladyſhip may every moment be refreſhed with its living waters, is and ſhall be the earneſt prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged,
and ready ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCXLV.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *Iſlington, July* 27, 1756.

SINCE my laſt, which I believe is not yet gone, I have given an order to have Mr. *R*——'s children delivered to him or his mother, or whomſoever they ſhall appoint: and pray leſſen the family as much as poſſible. I wiſh I had none in the houſe, but what were proper *orphans*. The plantation would then ſuffice for its ſupport, and debts be paid: but we muſt buy our experience. Troubles ſeem to beſet us here: but we are all ſecure in GOD, even in a GOD in CHRIST. His goſpel flouriſhes in *London*. I am juſt returned from preaching it at *Sheerneſs*, *Chatham*, and in the camp. This afternoon or to-morrow I ſet off for *Scotland*. I can only add, that with continual prayers for your temporal and ſpiritual welfare, I am, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your moſt affectionate, obliged friend,
and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

P. S. My hearty love to all. The LORD be with you! *Amen*, and *Amen!*

LETTER MCXLVI.

To Mr. Z——.

Sunderland, Auguſt 14, 1756.

Honoured and very dear Sir,

HOW ſwiftly doth my precious time fly away! It is now a fortnight ſince I came to *Leeds* in *Yorkſhire*, where the goſpel had indeed free courſe, did run, and was glorified. On the *Sunday* evening, a few hours after my arrival, many thouſands were gathered in the fields, to whom, I truſt, JESUS enabled me to ſpeak with ſome degree of power. The following week I preached in and about *Leeds*, thrice almoſt every day, to thronged and affected auditories; and on *Sunday* laſt the fields were indeed white ready unto harveſt. At *Bradford*, about ſeven in the morning, the auditory conſiſted of about

ten

ten thouſand; at noon, and in the evening at *Burſtall*, to near double the number. Though hoarſe, the Redeemer helped me to ſpeak, ſo that all heard. Upon every account it was a high-day. In the evening ſeveral hundreds of us rode about eight miles, ſinging and praiſing GOD. Indeed it was a night much to be remembered. The next morning I took a ſorrowful leave of *Leeds*, preached at *Tadcaſter* at noon, and at *York* the ſame night. GOD was with us. On *Tueſday* I preached twice at *York* (delightful ſeaſons!); on *Wedneſday* at *Warſtall*, about fifty miles off; on *Thurſday* twice at *Yarm*, and laſt night and this morning here. All the way I have heard of a great concern ſince I was in theſe parts laſt year, and of many glorious trophies of the power of redeeming love. In heaven, honoured Sir, you will know all. There I ſhall throw my crown before the Lamb, and there you ſhall be rewarded for ſtrengthening the hands of the moſt unworthy creature that ever was employed by GOD. After ſpending my ſabbath here, and viſiting *Shields*, *Newcaſtle*, and ſome adjacent places, I purpoſe to go on to *Scotland*. From thence I hope to have the honour of writing to you again. This is the firſt time I have had a proper opportunity of refreſhing myſelf in that way. Praying that you may increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD, and begging your acceptance of repeated thanks for repeated unmerited favours, I ſubſcribe myſelf, honoured and very dear Sir,

Your moſt dutiful, though moſt unworthy ſon
in the glorious goſpel,

G. W.

LETTER MCXLVII.

To the Reverend Mr. T———.

My very dear Friend, *Edinburgh, Sept.* 9, 1756.

GLAD, yea very glad ſhould I have been to have waited upon you at *C*——. But it ſeems it was not to be. However, if I ſhould return from *Glaſgow*, GOD willing, I ſhall call upon you; if not, in heaven, in heaven we ſhall meet. GOD be with you and yours! I am juſt going off. O theſe partings! they are cutting. I truſt JESUS hath been walking amidſt the golden candleſticks. You will hear

hear particulars from others. I have only time to beg the continuance of your prayers, and with hearty love to your yoke-fellow, Mr. *C*——, and his ſpouſe, to ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCXLVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Edinburgh, Sept. 21, 1756.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

I Thank you moſt heartily for your kind letter, and for all other tokens of your regard and love. I can only ſend you a pepper-corn of acknowledgment. My Maſter, my long-ſuffering, ever-loving, ever-lovely Maſter, will pay you all. I hope he hath directed my ſteps. On *Saturday* I received a meſſage from our new Governor of *Georgia*, deſiring to ſee and converſe with me, before he embarks. This could not have been done, if I had went to *Ireland* now. Our LORD orders all things well. O remember me before his throne. To-morrow I leave *Edinburgh*. Your letter ſhall be delivered to Mr. *R*——. Be pleaſed to give the incloſed to Mr. *Scot*, to put in his *Philadelphia-Packet*. I am buſy, and yet, alas! I do nothing. Impreſſions ſeem to be promiſing here. LORD, what am I? leſs than the leaſt of all, but for CHRIST's ſake, my very dear friend,

Yours indiſſolubly in the beſt bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCXLIX.

To Lady H——*n.*

Ever-honoured Madam, London, Oct. 27, 1756.

HOPING that they would find your Ladyſhip at *Briſtol*, I wrote a few lines not long ago from *Leeds*. Since that I have been in honeſt Mr. *G*—— and Mr. *J*——'s round, preaching upon the mountains to many thouſands. One that was awakened three years ago, is gone to heaven, and deſired to be buried upon the ſpot where ſhe was awakened. The ſacrament at Mr. *G*——'s was moſt awful, and the

Welch

Welch night at *Leeds* exceeding ſolemn. I would have continued my circuit, but found that preaching ſo frequently in thoſe cold countries, was bringing on my laſt year's diſorder. Being therefore grown very prudent, I am come to open our new chapel in *Tottenham-Court Road*, and in my poor way to recommend the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS. LORD, what am I, that thou ſhouldeſt ſuffer me to put a pin in thy tabernacle! O for grace to ſtand in a trying hour. Something very extraordinary lies before us: "Prepare to meet thy GOD," ſeems now to be the call to all. Bleſſed be GOD, his Spirit hath not done ſtriving for us. This, I hope, is a token for good. Never did I know the fields more ready unto harveſt, than I have ſeen them in the North. May I wiſh your Ladyſhip joy of what hath happened at the other end of the town. May his Lordſhip be made a long and public bleſſing to this ſinful nation! If the other elect Ladies are all at *Clifton* court, I wiſh you all the bleſſings of the everlaſting goſpel. Though utterly unworthy of ſuch an honour, offering my poor peppercorn of acknowledgment for all your Ladyſhip's unmerited kindneſſes, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged, and
ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MCL.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *London, Oct.* 30, 1756.

I Can only drop you a few lines. I am juſt returned from a thouſand miles northern circuit, and Mr. *Graham* is juſt a going. All your relations are well. The fields have been white ready unto harveſt. In about a week, a new building at the other end of the town is to be opened. I expect to ſee your new Governor every moment. By his ſhip I hope to ſend letters to you all. May GOD bleſs and proſper you! *J—— H——*'s relations are well. You will give him all the encouragement you can. I am ſtill for leſſening the family

mily as much as poſſible. My wife wrote lately. I have ſcarce time to ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your moſt affectionate, obliged, and
ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCLI.

To Alderman H——.

My dear Friend, *London, Nov.* 6, 1756.

I Am glad you got no more hurt by your late fall from your horſe. May the LORD JESUS write the laws of gratitude upon all our hearts! I wiſh my brother's ſickneſs may be ſanctified to his better part. I know not the caſe of the poor weavers: I do not love to fiſh in troubled waters, and yet I fear more and more troubles await us both at home and abroad. O that the walls and ſtreet of the *New Jeruſalem*, may be built in troubleſome times! He hath ſaid it, who is alſo able to perform it. I wiſh I may begin to begin to build in earneſt. Do pray for me: I ſhall never forget you or yours. May this find you on the full ſtretch for JESUS! He was ſtretched upon the croſs for you and me. Amazing love! Adieu. I muſt away. Beg Mr. *B*—— to write if my brother grows worſe. I will anſwer him as ſoon as poſſible; but whilſt my cold continues, I cannot expect to ſee you at *Glouceſter*. O for a warm heaven! there you will know how much I am, my very dear Friend,

Yours in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER MCLII.

To Mr. D——.

My dear Mr. D——, *London, Nov.* 12, 1756.

I Have juſt been with your new Governor, who ſets out to-morrow. May the LORD of all lords make him a bleſſing! Upon the receipt of this, do you wait upon his Excellency, and give *Him, and whom he pleaſes to bring with him*, an invitation to *Betheſda*. I know dear Mrs. *C*—— will make proper proviſion. I have had no letters for a long ſeaſon.

I have only time to inform you, that we have just opened a new chapel at *Tottenham-Court Road*, and that I trust the Redeemer's glory filled it last *Sunday*. Have you persons enough to exercise before the Governor? Can they receive him under arms? That the Captain of our salvation may make them all good soldiers for himself, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCLIII.

To Lady ———.

Honoured Madam, *London, Nov.* 17, 1756.

AS I thought it would give your Ladyship satisfaction, I herein inclose the copies of two letters sent from the condemned youth, in whose behalf your Ladyship hath interposed. May the Redeemer crown your endeavours with success! Blessed be his name, we hear of daily instances of his grace! At *Long-Acre* indeed the word ran, and at *Tottenham-Court* chapel we have had some glorious earnests of future blessings. Providence, I doubt not, will enable us to pray for it. My constant work now is, preaching about fifteen times a week. This, with a weak appetite, want of rest, and much care lying upon my mind, enfeebles my too, too feeble nature. But the joy of the LORD is my strength. And my greatest grief is, that I can do no more for Him, who hath done and suffered so much for me. I thank your Ladyship for your kind letter and good wishes. Indeed, honoured Madam, you are always remembered at the throne of grace. That your Ladyship's soul may always prosper, and that you may increase with all the increase of GOD, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and
ready servant for CHRIST's sake,

G W.

LETTER MCLIV.

To Mr. H——y.

My very dear Friend, *London, Dec.* 9, 1756.

LAST night Mr. *M*—— informed me, that Mr. *C*—— ſhewed him a pamphlet, wrote on purpoſe to prove the fundamental errors of my printed ſermons, and that you had offered to preface it, but he choſe you ſhould not. That this is true, I as much believe, as that I am now at *Rome*. But I wiſh that my very dear friend may not repent his connection and correſpondence with ſome, when it is too late. This is my comfort, I have delivered my ſoul. Mr. *R*—— hath been ſo kind as to ſend me the two volumes of *Jenks's Meditations*, and deſires me to annex my recommendation to yours. I have anſwered, that it will not be prudent or beneficial to him ſo to do. I fear they are too large to go off. I hope that my dear friend proſpers both in ſoul and body. Converſion and converſion work go on here. LORD keep us from tares! All is well at *Clapham*; I have expounded there twice. GOD hath met us at our new building. I know that you will pray, it may be full of new creatures. My moſt cordial reſpects await your mother and ſiſter; my wife joins. With great haſte, but much greater love, I ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCLV.

To Mr. Aaron B——.

My very dear Friend, *London, Dec.* 9, 1756.

AS I am informed the *Philadelphia* packet ſails this day, I cannot omit acknowledging the receipt of Mr. *P*——'s paper: the duplicates came to hand before. A memorial is drawn up by proper perſons, and application is to be made for a charter. As yet, every thing promiſes well. This morning I am going to ſend *P*——'s writing to thoſe, who I believe will put it into his Majeſty's hands. The letters mentioned by Mr. *B*——, about purchaſing the land for the *Indians*, I did not receive, but I ſhall take the hint in the laſt, and do what I can. Alas! that is but little. Some books ſhall be

ſecured

ſecured for *John O——*, and ſome bibles, &c. for the *Indian* ſchool. I wiſh *John O——* of *Long-Iſland* was here, eſpecially if he can preach, and could be ſpared from his miſſion for a few months, and his paſſage paid. I would pay his paſſage back again, and I hope get ſomething for that which you have in view. At the enſuing faſt, if practicable, I intend making a collection. Night and day, our hands are lifted up for dear *America*. I fear we are to be brought into far greater extremity, both at home and abroad, ere deliverance comes. The LORD reigneth, and bleſſed be the GOD of our ſalvation. I am ſorry you have not your degree. It is ready, if teſtimonials were ſent from thoſe that know you. This not being done, it looks as though the character given you on this ſide the water, was not juſtly founded. The LORD JESUS direct and bleſs you! I wiſh you would write oftener. How glad would I be to ſee *America*, but my way is hedged up. We have juſt opened a new chapel at the other end of the town, and the awakening both in town and country continues. We have many pleaſing accounts from various quarters, and more miniſters are coming out to preach the goſpel. This is refreſhing. How does the worthy Governor? I cannot write now, but I pray. Dear Captain *G——* is gone: O that my turn was come! JESUS is kind. I am ſtrengthened to preach fourteen times a week, and I truſt it is not in vain. You have work enough. That the giver of all ſtrength may ſupport and ſucceed you more and more, is the earneſt prayer of, dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCLVI.

To Mrs. G——.

Dear Madam, *London, Dec.* 15, 1756.

WHAT a prayer-hearing, promiſe-keeping GOD do we ſerve! O that I had a heart to bleſs and praiſe him! Your kind and opportune contribution for the new chapel, ſtrengthened my faith, and encouraged me (in ſpite of the oppoſition of ſome narrow hearts) to go forwards with it, till it is compleated. Surely the work is of GOD. Laſt *Sunday* there was a wonderful ſtirring amongſt the dry bones; ſome

great people came, and begged they might have a conſtant ſeat. An earneſt this, I believe, of more good things to come. To me, dear Madam, it is the moſt promiſing work the Redeemer ever vouchſafed to employ me in. LORD, what am I? Help me, glorious *Emmanuel*, to abhor myſelf in duſt and aſhes! He will bleſs you, dear Madam, for what you have done. O that I had a thouſand lives to employ in his ſervice! I am much obliged to dear Mrs. *B*——. Neither ſhe nor you will have reaſon to repent your zeal on this occaſion. It will be much for the Mediator's glory, and the welfare, I hope, of thouſands of ſouls, to have every thing honourably diſcharged. I know I ſhall have your prayers, dear Madam, and I am ſure you have mine. O that you may know in whom you have believed! Come, dear Madam, be not diſcouraged; you know who hath ſaid, "then ſhall ye know, if ye follow on to know the LORD." I could enlarge, but it is near ſix in the morning, and I muſt away to preach. O that my bleſſed Maſter may never turn me out of that divine employ! I hope my moſt grateful reſpects and acknowledgments will find acceptance with dear Mrs. *B* ——; and your acceptance of the ſame will add to the obligations already laid on, dear Madam,

Your moſt ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLVII.

To Mrs. B——.

Dear Madam, *London*, *Dec.* 30, 1756.

GRATITUDE conſtrains me to ſend you a few lines. They inform you, that GOD is doing wonders at the new chapel. Hundreds went away laſt *Sunday* morning that could not come in. On *Chriſtmas-Day*, and laſt *Tueſday* night (the firſt time of burning candles) the power of the LORD was preſent, both to wound and to heal. A neighbouring Doctor hath baptized the place, calling it "*Whitefield's Soul-trap.*"—Juſt now the following letter came to hand.

Reverend Sir,

A Thought came into my mind laſt *Sunday* morning, to go to hear you at the new tabernacle, and to ſee what ſort of a place it was. In one part of your diſcourſe my heart

trembled, and the terrors of the LORD came upon me. I then concluded, that I must prepare for hell, and that there was no hope of salvation for me. I take this method, being assured that you will excuse the liberty I take to ask you one question, How I can be convinced that my past sins are to be forgiven? And O, what must I do to be saved! My sins are innumerable. GOD is just. I cannot think that I have any interest in the Redeemer's blood. My soul is full of grief. I must conclude. Dear Sir, favour me with a line, which will be greatly acknowledged by,

'Your friend,

A. B.

I have answered my new friend, and pray the friend of sinners to make the chapel a *soul-trap* indeed, to many wandering creatures. Abundance round about, I hear are much struck. O for humility! O for gratitude! O for faith! Wherefore should I doubt?—Surely JESUS will carry me through, and help me to pay the workmen. Accept repeated thanks for the help afforded by your dear Ladies, and depend on having the poor prayers of, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and ready servant,
for CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. M——.

Reverend and dear Sir, *London, Jan.* 4, 1757.

JUST now I received and read your kind letter, and hope, GOD willing, on *Friday*, to have the pleasure of a personal interview. May our common LORD sanctify it to our mutual edification! Glad should I have been to have known you before. I love the *Hanoverians*, because I think they love, and would prove faithful to our dear King *George*. I am sorry for the treatment they have met with, but it is not our province to meddle with politics. Blessed be GOD for a kingdom that is not of this world, which can never be removed, or so much as shaken.

Bleſt is faith that truſts CHRIST's *power,*
Bleſt are ſaints that wait his hour;
Haſte, great conqueror, bring it near;
Let the glorious cloſe appear.

You ſee, my dear Sir, how free I write. It is becauſe I think you are a true miniſter of our glorious *Emmanuel.* Be pleaſed to remember me when near his throne. Though a ſtranger, you know my name: I am the chief of ſinners, and leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints, but for CHRIST's ſake, reverend and dear Sir,

Your unworthy brother and fellow-labourer,
in our LORD's vineyard,
G. W.

LETTER MCLIX.

To Lady H——.

Honoured Madam, *London, Jan.* 12, 1757.

WILL your Ladyſhip be pleaſed to accept a few haſty lines? They come with hearty wiſhes, that your Ladyſhip, and every branch of your honourable family, may have a very happy new year.—This can only be had in JESUS, and therefore I wiſh, from the very bottom of my heart, that you all may be bleſſed with all ſpiritual bleſſings.—Theſe are bleſſings indeed. They are ſolid, they are laſting, commenſurate even with eternity itſelf. I hope we have ſome daily foretaſtes of this. Indeed, honoured Madam, a wide door ſeems to be opening at *Tottenham-Court* chapel. The word flies like lightning in it; O that it may prove a *Bethel*, a houſe of GOD, a gate of heaven! I believe it will.—As the awakening continues, I have ſome hopes that we are not to be given up. Alas! alas! We are *teſting* and *conteſting*, while the nation is bleeding to death. We are condemning this and that; but ſin, the great miſchief-maker, lies unmoleſted, or rather encouraged by every contending party. Well, the LORD reigns;—and therefore bleſſed be the GOD of our ſalvation.—I hope your honoured ſiſter, and her noble Lord, are well. I ſometimes wiſh that his Lordſhip was at the helm, but infinite wiſdom knows what is beſt. Happy they who can look beyond time! The chriſtian can; the ſhort-ſighted infidel dares not,

cannot. But I grow troublesome. I must therefore only add my most grateful acknowledgments, and assure your Ladyship, that I am, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged,
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MLX.

To Lady M—— H——.

Honoured Madam, *London, Jan.* 13, 1757.

I Wish your Ladyship joy. What a mercy, to be made an instrument in settling a true minister of JESUS CHRIST! May he be the spiritual father to many souls! Your Ladyship's unexpected sight of your son, was like life from the dead. What pleasure then must be the consequence of seeing our relations brought home to GOD! This be your happy lot! The holy spirit seems to be quickening many dead souls here. I am informed, that all are alive without the *Cannon-Gate*; but such are dead whilst they live. O *Scotland! Scotland!* Turn us, O good LORD, and so shall we be turned! We had need to fast and pray too.—Your Ladyship, I doubt not, mourns in secret. The glorious *Emmanuel* will put your tears into his bottle. That your consolations in him may abound evermore, is the earnest prayer of, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged,
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MCLXI.

Dear Mrs. C——, *London, Feb.* 5, 1757.

I Thank you heartily for your last kind letter, and for all your works of faith and labours of love.—Glad would I be to see *America*, but the cloud doth not seem to move that way as yet.—The new chapel at the other end of the town is made a *Bethel*, and the awakening increases day by day. O that it was so at *Georgia!* Surely the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls will bless you, for taking care of the lambs in that distant wilderness.—Mr. *P*——'s leaving *Bethesda* sadly distresses me; but my eyes are upon Him who knows all. I

wrote to desire Mr. *P*—— to continue the oversight of my affairs, till I can come myself. Whatever he and you shall agree to, in respect to Mr. *R*——, &c. I shall acquiesce in: only I desire that all who are capable may be put out, and the family reduced as low as possible, till the war is over, and the institution out of debt. I find nobody mentions *I*—— *P*——*s*. If *I*—— *P*——*m* goes to the college, cannot he and Mr. *D*—— be enough for the school? Ere now, *G*—— *W* I hope is put out.—LORD, remember me and all my various concerns!—GOD bless and direct you in every step! He will;—he will.—I trust you will find it so in your late determination? Now you are free. Things that seem against us at first, afterwards prove to be designed for us.—What is to become of us here, GOD only knows.—A year perhaps may determine.—The best sign is, that the awakening continues.—A parcel of the addresses was put up for you, but through mistake not put into the box. All your relations are well. That you may prosper both in body and soul, and be filled with all the fulness of GOD, is the earnest prayer of, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your most affectionate, obliged friend,
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MCLXII.

To the Reverend Mr. M——.

London, Feb. 17, 1757.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

YOUR kind letter lies before me, for which, be pleased to accept my cordial thanks. I am glad you got safe to *Chatham*, and heartily pray, that the GOD of the sea, and the GOD of the dry land, may be your convoy on the mighty waters. The continuance of your correspondence will be quite agreeable. Who knows but JESUS may bless it to our mutual edification? I want to be stirred up, to begin to begin to do something for him, who hath done and suffered so much for ill and hell-deserving me. Surely, I am a worthless worm, and therefore little moved with whatever judgment an ill-natured, misinformed world may form of me. The great day will dis-

cover

cover all. Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly.—O to be an *Iſraelite* indeed, in whom there is no guile! Simplicity and godly ſincerity is all in all. A want of this, I fear, hath led the Count into all his miſtakes. With great regret I ſpeak or write of any people's weakneſſes; but I did and do now think, that divine Providence called me to publiſh what you mention. The Redeemer gave it his bleſſing. I do not find that their fopperies are continued, and I hear alſo that they have diſcharged many debts. You ſeem to have right notions of the ſermon to which you refer. It certainly ſpeaks of a ſinleſs ſtate, which is not attainable in this life. We are called to be ſaints, but not angels. Strange, that after ſo many years, ſuch an error ſhould be propagated!—but ſo it is. LORD, what is man? Glory be to GOD, there is a time coming, when ſin, root and branch, ſhall be deſtroyed: I mean at death. Then an eternal ſtop will be put to the fountain of corruption, and we ſhall be ſinleſs indeed.—Till then, O JESUS, do thou continue to waſh us in thy blood, and cloathe us with thy compleat and everlaſting righteouſneſs; and at the ſame time, out of a principle of love to thee, do thou help us to follow hard after that holineſs, without which no man can ſee the LORD!—But whither am I going? My very dear Sir, excuſe prolixity. I write to you, as to one whom I love in the bowels of JESUS CHRIST. My moſt cordial reſpects await all that love him. My wife joins in ſending you the ſame, with, reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXIII.

To Lady H———n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London, March* 2, 1757.

A Few days ago, I received the kind benefaction for the happy convicts. Not doubting of ſucceſs, I had advanced ſome guineas, which with what hath been procured from other hands, hath bought both their liberties, and they are provided for on the other ſide of the water; juſt now I believe they are under ſail. O that he, who I ſuppoſe will now receive a pardon, was alike favoured! But not many mighty,

not

not many noble are called. However, some come to hear at *Tottenham-Court*. *S*—— the player, makes always one of the auditory, and, as I hear, is much impressed, and brings others with him. I hope this will not find your Ladyship ill of the gout. May the LORD JESUS bear all your sickness, and heal all your infirmities both of body and soul! I am sensibly touched when any thing affects your Ladyship; gratitude constrains to this. What shall I render unto the LORD for all his mercies? I would preach for him, if I could, a hundred times a day. Surely, such a worthless worm was never honoured to speak for the Redeemer before. Your Ladyship will excuse; I must away, and give a little vent to the heart of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged,
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MCLXIV.

To the Reverend Mr. B——.

London, March 10, 1757.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

PROVIDENTIALLY, a Lady was at my house when the bearer brought your letter, who perhaps may want just such a servant, within the time mentioned. Thus GOD provides for those that love him. He is indeed a prayer-hearing, a promise-keeping GOD. Satan may and will have us, that he may sift us as wheat; but JESUS prays for us; our faith therefore shall not fail. This is my support; this, my very dear Sir, must be yours. Ere long we shall be tempted no more. I am a poor soldier; I want to be discharged. Not from CHRIST's service, but from this prison of the flesh. O that I could do something for JESUS whilst here below! my obligations increase. He vouchsafes daily (O amazing love) to own my feeble labours. The word runs and is glorified. That it may run and be glorified more and more, under GOD, through your instrumentality, is the earnest prayer of, reverend and very dear Sir,

Your affectionate but unworthy brother,
in our glorious Head,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCLXV.

To Lord H——.

My Lord, *London, April* 20, 1757.

I Make bold to trouble your Lordſhip with the propoſals about the *Georgia* college; they ſhould have been ſent before, but I heard that your Lordſhip was out of town. On *Monday* next, my buſineſs calls me into the country. If your Lordſhip ſhould have leiſure immediately to run over the memorial, I would call on *Saturday* morning to know your Lordſhip's mind. In the mean while, praying that your Lordſhip may be a laſting bleſſing to your country, I ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful,
obliged humble ſervant,
G. *W.*

LETTER MCLXVI.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Edinburgh, May 31, 1757.

CANNOT you come here for one day this week? I ſhall leave *Edinburgh* on *Monday*, GOD willing.—Attendance upon the aſſembly, and preaching, have engroſſed all my time: I can ſcarce ſend you this.—*Nil mihi reſcribas attamen ipſe veni.* —Adieu! With love more than I expreſs, I am, my dear Mr. *T——*,

Yours, &c.
G. W.

P. S. JESUS is good to us. My hearty love awaits your whole ſelf and family.—It is near eight at night.

LETTER MCLXVII.

To Mr. ——.

My very dear Friend, *Glaſgow, June* 9, 1757.

TO me, it is almoſt an age ſince I wrote to you laſt. But at *Edinburgh* I was ſo taken up all day, and kept up ſo late at night, that writing was almoſt impracticable. Surely my going thither was of GOD. I came thither the twelfth of *May*, and left it the ſixth of *June*, and preached juſt fifty times.

times. To what purpoſe, the great day will diſcover. I have reaſon to believe to very good purpoſe. Being the time of the general aſſembly (at which I was much pleaſed) many miniſters attended, perhaps a hundred at a time. Thereby prejudices were removed, and many of their hearts were deeply impreſſed. About thirty of them, as a token of reſpect, invited me to a public entertainment. The Lord High Commiſſioner alſo invited me to his table, and many perſons of credit and religion did the ſame in a public manner. Thouſands and thouſands, among whom were a great many of the beſt rank, daily attended on the word preached, and the longer I ſtaid, the more the congregations and divine influence increaſed. Twice I preached in my way to *Glaſgow*, and laſt night opened my campaign here. The cloud ſeems to move towards *Ireland*. How the Redeemer vouchſafes to deal with me there, you ſhall know hereafter. In the mean while, my very dear friend, let me entreat the continuance of your prayers. For I am leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints, and unworthy to be employed in the ſervice of ſo divine a Maſter. LORD JESUS,

If thou excuſe, then work thy will,
By ſo unfit an inſtrument;
It will at once thy goodneſs ſhew,
And prove thy power omnipotent.

I hope this will find you, and your dear yoke-fellow and daughter, enjoying thriving ſouls in healthy bodies. I doubt not but you are brightening your crown, and increaſing your reward, by doing good for your bleſſed Maſter. Ere long, you ſhall hear him ſay "Well done." That will crown all. I can no more, I muſt away to my throne. My very dear Sir, be pleaſed to accept ten thouſand thanks for all favours, and give me leave (after ſending moſt cordial reſpects to dear Mrs. *S*—— and Miſs) to ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear friend,

Your moſt affectionate, obliged friend,
and very ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCLXVIII.

To Mr. ——.

My very dear Sir, *Dublin, June* 30, 1757.

YOUR kind letter, dated the 25th inſtant, I juſt now received, for which as well as all other favours be pleaſed to accept unfeigned thanks.—What to do I cannot well tell. —As I am in the kingdom, it is pity to leave it unviſited.—The door is open, and indeed the poor Methodiſts want help. —Here in *Dublin* the congregations are very large, and very much impreſſed. The Redeemer vouchſafes to give me great freedom in preaching, and arrows of conviction fly and faſten. —One of the Biſhops told a nobleman, "He was glad I was come to rouſe the people"—The nobleman, with whom I ſweetly converſed yeſterday, told me this again.—LORD JESUS, do thou (for it is thy doing) rouſe all ranks for thy mercy's ſake! I hope Mr. *M——n* will go on and proſper.—As for Mr. *J——s*, I think it beſt for him to keep as he is.—I find he is unſettled, and therefore would be always uneaſy.—If Meſſrs. *D——s* and *D——r* can ſerve alternately in the Summer, by the help of JESUS I will go through the Winter work.—Alas, that ſo few have the ambition of coming out to the help of the LORD againſt the mighty. Not one clergyman in all *Ireland* yet ſtirred up to come out *ſingularly* for GOD! Pity, LORD, for thy mercy's ſake! I think GOD will yet appear for the proteſtant intereſt.—My rout now is to *Athlone*, *Limerick*, *Cork*, and to return here about *July* 21. —Whether I ſhall then go to the North, and to *Scotland*, or whether I ſhall come by way of *Park-Gate*, muſt be determined hereafter.—I know you will pray, my very dear Sir, that the never-failing JESUS will direct my goings in his way. I would fain be where and what he would have me to be.—I bleſs him, for making you, my very dear Sir, inſtrumental in ſtrengthening my weak hands, and earneſtly pray, that great may be the reward of you and your dear relations in the kingdom of heaven.—Aſſure yourſelves you or they are never forgotten by, my very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCLXIX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Dublin, July 3, 1757.

My very dear Mr. K——,

ACCEPT a few lines from a poor, feeble, but willing pilgrim.—They bring you moſt amazing news. The infinitely condeſcending JESUS ſtill vouchſafes to follow the chief of ſinners with his unmerited bleſſing.—In *Scotland*, his almighty arm was moſt powerfully revealed;—and, here in *Dublin*, many have begun to ſay, "What ſhall we do to be ſaved."—Congregations are large, and very much impreſſed indeed.—A ſpirit of conviction and conſolation ſeems to be ſent forth.—All ſorts attend, and all ſorts ſeem to be affected.—I ſhould be glad to come to *London*, but cannot in conſcience as yet.—Not one miniſter either in the church or among the diſſenters in this kingdom, as far as I can hear, appears boldly for GOD, even a GOD in CHRIST. To-morrow therefore I purpoſe to ſet out for *Athlone*, *Limerick*, and *Cork*. GOD only knows, after that, where will be the next remove.—Perhaps to *London*, perhaps to the North of *Ireland*, which I hear lies open for the goſpel.—*Winter* muſt be the *London* harveſt.—O for more labourers who will account the work itſelf the beſt wages! GOD will bleſs you and yours, for ſtrengthening my hands. I ſend you and Mrs. *K——n* my hearty love, and earneſtly pray the LORD of all Lords to bleſs you. Next poſt, or ſoon after in my circuit, I hope to write to dear Mr. and Mrs. *J——*. GOD forbid that I ſhould forget my old friends.—I pray for, though I cannot write to them.—I am glad to find that dear Mr. *G——* is ſafe returned.—Pray remember me to him, and to all enquiring friends in the kindeſt manner, and aſſure them of being remembered at the throne of grace, by, very dear Mr. and Mrs. *K——*,

Your moſt obliged, affectionate friend,
and ready ſervant in our common LORD,
G. W.

July 5th.

Since writing the above, I have been in the wars.—But bleſſed be GOD am pretty well recovered, and going on my way rejoicing.—Pray hard.

LETTER

LETTER MCLXX.

To Mr. ———.

My dear Friend, *Dublin, July* 9, 1757.

MANY attacks have I had from Satan's children, but yesterday, you would have thought he had been permitted to have given me an effectual parting blow. You have heard of my being in *Ireland*, and of my preaching daily to large and very affected auditories, in Mr. *W*——'s spacious room. When here last, I preached in a more confined place in the week days, and once or twice ventured out to *Oxminton-Green*, a large place like *Moorfields*, situated very near the barracks, where the *Ormond and Liberty*, that is, *high and low party boys*, generally assemble every *Sunday*, to fight with each other. The congregations then were very numerous, the word seemed to come with power; and no noise or disturbance ensued. This encouraged me to give notice, that I would preach there again last *Sunday* afternoon. I went through the barracks, the door of which opens into the green, and pitched my tent near the barrack walls, not doubting of the protection, or at least interposition of the officers and soldiery, if there should be occasion. But how vain is the help of man! Vast was the multitude that attended; we sang, prayed, and preached, without much molestation; only now and then a few stones and clods of dirt were thrown at me. It being war time, as is my usual practice, I exhorted my hearers not only to fear GOD, but to honour the best of kings, and after sermon I prayed for success to the *Prussian arms*. All being over, I thought to return home the way I came; but to my great surprize access was denied, so that I had to go near half a mile from one end of the green to the other, through hundreds and hundreds of papists, &c. Finding me unattended, (for a soldier and four methodist preachers, who came with me, had forsook me and fled) I was left to their mercy; but their mercy, as you may easily guess, was perfect cruelty. Vollies of hard stones came from all quarters, and every step I took, a fresh stone struck, and made me reel backwards and forwards, till I was almost breathless, and all over a gore of blood. My strong beaver hat served me as it were for a scull

cap

cap for a while; but at laſt that was knocked off, and my head left quite defenceleſs. I received many blows and wounds; one was particularly large and near my temples. I thought of *Stephen*, and as I believed that I received more blows, I was in great hopes that like him I ſhould be diſpatched, and go off in this bloody triumph to the immediate preſence of my maſter. But providentially, a miniſter's houſe lay next door to the green; with great difficulty I ſtaggered to the door, which was kindly opened to, and ſhut upon me. Some of the mob in the mean time having broke part of the boards of the pulpit into large ſplinters, they beat and wounded my ſervant grievouſly in his head and arms, and then came and drove him from the door. For a while I continued ſpeechleſs, panting for and expecting every breath to be my laſt; two or three of the hearers, my friends, by ſome means or other got admiſſion, and kindly with weeping eyes waſhed my bloody wounds, and gave me ſomething to ſmell to and to drink. I gradually revived, but ſoon found the lady of the houſe deſired my abſence, for fear the houſe ſhould be pulled down. What to do, I knew not, being near two miles from Mr. *W*——'s place; ſome adviſed one thing, and ſome another. At length, a carpenter, one of the friends that came in, offered me his wig and coat, that I might go off in diſguiſe. I accepted of, and put them on, but was ſoon aſhamed of not truſting my maſter to ſecure me in my proper habit, and threw them off with diſdain. I determined to go out (ſince I found my preſence was ſo troubleſome) in my proper habit; immediately deliverance came. A methodiſt preacher, with two friends, brought a coach; I leaped into it, and rid in goſpel triumph through the oaths, curſes, and imprecations of whole ſtreets of papiſts unhurt, though threatened every ſtep of the ground. None but thoſe who were ſpectators of the ſcene, can form an idea of the affection with which I was received by the weeping, mourning, but now joyful methodiſts. A chriſtian ſurgeon was ready to dreſs our wounds, which being done, I went into the preaching place, and after giving a word of exhortation, join'd in a hymn of praiſe and thankſgiving, to him who makes our extremity his opportunity, who ſtills the noiſe of the waves, and the madneſs of the moſt malignant people. The next morning I ſet out for port *Arlington*,

lington, and left my perſecutors to his mercy, who out of perſecutors hath often made preachers. That I may be thus revenged of them, is the hearty prayer of,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXI.

To Mr. I——.

Cork, July 15, 1757.

My very dear Mr. I——,

ACCEPT a few loving lines, as a token that you and yours are not entirely forgotten by me. They leave me, earneſtly deſirous to know what path the GOD whom I ſerve would have me to take. Every where (O amazing condeſcenſion!) the glorious *Emmanuel* ſo ſmiles upon my feeble labours, that it is hard to get off. At *Port Arlington*, *Athlone*, *Limerick*, and in this place, the word hath run and been glorified. Arrows of conviction ſeem to fly, and the cup of many hath been made to run over. I hope you have had ſome refreſhings from the preſence of the LORD. Nothing elſe can carry us comfortably through the howling wilderneſs of this troubleſome life. I have met with ſom hard blows from the *Dublin* rabble. But bleſſed be GOD, they have not deſtroyed me. Perhaps I am to ſee *London* before my great change comes. And who knows, but we may enjoy our *Peniels* and *Bethels* there again? Troublous times ſeem to be approaching. GOD hide us all under the ſhadow of his almighty wings! When you ſee dear Mr. *W——*, pray remember me to him and his in the kindeſt manner, as likewiſe to Mr. and Mrs. *W——*. I think of, and pray for you, and all my dear friends, though preaching and travelling prevents my writing. O that none of us may be parted in another world! JESUS alone can keep us by his almighty power. To his tender and never-failing mercy do I moſt earneſtly commit you, and earneſtly intreat the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Wednesbury, Staffordshire, Aug. 7, 1757.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

THOUGH Mr. *Hopper* promised to write you an historical letter as last *Thursday* from *Dublin*, yet I cannot help dropping you a few lines from this place. Blessed be GOD, we had a passage, and last night we had a pleasant season. At *Athlone*, *Limerick*, *Cork*, and especially at *Dublin*, where I preached near fifty times, we had *Cambuslang* seasons. With the utmost difficulty I came away. O these partings! The blows I received some time ago, were like to send me, where all partings would have been over. But I find we are immortal till our work is done. LORD JESUS, help me to begin in earnest! My cordial love awaits my host and hostess. Be pleased to desire them to send my things by the first opportunity, directed to Mr. *David Brown*, at the Orphan-hospital, *Edinburgh*.—This morning our LORD hath met us.—I am to preach twice more.—Ere long we shall praise for ever. I hope dear Mr. *N*——'s son is better. I commend your whole self, and all dear friends, to his never-failing mercy, and entreat you never to forget, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXIII.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs C——, *London, Aug.* 26, 1757.

I Think myself quite happy, in finding that you are satisfied in your present situation.—I have no doubt of your being called to do it by *Bethesda*'s GOD, and heartily pray that you may be amply rewarded by Him.—I had rather have you preside over the orphan family, than any woman I know of in the world. I would gladly indulge Mr. *B*——, but though I have sent again and again, I cannot find that his wife hath the least inclination to come over; as this is the case, and she is provided for, I wish he could be easy. Mr.

P—— and you may agree, as to the terms of his continuance at *Bethesda*. Mr. *D*—— seems fixed, and I have written to Mr. *P*——, to let *John H*——*y* have overseers wages for the two last years, and find himself; but perhaps it may be best not to give up the indentures.—As he is faithful, and the plantation flourishes, I would not part with him. I do not love changes. Sometimes I wish for wings to fly over; but providence detains me here. I fear a dreadful storm is at hand. LORD JESUS, be thou our refuge! At *Dublin* I was like to be sent beyond the reach of storms. But I find we are immortal till our work is done. A most blessed influence attended the word in various parts of *Ireland*, and here at *London* the prospect is more and more promising. We expect some important news from *America*. As to outward things, all is gloomy. JESUS can dispel every cloud. I hope *Bethesda* will be kept in peace. I am glad the Governor hath been to visit the house. May GOD make him a blessing to the colony! My kinsman hath met with an early trial. May the LORD sanctify it! I am glad *G*—— *W*—— is put out, and that you have sent the children; I pity them, but they must blame their parents. O ingratitude! I wish you would now and then mention *B*—— *W*——, and let me know how the *English* children are disposed of. I would fain have a list of black and white from time to time. Blessed be GOD for the increase of the negroes. I intirely approve of reducing the number of orphans as low as possible; and I am determined to take in no more than the plantation will maintain, till I can buy more negroes. Never was I so well satisfied with my assistants as now. GOD bless you! GOD bless you! My tender love and respects attend you all. I would have *Joseph P*——*n* sent to the college. I am glad Mrs. *F*—— is married. Continue to pray for me, and depend on hearing as often as possible from, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your affectionate, obliged friend,
and ready servant in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER MCLXXIV.

To Mr. H——.

My very dear Sir, *Exeter, Sept.* 28, 1757.

JUST this moment I had the pleasure of receiving your very kind letter, and have but just time, before the post goes out, to return you my most hearty thanks. Blessed be GOD, I can send you good news from *Plymouth*.—The scene was like that of *Bristol*; only more extraordinary, to see officers, soldiers, sailors, and the dock-men, attending with the utmost solemnity upon the word preached. Arrows of conviction fled and fastened, and I left all GOD's people upon the wing for heaven. Blessed be the LORD JESUS for ordering me the lot of a *cast-out!*

For this let men revile my name,
I'd shun no cross, I'd fear no shame;
All hail reproach!

I am glad that Mr. *M——n* and *V——n* returned safe. May an effectual door be opened for both! If so, they will have many adversaries. Will my dear Mr. *H——* tell Mr. *P——*, that I expect every thing to be compleated by the first *Sunday* in *October?* If the weather should alter I may be in town; if not, I may range further.—This spiritual hunting is delightful sport, when the heart is in the work. I expect to hear of a blacker cloud in *America*, but I am glad the expedition was diverted. Our enemies may triumph for a while; CHRIST can soon put a hook in the leviathan's jaws.

Thoughts are vain against the LORD,
All subserves his sov'reign word;
Wheels encircling wheels must run,
Each in course to bring it on.

Happy for you, my dear Sir, that have fled to this GOD for refuge. The more you know of Him, the more vilely you will think of yourself. GOD bless you and your dear relations. I must conclude, or the letter cannot go. In great haste,

but

but far greater love and reſpect, I ſubſcribe myſelf, very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXV.

To Mr. K——n.

Briſtol, Oct. 4, 1757.

My very dear Mr. K——n,

HAD you encouragement enough laſt journey, to induce you and yours to take another trip? My wife informs me ſo; ſhe hath the rout. I expect a line from her at *Glouceſter*, to inform me of your determination. Whatever it be, may it be for the glory of our common LORD! I hope ſome ſouls that before were ſtrangers to him, have begun to know him ſince we parted laſt. We have had pleaſant ſeaſons. LORD, what am I! GOD give us a warm winter! O how ſoon does the ſummer flyaway! LORD JESUS, pardon and quicken me, for thy mercy's ſake! Adieu. I muſt away. My hearty love awaits your whole ſelf, and all enquiring friends. In great haſte, I ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear Mr. *K*——,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXVI.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

London, Oct. 16, 1757.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

I Thank you for your ſympathizing letter ſent to *Ireland*. The friend of ſinners ſtood by me, or I had been ſtoned to death. They were thrown at me, not for ſpeaking againſt the Papiſts in particular, but for exciting all ranks to be faithful to King JESUS, and to our dear ſovereign King *George*, for his great name's ſake. LORD, what am I, that I ſhould be honoured to ſuffer any degree of pain or ſhame in ſuch a cauſe? Time will not permit me to deſcend to more particulars. A young man, who will bring you ſoon a few lines from me, can tell you the whole affair. He is a Methodiſt, and is coming from *Dublin*, (and from a Biſhop's family) to ſtudy

at *Glaſgow*. I know you will receive him gladly. O that GOD may qualify, and ſend forth thouſands to blow the trumpet in *Zion!* Seven goſpel miniſters were together at *Briſtol*, when the counſellor preached. A lawyer hath lately entered likewiſe into orders, and I humbly hope the bleſſed JESUS will not give us up. Both at home and abroad we are in great danger. But the LORD lives, and will live and reign for ever. The awakenings in *New-Jerſey*, &c. are tokens for good. LORD, prepare us for whatever thou haſt prepared for us! We have had bleſſed ſeaſons for theſe ſix weeks laſt paſt, at *Plymouth*, *Exeter*, *Briſtol*, *Glouceſter*, and *Glouceſterſhire*. This comes from my winter quarters. You will pray, that JESUS may be with us. My moſt cordial reſpects and thanks await your whole ſelf, and all dear friends who are ſo kind as to enquire after, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXVII.

To Lady H——.

London, Oct. 21, 1757.

Ever-honoured Madam,

I Burnt, but I believe I ſhall never forget the contents of, your Ladyſhip's letter. Who but the Redeemer himſelf, can poſſibly deſcribe the yearnings of ſuch a tender parent's heart? Surely your Ladyſhip is called to cut off a right hand, and pluck out a right eye; "But it is the LORD, let him do what ſeemeth him good." This was the language of *Eli*, whoſe ſons were ſinners before the LORD exceedingly. This hath often been the caſe of the beſt of people, and the greateſt favourites of heaven; but none knows the bitterneſs of ſuch a cup, but thoſe who are called to drink it. If not ſweetened with a ſenſe of the love and mercy of GOD in CHRIST, who could abide it? O what phyſic, what ſtrong phyſic do our ſtrong affections oblige our heaven'ly Father to give us! What pruning knives do theſe luxuriant branches require, in order to preſerve the fruit and delicacy of the vine. Bleſſed be GOD, there is a time coming, when theſe myſterious dignified providences ſhall be explained. I am glad Mr. *L*—— is with your Ladyſhip: he has a friendly heart. May the LORD JESUS raiſe up your Lady-

ſhip

ſhip many comforters! Above all, may he come himſelf. He will, he will. Mr. *H*—— aſk'd moſt kindly after your Ladyſhip. On *Thurſday* Sir *John M*——, I am told, was at chapel, and many others. The proſpect brightens at that end of the town. O for warm winter quarters! O that I could bear part of your Ladyſhip's heavy load! But I can only in my feeble way bear it on my heart, before him who came to heal our ſickneſſes and bear our infirmities. That your Ladyſhip may come out of theſe fiery trials, purged and purified like the brighteſt gold, is the earneſt prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged, ſympathizing,
and very ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCLXXVIII.

To Mrs. C——.

London, Oct. 25, 1757.

My dear Mrs. C——,

I Find by your laſt to your brother *James*, that you was in jeopardy. But I truſt He that once drove away the *Spaniards*, will alſo preſerve you and the reſt of my dear family from a French invaſion. GOD give you ſtrength and courage! He will. Every thing ſeems to be in a critical ſituation. GOD knows the event.

Bleſt is faith that truſts CHRIST's *pow'r,*
Bleſt are ſaints that wait His hour.

In the midſt of all, the work goes on here. In *Dublin* I was like to be ſtoned to heaven: but I am on earth yet. We had glorious ſeaſons both in *Scotland* and *Ireland*. O that the cloud pointed to *America!* But the Redeemer's time is the beſt. He will bleſs you for taking care of his family in the wilderneſs. I wiſh it had been reduced more by the diſmiſſion of the *R*——*s* and *B*——*l*. But perhaps GOD may over rule all for the childrens future good. I hear that *R*—— is in a *French* priſon; GOD give to him and his true repentance! They have acted an ungrateful part; but thus our LORD was uſed, and the ſervant muſt be as his LORD. The judgment-

day will clear all. I wish Mr. *B*—— may be easy where he is. Mr. *P*—— may agree upon terms with him, and with *I*—— *H*——. I love old friends and servants, and desire to bless GOD that my family hath got such a governess. Pray let me know if you want any apparel, &c. I shall be quite concerned if you abridge yourself of any thing. I cannot reward you: but the GOD whom I desire to serve, can and will. To his tender and never-failing mercy do I most humbly commit you, and beg the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your most affectionate, and obliged friend,
and servant for CHRIST's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MCLXXIX.

To Governor E———.

Honoured Sir, *London*, *Oct.* 26, 1757.

I Am glad to hear from my nephew and other hands, that your Excellency's administration is so universally approved of. I pray GOD to make you a lasting blessing to that colony, which hath long wanted the blessing of an active, skilful and disinterested Governor. I thank your Excellency for honouring *Bethesda* with your company. Lord *Hallifax* informed me, that you would send him your sentiments concerning its being enlarged into a college. I have drawn out my proposals, and have delivered them to his Lordship; but the uncertainty of the times prevents my pushing that affair. However, *Georgia*'s welfare lies much on my heart; and it is my full design, if providence should open a way, and I am assured of meeting with proper encouragement, (which I make no doubt of) to serve that colony, and pay it another visit. In the mean while, my heart's desire and prayer to GOD is and shall be, that you may have the honour and comfort of making the people, over whom divine providence hath called you to preside, happy and prosperous. I must not longer, dear Sir, detain you from the public, and shall therefore only beg your acceptance of this, as a token of respect, from, honoured Sir,

Your Excellency's most obliged humble servant,
G. W.

LET-

LETTER MCLXXX.

To J—— B——, Esq;

My dear Friend, *London, Oct.* 26, 1757.

I Am quite glad to hear, that you have met with encouragement to return again to poor *Georgia*, and that my nephew serves under you. I humbly hope that colony is not to be given over into the enemies hands; but GOD only knows what is before us. The cloud at present looks black; but it is always darkest before break of day. Our extremity may yet be GOD's opportunity to help and deliver us. In the midst of all, the work of GOD goes on among us. At both ends of the town we have blessed seasons. In *Scotland* and *Ireland* the word ran and was glorified. Who knows but we may meet once more in *Georgia*. Blessed be GOD for a well-grounded hope of meeting in heaven! My hearty love awaits all who are travelling thither, and are so kind as to enquire after, my dear friend,

Yours &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXI.

To the Reverend Mr. M——.

London, Nov. 3, 1757.

YOUR kind letter was very acceptable. Ere now, I trust, the Redeemer hath given you the prospect of the barren wilderness being turned in a fruitful field. Never fear; JESUS will delight to honour you. Every clergyman's name is Legion. Two more are lately ordained.

Satan letts and men object,
Yet the thing they thwart, effect.
Thoughts are vain against the LORD,
All subserves his standing word;
Wheels encircling wheels must run,
Each in course to bring it on.

You need not remind me of praying for the noble pair: surely they are not to be prisoners another Winter. The kingdom of GOD suffereth violence, and really if we would take it by force,

force, we muſt do violence to our ſofteſt paſſions, and be content to be eſteemed unkind by thoſe whoſe idols we once were. This is hard work; but, Abba, Father, all things are poſſible with thee! Bleſſed be GOD for putting it into your heart to aſk the pulpit for a week-day ſermon. Are we not commanded to be inſtant in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon? If dear Mrs. *M*—— will take my word for it, I will be anſwerable for your health. The joy reſulting from doing good, will be a continual feaſt. GOD knows how long our time of working may laſt. This order undoes us. As affairs now ſtand, we muſt be diſorderly or uſeleſs. O for more labourers. I am told thouſands went away laſt *Sunday* evening from *Tottenham-Court*, for want of room. Every day produces freſh accounts of good being done, and at this end of the town the word runs and is glorified more and more. Laſt *Friday* we had a moſt ſolemn faſt: I preached thrice; thouſands attended, and I humbly hope our prayers entered the ears of the LORD of Sabaoth. More bad news from *America* about our fleet: GOD humble and reform us, for his infinite mercy's ſake! Go on, my dear Sir, and tell a ſinful nation, that ſin and unbelief is the accurſed thing which prevents ſucceſs. Thus at leaſt we ſhall deliver our own ſouls, and be free from the blood of all men. But I forget: I ſuppoſe you are preparing for the pulpit: I dare not detain you. My beſt reſpects await Mrs. *M*——: your mother is well. That you may return to *London* in all the fulneſs of the bleſſings of the goſpel of CHRIST, is and ſhall be the prayer of, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXII.

To Mr. O——.

My dear Mr. O——, *London, Nov.* 12, 1759.

I Thank you very kindly for viſiting *Betheſda* family, and for adminiſtering the Lord's-ſupper. I am glad to hear that the Maſter of the feaſt was preſent. Ere long I hope we ſhall be called to the marriage-feaſt of the ſupper of the Lamb in heaven. GOD only knows what awaits us in our journey thither. I hope poor *Georgia* will be preſerved. I truſt the

LORD

LORD of all lords hath ſaid, "Deſtroy it not, for there is a bleſſing in it." We are in equal jeopardy. JESUS is our common refuge. Conviction and converſion work goes on amongſt us. But I long to ſee *America* once more. O that I may never ceaſe itinerating, till I ſit down in heaven. My hearty love awaits all that are bound thither. Hoping ere long to hear good news from you and yours, I haſte to ſubſcribe myſelf, my dear Mr. *O*——,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXIII.

To Mr. D——.

My dear Mr. D——, *London, Nov.* 12, 1757.

I Am glad you have received my letter. I know not that I have one of yours left unanſwered. Bleſſed be GOD, for cauſing *Bethеſda* to proſper. May it do ſo in every ſenſe more and more! I hope you will be preſerved from the hands both of temporal and ſpiritual enemies. GOD prepare us for all events! Pray let me know the names of all the children. I wiſh they could be reduced this war time to the number of fifteen; and I wiſh my nephew was not ſo haſty; and that the perſons you mention were (ſpiritually) ſhot through the heart. Many here ſeem to be wounded in that manner. At *Tottenham-Court* chapel, as well as the Tabernacle, the word runs and is glorified. I am glad you have the ordinance now and then. That the GOD of ordinances may bleſs you all evermore, is the earneſt prayer of, my dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

P. S. Pray be particular in the account of the family. The LORD JESUS ſmiles upon us here. He can, and I truſt will preſerve you from *French*, *Spaniards*, and every hurtful foe. This is my conſtant prayer.

LETTER

LETTER MCLXXXIV.

To Mr. R——.

Dear Sir, *London, Nov.* 17, 1757.

YOUR letter to Mr. *D*—— gave me great ſatisfaction. The contents, no doubt, made angels to rejoice in heaven, and why not us embodied ſpirits here on earth. So many called out of one family, is a peculiar mercy. Bleſſed are the eyes that ſee the things which you ſee, and the ears that hear the things you hear. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon you all! Who knows but we may ſee each other on this ſide eternity? I am wiſhing every day for wings to fly to my dear *America* once more; but at preſent the way ſeems to be hedged up. A freſh work is breaking out here, and the Redeemer ſeems to be manifeſting his glory in many ſouls. This, with what has been done on your ſide the water, may give us ſome hopes, that though the enemy may be permitted to break in like a flood, yet the Spirit of the LORD will lift up a ſtandard againſt him. The death of Governor *B*—— and Preſident *Burr*, are dark providences: but JESUS lives and reigns. I thank you and yours moſt heartily for your kind invitation: GOD willing, I will accept it whenever I come over. LORD, haſten the time, if it be thy bleſſed will! Be pleaſed to remember me in the kindeſt manner to all enquiring friends. I entreat the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my dear Sir,

Yours in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXV.

To Mr. S——.

My dear Mr. S——, *London, Nov.* 17, 1757.

I Am a letter in your debt: I ſhould be glad to anſwer your laſt in perſon. The attraction towards *America* is as ſtrong as ever, but at preſent I am ſtationed here. The word runs and is glorified. I fear the deaths of the Governor and Preſident will hurt *New-Jerſey* college: but JESUS lives and reigns. When will my turn come to live and reign with him

for evermore! Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly! If young *P*—— ſhould be ſent from the Orphan-houſe to your college, be pleaſed to furniſh him with plain neceſſaries. I am informed he is a promiſing youth. LORD, raiſe up *Eliſha*'s in the room of aſcended *Elijah!* The reſidue of the Spirit is in his hands. The late effuſion was preparatory to your preſent trials. GOD make us ready for all events. Excuſe great haſte; I write in greater love, as being, my dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXVI.

To Mr. M——.

My very dear Sir, *London, Nov.* 26, 1757.

I Am very glad you have been ſo providentially detained at *Thetford*, and that your bow abode in ſuch full ſtrength. The LORD help you to give a good farewel ſtroke to-morrow! My poor feeble labours almoſt brought me to the grave this laſt week; but preaching yeſterday three times on account of the *Pruſſians* late ſucceſs, hath ſomewhat recovered me. It was a high day; thouſands and thouſands attended. Where the carcaſe is, there the eagles will gather together. The chapel is made a *Bethel* indeed. I am glad you are coming to ſee. Spiritual routs are bleſſed entertainments. I muſt prepare for my throne. It is near five in the evening, and to-morrow I am to preach thrice. Mr. *Jon*—— ſaid he would write this poſt. I was glad to hear by Mr. *D*——, that the noble pair were growing. That you all may increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD, is the earneſt prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCLXXXVII.

To Mrs. B——.

Dear Madam, *London, Dec.* 14, 1757.

THE event only can prove, whether what I am going to mention, is of GOD. Bleſſed be his holy name, by new-year's day I hope we ſhall be able to diſcharge our chapel debts. Every day proves more and more that it was built for the glory of JESUS CHRIST, and the welfare of many precious and immortal ſouls. But my attendance on that, and the Tabernacle too, with a weak body, outward cares, and inward trials, have frequently brought me of late to the apprehenſions of being near my wiſhed-for port; but I am afraid I muſt keep out at ſea ſome time longer. However, I am brought to the ſhort allowance of preaching but once a day, and thrice on a *Sunday*. O that this feeble carcaſe could hold out more for GOD! I want to begin to begin to do ſomething for GOD. I ſhall be glad if he is pleaſed to bring our preſent deſign to a proſperous iſſue. You muſt know then, dear Madam, that round the chapel there is a moſt beautiful ſpot of ground, and ſome good folks have purpoſed erecting alms-houſes on each ſide, for ſome godly widows. I have a plan for twelve. The whole expence will be four hundred pounds: we have got one hundred. The widows are to have half-a-crown a week. The ſacrament money, which will more than do, is to be devoted to this purpoſe. Thus will many godly widows be provided for, and a ſtanding monument left, that the Methodiſts were not againſt good works. I beg you'll mention this to good Lady *C*—— and Mrs. *G*——; for I would not have it public till the ſum is raiſed, and we are ſure of effecting the thing. If I did not know, dear Madam, your benevolent, diſintereſted heart, I ſhould not thus make free. Be pleaſed to excuſe, if you do not approve the motion. I only mention it, becauſe I believe ſuch a thing would much promote the glory of GOD. I leave this and all with him. I commit you and good Lady *C*—— to his protection, and beg a continued remembrance in your prayers, in behalf of, dear Madam,

Your moſt obliged and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCLXXXVIII.

To Doctor S——.

London, Dec. 15, 1757.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

IF yet in this dying world, be pleaſed to accept a few grateful lines, from one who highly eſteems you for the ſake of our common LORD. Thouſands can witneſs how often I have prayed for you in public, and the great day will diſcover how earneſtly your lingering caſe hath been mentioned in my poor addreſſes to our GOD in private. Surely, in a literal ſenſe, reverend Sir, you are called to die daily. But I truſt and believe, the more the outward man decayeth, you will be ſtrengthened ſo much the more in the inward man. He that hath loved you, will love you to the end; he that hath honoured you to be ſo uſeful to church and ſtate, will not leave you in the latter ſtages of your road. A radiant crown awaits you. GOD, the righteous judge, will give it you in that day. O *gloriam! quantam & qualem!* O that I could leap my ſeventy years. But I forget I am writing to a ſick friend. Pardon me, dear Sir, it being only a pepper-corn of acknowledgment for all kind offices done in the behalf of, reverend and very dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged, affectionate, ſympathizing friend,
and ready ſervant in JESUS CHRIST,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXIX.

To Lady H——.

Ever-honoured Madam, *London, Dec.* 15, 1757.

I Wiſh your Ladyſhip joy of being for once ſo long alone: and why? becauſe I am perſuaded your Ladyſhip is never leſs alone, than at ſuch ſeaſons. Then the Father is in a particular manner with his dear children; and though they ſeem in themſelves to be like pelicans in the wilderneſs, yet he is near at hand to hear their cry, and to bottle up every tear: he that ſeeth in ſecret, will ere long reward your Ladyſhip openly. O how are your Ladyſhip's children indebted to you, for your more than maternal tenderneſs! What a comfort is it, ever-

honoured

honoured Madam, that JESUS CHRIST is to come, and to be our judge! O that he would come quickly! Why does he delay? I was near port, and am now put out to sea again. O that it may be to pilot in some more dear souls! The work seems but to be beginning. At *Tottenham-Court* the word runs and is glorified. By new-year's day I hope the debt will be discharged. Several have proposed building some alms-houses for godly widows, on each side the chapel. I have a plan for twelve. The whole expence will be four hundred pounds: we have got a prospect of two. I purpose allowing each widow half-a-crown a week. The sacrament money will more than do. The ground is most commodious, and near the high road. If effected, I think it must bring glory to GOD, and be a standing monument that we are not against good works. I only mention it to your Ladyship. May that GOD, whom I desire to serve in the gospel of his dear Son, direct and bless us in this and every thing we undertake for his glory. But I fear I am detaining your Ladyship too long. O that I could offer any thing adequate to your Ladyship's repeated kindnesses to such a worthless worm! My poor prayers and unfeigned sympathy, is all the testimony I can give of my being, ever-honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful, obliged, and very ready servant
in our compassionate High-priest,

G. W.

LETTER MCXC.

To Lady G—— H——.

Honoured Madam, *London, Dec.* 15, 1757.

HAVING lately heard of your Ladyship's being returned to *Bath*, I cannot help wishing your Ladyship joy of Sir *Charles*'s most agreeable marriage. May your Ladyship's present joy be consummated, in seeing them and all your honourable relations sitting down together at the marriage-feast of the supper of the Lamb. I have had frequent prospects of this, since I saw your Ladyship. Often do I groan in this earthly tabernacle. I long to be cloathed with my house from heaven. O that the great GOD may vouchsafe to improve me, till he is pleased to call me to my wished-for rest.

Hitherto

Hitherto he owns my feeble labours. The work in *London* seems to be but as it were beginning. We live in troublesome times; I trust the streets of the spiritual *Jerusalem* will be built in them. Happy they who have fled to JESUS CHRIST for refuge: they have a peace that the world cannot give. O that the pleasure-taking, trifling flatterer knew what it was! He would no longer feel such an empty void, such a dreadful chasm in the heart which nothing but the presence of GOD can fill. But I forget myself. I shall tire your Ladyship; besides I must drop a few lines to good Lady *H——n*; she is in the furnace. When she is tried, her GOD will bring her forth like gold. But I must detain your Ladyship no longer, than while I add my dutiful respects to your Ladyship's daughters, and beg your Ladyship's acceptance of the same from, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged,
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXCI.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

My very dear Friend, *London, Jan.* 12, 1758.

YOUR kind letter puzzles me. As the case is so very peculiar, I think you cannot be too particular in writing down what you have been an eye and ear witness to. I think that the calling some ministers together for the ends proposed, is the best method that can be taken. Where two or three are gathered together, and are agreed touching the thing they shall ask, our LORD hath promised it shall be given to them. I shall be glad to hear of their success. Ah, my dear man, little do we think, when we first set out, what trials we shall meet with ere we arrive at our journey's end. I find more and more, that I am a mere novice in the divine life, and have scarce begun to begin to learn my A B C in the school of CHRIST. But by the grace of GOD I am what I am. He hath helped out of six, and will also help out of seven troubles. I find you have heard of the *Irish* expedition. LORD, what am I, that I should be counted worthy to suffer shame for thy great name's sake! A more effectual door than ever seems

to be opening in this metropolis. A counſellor, lately ordained, turns out a *Boanerges*. Thouſands and thouſands flock to hear the everlaſting goſpel. The new chapel, where I now write, turns out quite well. The LORD JESUS hath made it a gate of heaven to many ſouls. This, with the ſignal deliverances lately vouchſafed the proteſtant arms, makes me hope that our extremity will yet be GOD's opportunity to help and deliver us. Let us wreſtle in prayer for each other. O that the LORD may abundantly bleſs both you and yours! Accept cordial love from me and mine. We are neither of us likely to put into harbour yet. The voyage ſeems to me very long. But I find we are immortal till our work is done. That we all may at laſt enter port with a full gale, is the hearty prayer of, my very dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our compaſſionate High-prieſt,

G. W.

LETTER MCXCII.

To Mrs. S——.

Dear Madam, *London, Jan.* 17, 1758.

I WIſh you joy of the happy breach made in, or rather happy addition made to your dear family. I thought I ſhould never ſee it in the ſame circumſtances any more. You may chearfully let *Rebekah* go. I truſt ſhe hath met with an *Iſaac*. May they love one another as CHRIST and the church! The LORD now make you to laugh! I hope your latter end will greatly increaſe. I ſend the ſurviving ones my moſt cordial love; and praying that you may have more and more comfort in every one of them, I ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Madam,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCXCIII.

To Mr. K——.

My very dear Timothy, *London, Jan.* 17, 1758.

YOU will deliver the encloſed. I am glad to write a few lines on ſuch an occaſion. GOD grant that the remaining dear ſingle ones may be as well diſpoſed of! I bleſs the

LORD

LORD that you are enabled to preach at all. I often think of and ſympathize with you. LORD, help me! What an impatient creature ſhould I be, was I to be viſited in that manner! But we know who hath promiſed, "that as our day is, ſo ſhall our ſtrength be." Mrs. *Pearce* is now out of the ſtate of trial, and I am to bury one of the ſame name next *Thurſday*. Both, I believe, are gone to heaven. LORD JESUS, when will my turn come? What can reconcile us to a longer ſtay on earth, but the proſpect of ſeeing his kingdom advanced? It is very promiſing at *London*. Mr. *M——n* is a *Boanerges*. The chapel is made a *Bethel*. Bleſſed be GOD, all is paid. I hope to be with you in the Spring. Adieu. The LORD bleſs and comfort you! My wife is poorly, but joins in hearty love to your whole ſelf, and all enquiring friends, with, my very dear man,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCXCIV.

To Miſs G——, at Clifton.

Dear Madam, *London, Feb.* 3, 1758.

I Was glad, after ſo long a ſilence, to receive a line from *Clifton*, where I find by report there is like to be a total revolution. Your two worthy friends I have neither ſeen nor heard from; and good Lady *H——n* I have not viſited, becauſe I believe her Ladyſhip deſired to be entirely private. I ſuppoſe ſhe will now be ſoon in town. GOD comfort her under all her trials, and ſanctify new creature-partings and diſappointments to your further proficiency, dear Madam, in the divine life. There is a needs-be for all this, GOD help you to ſing,

——*O happy rod,*
That brought me nearer to my GOD.

I have been in hopes of being with him. But I cannot go, though at preſent reduced to the ſhort allowance of preaching once a day, except thrice on a *Sunday*. At both ends of the town, the word runs and is glorified. The champions in the church go on like ſons of thunder. I am to be at *Clapham*

this evening: Mr. *V*—— will gladly embrace the firſt opportunity. May it be a *Bethel! Briſtol*, in all probability, will be my firſt Spring excurſion. O that I may begin to begin to ſpring for my GOD! I beg, dear Madam, the continuance of your prayers, as being, dear Madam,

Your moſt obliged and ready ſervant
in our glorious High-prieſt,
G. W.

LETTER MCXCV.

To Mrs. B—— B——, at Bath.

Dear Madam, *London, Feb.* 3, 1758.

I Cannot help acquainting you and your honoured ſiſter, and Mrs. *G*——, that the plan concerted ſome time ago is likely to be put in execution. The trenches for the wall, I believe are begun, and by the firſt of *May*, the houſes are to be finiſhed. If poſſible, I would furniſh them, that the poor might be ſure of goods, as well as a houſe. All things are poſſible with GOD. The thing hath ſcarce as yet taken wind. Such ſecret expeditions, I truſt, GOD will favour. Both congregations and the divine influences increaſe. By thoughtfulneſs, frequent preaching, and a crazy tabernacle, my nightly reſts are continually broken; but the joy of the LORD is my ſtrength: and I hope ere long to be where I ſhall keep awake for ever. I moſt earneſtly beg the continuance of your prayers, and you may be aſſured of being always remembered in the poor addreſſes of, dear good Ladies,

Your moſt obliged and ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCXCVI.

To the Reverend Mr. Samuel S——, in Bath.

Reverend and dear Sir, *London, Feb.* 3, 1758.

YOUR kind letter drove me to my knees, and as I do not hear of your dear and honoured father's releaſe, I ſuppoſe he is yet detained a priſoner. I ſhall make public and private mention of him, until I know he is gone beyond the reach of prayer, and entered upon his eternal work of praiſe.

I pity

I pity the poor miniſters, who will ſorely miſs him, but ſhall rejoice in his entering into his Maſter's joy. Once more I ſend the good old ſaint my moſt cordial ſalutations and thanks unfeigned. At the great day, before men and angels, I ſhall do it openly. Then likewiſe, my dear Sir, I hope to ſee you and yours joining in one univerſal uninterrupted hallelujah, and caſting your crowns before the throne of the glorious *Emmanuel*. In whoſe great name, with moſt ſincere condolence with Mrs. *S*—— and all your afflicted family, I once more beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, reverend and dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCXCVII.

To Profeſſor F——. Franck

London, March 5, 1758.

Moſt reverend and dear Sir,

THOUGH I am almoſt aſhamed to put pen to paper, yet the kind mention (as I hear from good Mr. Z——) Zubley you have been pleaſed to make from time to time of me, together with the importunities of that venerable man of GOD, have at length prevailed upon me to trouble you with this letter. O that an infinitely condeſcending Redeemer may excite you thereby, moſt honoured Sir, to be inſtant in prayer for one who is the chief of ſinners, and leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints. Long, long before now did I think of entering into my wiſh'd-for reſt. Times without number hath this tabernacle groaned; but having obtained help from GOD, I yet continue, in my poor way, to preach to all that are willing to hear, the unſearchable riches of JESUS CHRIST. Through grace the fields are as yet white, and as ready to harveſt as ever. In the Summer I range, and with a table for my pulpit, and the heavens for my ſounding-board, I am enabled generally thrice a day, to call to many thouſands to come to JESUS that they may have life. In the Winter I am confined to this metropolis; but to my great mortification, through continual vomiting, want of reſt, and of appetite, I have been reduced for ſome time to the ſhort allowance of preaching only once a day, except *Sundays*, when I generally preach thrice. Thouſands

attend every evening at both ends of the town, and on Lord's-days many, many go away for want of room. The divine presence is apparently amongst us, and every week produces fresh instances of the power of converting grace. Blessed be GOD, we meet with no disturbances in town, and very seldom in the country: but last year, while I was preaching in the fields in *Ireland*, a popish mob was so incensed at my preaching the LORD *our Righteousness*, and praying for our good old King, and the King of *Prussia*, that they surrounded, stoned, and almost killed me. But we are immortal till our work is done, and glad should I have been to have died in such a cause. Mr. *W——y* hath societies in *Ireland* and elsewhere; and though we differ a little in some principles, yet brotherly love continues. I generally, when itinerating, preach among his people, as freely as among those who are called our own. In *London* several new flaming preachers are come forth; and in various parts of the kingdom we hear of divers others, who seem determined to know and preach nothing but JESUS CHRIST, and him crucified. Thousands and thousands are now praying daily for success to the *Prussian* and *Hanoverian* arms. Your fast-days were kept here with great solemnity, and will be so again, GOD willing, when I know the day. Our *Joshua*'s are in the field. Many a *Moses* is gone up into the mount to pray. *Nil desperandum Christo duce, auspice Christo.* The ark trembles, but underneath are the everlasting arms of an everlasting GOD. He that wrought such wonders for the *Prussian* monarch last year, can repeat them this. LORD, we believe, help our unbelief! The distresses of *German* protestants, we look upon as our own. We have also endeavoured to give thanks for the great mercy vouchsafed your Orphan-house, and the protestant cause. LORD JESUS, repeat the occasions, for thine infinite mercy's sake! Pardon, pardon, most worthy Sir, the length of this, and impute it to the encouragement given by the venerable Mr. *Z——* to, most honoured Sir,

Your dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCXCVIII.

To Mr. K——.

London, May 13, 1758.

My very dear Mr. K——,

I Hope this will find you rejoicing in ſucceſs given to dear Mr. *A——*'s labours. If he is with you, be pleaſed to deſire him to prepare for coming to *London* immediately after *Whitſuntide*. He and dear Mr. *D——* may be in town whilſt I take my *Welch* and Weſt-country range. I am unaccountably detained here; but I truſt for good. The word ſeems to run and be glorified more and more. I am ſomewhat ſurpriſed that I hear nothing from Mr. *P——*, or my dear Mr. *S——d:* but all is well. My hearty love to him and all his dear relations. Can you fix no time for coming up? I do not hear of the cyder being arrived. When ſhall we be called to drink the new wine of the kingdom? LORD, give me patience to wait! I am quite puzzled. Mr. *P—— W——*, without ſending me a line, is come to *Briſtol*, and propoſes ſtaying there ſome time. The conſequence of his coming, is diviſion and uneaſineſs already. I care not to go and fiſh in troubled waters: neither can I adviſe you ſo to do: and yet I believe your going would be a very great bleſſing. I expect a line from Mr. *D——* every hour, who, I ſuppoſe, is upon the road to *London*. If not ſet out, defer it for a few days, and you ſhall hear, GOD willing, more particularly from, my very dear man, in great haſte, but greater love,

Yours, &c. &c. in our ſympathizing JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCXCIX.

To Mr. ——.

My very dear Sir, Glouceſter, May 22, 1758.

I Hope you got to *London* in great ſafety. Through divine goodneſs I arrived at *Glouceſter* on *Saturday* afternoon, and preached thrice and gave the holy ſacrament on *Sunday*. Thouſands attended, and our LORD gave us a bleſſed opening of the Summer campaign. I am now writing in the room where

I was born. Bleſſed be GOD, I know there is a place where I was born again. That is my native city indeed. After finiſhing this, I ſhall ſet out for *Briſtol*, where I propoſe ſtaying over *Sunday:* then for *Wales*. My very dear Sir, add to my obligations, by following me with your prayers. This tabernacle makes me to groan. The one-horſe chaiſe will not do for me. As it will not quarter I am ſhaken to pieces. Driving likewiſe wearies me, and prevents my reading; and if the road be bad, my ſervant that rides the fore-horſe is dirtied exceedingly. I have therefore ſent to Mr. *S*——'s about the poſt-chaiſe, and deſired him to beg the favour of you, my dear Sir, to look at it, and let me know your thoughts. This is giving freſh trouble: but you are my friend. May the friend of all richly reward you for all labours of love. He will, he will.—You ſhall have a hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come, life everlaſting. Being about to ſet off, I can only add my due and moſt cordial reſpects to all your dear relations and enquiring friends, and to beg the continuance of all your prayers, in behalf of, my very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCC.

To Mr. B——.

My dear Mr. B——, *Briſtol, May* 24, 1758.

DO not take my ſeeming long ſilence ill. Indeed it was unavoidable. Ever ſince the receipt of your kind letter, I have been ſo exceedingly and yet I truſt profitably buſied at *London*, that till I left it laſt week, I had not one moment to ſpare. However, your affair was not quite neglected. I communicated it to the phyſician of the *Foundling-Hoſpital*, who is my conſtant hearer, and he wrote me the encloſed letter, and ſent me alſo the encloſed paper. I heartily wiſh your deſign may take effect at *Edinburgh*. Glad ſhould I be to do any thing in my power to promote it, but I have little expectation of ſeeing *Scotland* this year. The *Engliſh* work is ſo extenſive, and the bleſſed proſpect of abundant ſucceſs at *London*, hath kept me ſo long there, that I ſhall be much ſtraitned in time;—but if friends pray, who knows what may be done. LORD JESUS, direct my goings in thy way! On *Sunday* we opened the ſummer campaign in *Glouceſterſhire*. Yeſterday I came

hither. In both places the fields are white ready unto harveſt. Freſh labourers are raiſed up in *Bedfordſhire*. A flamer (a learned clergyman) is broke forth, and almoſt a whole pariſh, (I think in *Buckinghamſhire*) is lately brought to enquire after JESUS. I know you will ſay, may it ſpread far and near! I muſt conclude. Excuſe my not writing to all my dear, never to be forgotten friends, and beg them to continue to pray for, dear Mr. *B*——,

Theirs and yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Briſtol, May 26, 1758.

My very dear Mr. K——n,

REPEATED acts of kindneſs and love, call for repeated acknowledgments.—Accept therefore hearty thanks for your laſt *Salt-Hill* favour, and aſſure yourſelf, that neither this nor any former labour of love, will be forgotten by Him, who takes notice of a cup of cold water given in the name of a diſciple. Through his divine goodneſs I got ſafe into *Glouceſterſhire*, where I opened the ſummer campaign laſt *Sunday*. Ever ſince *Tueſday* evening, I have been preaching here twice daily. Multitudes fly like doves to the windows. Abiding impreſſions ſeem to be made.—This is the LORD's doing: to Him be all the glory! On next *Monday*, GOD willing, I ſet out for *Wales*. I know you will follow me with your prayers. I am ſure mine always attend you and yours: I love ſuch old ſteady friends. It is CHRIST-like, not to be given to change.—Bleſſed be GOD for an unchangeable JESUS!

To feel his power, to hear his voice,
To taſte his love, be all our choice!

I muſt away to my throne.—Adieu! The LORD be with you and yours! My hearty love to Mr. *J*——, and all who are ſo kind as to enquire after, my very dear Mr. *K*——*n*,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCII.

Briſtol, May 28, 1758.

My very dear Sir, *Nine in the morning.*

I Am quite aſhamed, that I ſhould give you ſo much trouble:—but you are my friend indeed. May the never-failing friend of ſinners bleſs and reward you a thouſand fold! I have been juſt now preaching the unſearchable riches of his grace, to a multitude of ſouls, in a fine ſquare.—Preſently, at eleven o'clock, the bleſſed taſk is to be repeated at *Kingſwood*, and then once more in the evening here. Yeſterday I went to *Bath*. But every thing wearies this ſhattered bark. To-morrow, GOD willing, I go for *Wales*. The chaiſe muſt be my carriage. I would part with that, and my other, and then if I could have a good four wheel carriage for thirty or forty pounds, the expence would not be ſo great. I would not lay out a ſingle farthing but for my bleſſed Maſter. Mr. *S*—— is an honeſt friendly ſoul.—I leave it entirely, my very dear Sir, to you and him. The LORD give you to ride daily on in the chariot of his love. I return cordial thanks to your mother and ſiſters for their concern for unworthy me.—Mrs. *G*—— and *B*—— long to ſee them. I had a good ſeaſon of chriſtian converſation at *Bath*, and found Sir *C*—— *H*——*m* really converted unto GOD.—I doubt not but dear Mr. *D*——*s* will enjoy much of his bleſſed preſence.—Be pleaſed to preſent my hearty love to him, and all, and accept the ſame for yourſelf and family, from, my very dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCIII.

To Counteſs D——.

Honoured Madam, *Briſtol, June* 16, 1758.

FOR this fortnight paſt, I expected never to have wrote to, or ſeen your Ladyſhip, till I ſaw you ſitting at CHRIST's right hand. Never was I brought ſo low as on my late *Welch* circuit. But as far as I can hear, it was one of the moſt proſperous I ever took. Twice every day, thouſands and thouſands attended in various towns in *South-Wales*, and on the

Sundays the numbers were incredible. Surely they fled like doves to the windows. Welcome, thrice welcome death in ſuch a cauſe! Here, and in *Glouceſterſhire*, like ſcenes were opened. Bleſſed expeditions theſe. I hope expeditions of another nature will not be the worſe for the prayers put up on ſuch occaſions. They muſt and will enter the ears of the LORD of *Sabaoth*. Bleſſed be GOD, that Sir *Charles* is ſo honeſtly and openly embarked in CHRIST's cauſe. My poor prayers are for him and his, night and day. I hope to ſee good Lady *G*—— in my way to *London*. In the mean while, praying that your Ladyſhip may more and more be bleſſed in the latter ſtages of your road, and at laſt be admitted with triumph into your Maſter's joy, is the earneſt prayer of, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful,
obliged ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCCIV.

To Lady Fanny S——.

Honoured Madam, *Briſtol, June* 16, 1758.

I Shall not for a good while forget my *Twickenham* journey. It was a day much to be remembered by unworthy me. LORD, why am I thus highly favoured? And yet (O unwearied goodneſs!) he continues to bleſs me, vile as I am, more and more. O what delightful field goſpel-ſcenes have been diſplayed in *Glouceſterſhire*, *Briſtol* and *Wales!* There I have been feebly labouring for above a fortnight.—Thouſands and thouſands attended twice every day in various places, and on *Sundays* the numbers were almoſt incredible. A bleſſed influence ran through the whole circuit, and ſundry times, I humbly hoped my longing ſoul would have taken its wiſhed-for flight; but I am preſerved to return hither, as laſt night, and perhaps next week ſhall ſee *London*. The LORD JESUS direct my goings in his ways! Your Ladyſhip will remember a poor worthleſs, but I truſt willing pilgrim. You are called to enjoy your *Bethel* at home; I meet with them abroad. The ſame GOD is rich unto all that call on him faithfully. I hope your Ladyſhip hath ſeen dear Mr. *J*—— grown in grace. It will be

be pleaſant to ſee Sir *Charles* and the Earl ſtriving who ſhall go faſteſt to heaven. Your Ladyſhip will ſcorn to be outſtript by any. The almighty GOD approves the ambition, and angels look down with pleaſure to ſee the event. Bleſſed be GOD, that is certain. All believers here do run, and all hereafter ſhall obtain the prize. That your Ladyſhip may lay hold of it with exulting joy, is the earneſt prayer of, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, obliged,
and ready ſervant, for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCCV.

To Captain H——y.

My very dear Sir, *Briſtol, June* 16, 1758.

THE *Welch* roads have almoſt demoliſhed my open one-horſe chaiſe, as well as me. But it is in JESUS's cauſe. Grace! grace! I am almoſt aſhamed to think of your being put to ſo much trouble, in procuring a cloſe chaiſe for unworthy me. I like the purchaſe exceeding well, and ſend a pepper-corn of acknowledgment for this and all other unmerited favours. The GOD whom I deſire to ſerve in the goſpel of his dear Son, knows and will reward all. Though I thought I heard the ſound of my bleſſed Maſter's chariot wheels ready to carry me to heaven, yet it ſhould ſeem I am once more to ſee you, and your dear relations, and my other chriſtian friends on earth. Some time next week I hope to be there. The legacy is wonderful; much better left for the poor than me. I can give it away with a good grace: at preſent I think the Orphan-houſe ſhall have the whole; it is much wanted there. See, my dear Sir, how the chriſtian's bleſſings muſt be brought out of the fire. It is inconceivable what I have undergone within theſe three weeks. I never was ſo before. I truſt ſome laſting bleſſings have been left behind in *Wales*. Welcome ſhocks, both of body and mind. In ſuch a caſe it is worth dying for. Dear Mr. *D*—— hath felt them in *London*, as I have done in *Wales*.—All for the Elect's ſake. Welcome, thrice welcome the bitter ſweets, which the all-wiſe and compaſſionate Phyſician preſcribes; but I am a ſtubborn patient. O what gripings of the old man are diſcovered by ſuch diſpenſations!

I muſt

I must away to preach. I thank you heartily, dear Sir, for the continuance of your prayers, and with most cordial respects to your dear and near relations, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCVI.

To Lady H———n.

Ever-honoured Madam, *Bristol, June* 17, 1758.

THIS leaves me returned from *Wales*. It proved a most delightful trying circuit. I suppose your Ladyship hath heard how low I have been in body, scarce ever lower; not able to sit up in company all the time, yet strengthened to travel without bodily food, and to preach to thousands every day. Never were the fields whiter, and more ready to harvest. The LORD JESUS seemed to ride in triumph through the great congregation in *Haverford-west*. Perhaps the auditory consisted of near fifteen thousand. Tears flowed like water from the stony rock. The cup of GOD's people quite runs over. Many were sick of love. Welcome then bodily pain, and bodily sickness! O for a hearse to carry my weary carcase to the wished-for grave! "There the wicked cease from troubling, there the weary are at rest." But perhaps I must see *London* first. With regret I turn my back on this blessed itinerating weather, but Mr. *Dav*— must be released. O for some disinterested soul to help at the chapel during the summer season! Spiritual, divine ambition, whither art thou fled! But I see such honours are reserved for few. I rejoice in the increase of your Ladyship's spiritual routs. I can guess at the consolations such uncommon scenes must afford to your Ladyship's new-born soul. No wonder you are distressed from other quarters. Indeed, my most noble and ever-honoured patroness, thus it must be. CHRIST's witnesses must be purged at home. Inward domestic trials, fit for outward public work. Nature recoils, when constrained to take the cup; and it may be from a near and dear relation's hand: but infinite Wisdom knows what is best. O that I could be more passive! O that I could let the good and all-wise Physician chuse my medicines,

and

and the hands that ſhall convey them to me! but I am a ſtubborn reaſoning creature, and thereby force almighty love frequently to drench me. O, I am ſick! I am ſick! ſick in body, but infinitely more ſo in my mind,—to ſee what droſs yet remains in, and ſurrounds my ſoul. Bleſſed be GOD, there is one, who will ſit as a refiner's fire, and purify the ſons of *Levi*. O for an heart to bear its ſcorching, ſoul purging heat! When I am tried, I ſhall come forth as gold. I write this to your Ladyſhip out of the burning buſh. Bleſſed place! CHRIST is there! CHRIST is there! To his never-failing mercy do I moſt humbly commend your Ladyſhip, and with ten thouſand thouſand thanks for honouring ſuch an unfruitful unworthy worm with your unmerited patronage, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful, and
ready ſervant, for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCCVII.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Sir, *Newcaſtle, July* 31, 1758.

THUS far, a never-failing Redeemer hath brought on the moſt worthleſs and weak pilgrim, that was ever employed in publiſhing his everlaſting goſpel. All the laſt week was taken up in preaching at *Everton*, *Saint Neots*, *Kayſo*, *Bedford*, *Oulney*, *Weſton*, *Underwood*, *Ravenſtone* and *Northampton*. Four clergymen lent me their churches, and three read prayers for me in one day. I preached alſo in Mr. *Bunyan*'s pulpit, and at *Northampton* I took the field. Good ſeaſons at all the places. Mr. *B——e*, who was lately awakened at *Everton*, promiſes to be a burning and ſhining light. Yeſterday we had good times here, and to-morrow, GOD willing, I ſhall ſet off for *Edinburgh*. My bodily ſtrength increaſes but very little. Sometimes I am almoſt tempted to turn back, but through divine ſtrength I hope to go forward, and ſhall ſtrive, as much as in me lies, to die in this glorious work. GOD will bleſs you and yours, my very dear Sir, for ſtrengthening my feeble hands in it, ſo often as you have done. JESUS knows, and will reward all labours of love and works of faith. They are more precious than rubies. GOD willing, you ſhall hear from me again,

again, when I see how the LORD deals with me in *Scotland*. In the mean while, be pleased to add to my obligations by the continuance of your prayers, and accepting of thanks unfeigned, and cordial love to your whole self, and dear daughter, from, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

My very dear Friend, *Edinburgh, Aug.* 10, 1758.

I Thank you most heartily for your kind letter of invitation to *G——*. But alas! what shall I say?—I fear it cannot be complied with. For above these three months last past, I have been so weak in my animal frame, that I can scarcely drag the crazy load along. With great difficulty I came here, and if I should stay to come westward, it would make my journey to *London* too far in the year, as I have many places to call upon in the way. Blessed be GOD, the work prospers in *London* more than ever. I am strengthened to preach here twice a day; but alas, I grow weaker and weaker in preaching, and in all I do for the ever-loving and altogether lovely JESUS. I suppose you have heard of the death of Mr. *Jonathan Edwards*.—Happy he!—You will add to my obligations, by continuing to pray, that the divine strength may be magnified in my weakness, and that I may speedily (if it be the divine will) be sent for to my wished-for heaven!—Praying that we may have a happy meeting there, with ten thousand thanks for all past unmerited kindnesses, I subscribe myself, very dear friends,

Yours, &c. in our common glorious Head,

G. W.

P. S. My tender love awaits all enquiring friends.

LETTER MCCIX.

To Mr. ——.

My very dear Sir, *Edinburgh, Aug.* 15, 1758.

NOT till laſt *Saturday*, did your firſt long wiſhed-for letter come to hand. I wonder that *I—— C——* did not diſpatch it immediately. As I knew not what its contents would be, I did not write to *Staffordſhire*; for I was and am determined to fix upon nothing without adviſing with you. And indeed, I think the whole muſt be put off till we can have a free conference. In the mean while, I ſhall write to our young friend, and pray that the friend of all would direct in this important affair. He will, he will. It is not with Mr. *S——* as you imagine. He is quite free. But more of this when we meet.—*When we meet!* ſtrange words for a dying man!—But it ſeems I am growing better. Within theſe four days I have felt a great alteration.—Perhaps it may continue. GOD's will be done. Surely, never was there ſo weak a creature ever employed in ſuch a work for GOD,—and yet people flock rather more than ever. Doctor *W——* and Mr. *R——* often wiſh you here. We have two lovely ſcenes every day. I hope the Redeemer will come with dear Mr. *D——*. I bleſs him for returning you, my dear Sir, in ſafety. My moſt cordial reſpects attend your dear relations, and beg the continuance of your prayers, for, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCX.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

My very dear Friend, *Edinburgh, Aug.* 17, 1758.

IT is a little hard, that we ſhould be ſo near, and not have a perſonal interview. But our LORD orders all things well. Moſt of my chriſtian meetings muſt be adjourned to heaven. Thither I have been in hopes of going for many weeks laſt paſt: but it will not do. This preaching is a ſtrange reſtorative. I wiſh you may take it every day. If things are not right at home, it is well if we can take or catch fire abroad. Would ſtrength permit, I could tell you much good news from

London.

London. But time is short, and this my body weighs me down. I have thoughts of leaving *Edinburgh* on *Tuesday* next, in order to return to *England*. Friends object much against it. May the friend of all, guide and influence. I find no diminution in the auditories, and I trust good is done. To the giver of every good gift be all the glory! I commend you and yours to his never-failing mercy, and beg the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXI.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Sir, *Edinburgh, Aug.* 19, 1758.

I Came here a fortnight ago, very low indeed; but by preaching about thirty times, blessed be GOD, I am a good deal better. Multitudes, of all ranks, flock twice every day. A divine influence attends the word, and though sown in so much weakness, I trust it will meet with a divine increase. On *Tuesday* next, I thought to have moved; but as it is race week, and my health is improving, friends advise me to stay, to stir them up to run with patience the race which is set before us. O that my sluggish soul may be quickened, and I may begin to press forwards, for the prize of my high calling! I doubt not but this will find my dear friend upon the wing for heaven. That you and yours may mount higher and higher like an eagle, till you fly into the bosom of a waiting GOD, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Edinburgh, Aug. 24, 1758.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

AFTER long meditation and earnest prayer, I cannot come to any determination about my journey to *Glasgow*. For these four months last past, I have been brought so exceeding low in my body, that I was in hopes every sermon I preached

would waft me to my wiſh'd-for home. *Scotland*, I hoped, would finiſh my warfare; but it hath rather driven me back to ſea again. By force I have been detained here this race week; but if I come to *Glaſgow*, I ſhall be detained in *Scotland* a fortnight longer, which will greatly hinder me in my *Engliſh* work. However, I will continue to look up; and by *Saturday*'s poſt my dear *Gaius* may expect a poſitive anſwer. LORD JESUS, direct my goings in thy way! I am much obliged to you and other dear *Glaſgow* friends for taking notice of ſuch a worthleſs creature. All I can ſay is, that I am leſs than the leaſt of all, but for CHRIST's ſake, reverend and very dear Sir,

Theirs and yours moſt affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXIII.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

My very dear Friend, *Edinburgh, Sept.* 9, 1758.

IT is ſtrange that you and I cannot be more together. I believe Satan doth not like it: ere long we ſhall get out of his reach. In heaven we ſhall enjoy our GOD and each others company for ever. O that I moved faſter towards it! Complain not. I am the drone, the dwarf, the all that is worthleſs and unworthy; but JESUS' grace is free and infinite. He owned my feeble labours at *Glaſgow*. Indeed we had good ſeaſons: ſome quite remarkable. I hear of another clergyman lately awakened in the north of *England*. Something uncommon is upon the carpet. LORD, prepare us for whatever thou haſt prepared for us. *Wedneſday* next is *execution-day*; I mean, I am to take my leave. I now bid you and yours farewel. GOD bleſs you. Forget not to pray, my very dear friend, for,

Ever yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCXIV.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Friend, *Darlington, Sept.* 21, 1758.

SURELY it is an age since I had the pleasure of writing to you last. I was then appointed by Providence to stay at *Edinburgh* the race week: since then, I have been at *Glasgow*, and returned to *Edinburgh* again. At both places my health grew better, and I was enabled to preach always twice, and sometimes thrice a day, to very large and affected auditories. The partings from both places were very cutting. In heaven all this will be over. In my way to *Newcastle* I preached twice; and thrice in and about that place. Yesterday I hope some gospel seed fell on good ground at *Durham* and *Bishop-Aukland*. I am now in my way to *Yarm*, and hope to be next Lord's-day at *Leeds*. GOD only knows where will be my next remove: I fear not to glory. I am put out to sea again. If to take some fresh prizes, I shall rejoice. LORD, what am I! a worthless worm, the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints. And yet what wonders is GOD doing day by day! The fields are white ready unto harvest: nothing is wanting but labourers. LORD JESUS, thrust more out for thine infinite mercy's sake! You have had victorious scenes at *London*. O that GOD's goodness may lead us to a national repentance! Without this, I fear our rejoicing will only be like the crackling of a few thorns under a pot. However, GOD is a prayer-hearing GOD. Thousands and tens of thousands, I trust, are besieging the throne of grace. I am persuaded you are always busy this way. May you be a prince with GOD, and prevail more and more! I hope this will find your whole self, and only daughter, enjoying thriving souls in healthy bodies. That you may increase in every respect with all the increase of GOD, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Sir, under innumerable obligations,

Yours, &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXV.

To Mr. S——.

Leeds, October 11, 1758.

HOW is my very dear friend? I hope, prospering in soul and body. Though absent from, I am often present with him. Ere long we shall be for ever with the LORD. But preaching does not kill me, though twice and sometimes thrice a day, for above this fortnight past. GOD hath been displaying blessed seasons: thousands and thousands have attended in various parts. By next Lord's-day I am to be at *Rotheram* and *Sheffield*. Change of weather will alone drive me to Winter quarters. LORD, prepare me for Winter trials! they are preparatives for an eternal Summer. Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly! We have had a most sorrowful parting this morning. I must away. Love and gratitude would not suffer me to take horse without dropping another line. I fear I am troublesome, but you must impute it to the love and regard due to you from, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXVI.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Rotheram, October 15, 1758.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

SINCE my leaving *Scotland*, in various parts of the north of *England*, as at *Alnwick*, *Newcastle*, *Leeds*, &c. the ever-loving, altogether-lovely JESUS hath manifested forth his glory. Thousands and thousands have flocked twice, and sometimes thrice a day to hear the word. Never did I see the fields whiter, or more ripe for a spiritual harvest. Praise the LORD, O our souls! If the weather continues fair, I hope to prolong my Summer's campaign. It shocks me to think of Winter quarters yet. LORD, help me! How soon does the year roll round! LORD JESUS, quicken my tardy pace! I suppose by this time Mr. *G*—— is got home. Blessed be GOD for owning him. I expect to see him in a few days. I

write this from the houſe of a once terrible perſecutor of her huſband, but now a *Lydia*. What a change doth grace make! As they were in debt at *Leeds* for their building, laſt Lord's-day I collected for them near fifty pounds. LORD JESUS, help me to know no party but thine! This I am perſuaded is your catholic ſpirit. O for an increaſe of it among all denominations! I could enlarge, but the people are waiting. I thank GOD I am not worſe in my health. Help me to cry Grace! grace! I ſuppoſe Dr. *W*—— hath ſent you Miſs *Prince*'s letter. You will remember me to dear Mrs. *G*—— and all friends. I ſend repeated thanks for all favours, and earneſtly entreat the continuance of their prayers in behalf of, reverend and very dear Sir,

Theirs and yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXVII.

To Mr. ——.

My very dear Sir, *London, Oct.* 28, 1758.

HOW narrowly did I eſcape ſeeing you at *Bath!* I was coming from *Staffordſhire* to *Briſtol*, but the change of weather and ſhortneſs of the days drove me up to my Winter quarters. I took leave of our young friends, who have been publicly on a ſcaffold attending a preached goſpel. LORD JESUS, increaſe ſuch mighty wonders! My health is ſomewhat improved, but I find a very little thing ſoon impairs it. LORD, help me! How very little can I do for thee! I bluſh even whilſt I am writing. Quicken, O GOD, my tardy pace! We hope to ſee you next week. I wiſh Mrs. *G*—— and Mrs. *B*—— would come up this Winter. We have had fine goſpel ſeaſons. Grace! grace! I could enlarge, but have ſcarce got time to write theſe few lines. I think they are lines of love and gratitude much owing you by, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXVIII.

Dear Sir, *London, Nov.* 3, 1758.

THOUGH I hope to have the pleaſure of ſeeing you next week, yet love and gratitude conſtrain me to ſend you an anſwer to your kind letter. Bleſſed be GOD, that you have ſome ſpiritual miniſters and people to converſe with! I hope that the waters will be bleſſed to the recovery of dear Mr. *H*——'s health, and that out of his belly will be made to flow rivers of living waters for the refreſhment of many ſouls. Dear Mr. *C*——'s ſharp affliction I never heard of till lately: ſharp indeed. GOD make it ſweet to his ſoul! O theſe *Iſaacs!* how hard to ſacrifice! He hath my unfeigned ſympathy, and worthleſs prayers. Dear Mr. *A*——'s ſiſter hath met with ſuch another trial: ſhe is left with five children. As Mr. *A*—— hath been a ſteady friend, and his brother-in-law was a ſpiritual child, I have propoſed putting the two eldeſt boys to boarding for one year. Twenty pound will do it. Ten guineas are already given. Perhaps Mrs. *B*—— or *G*—— may ſpeak to you about it. I write to each by this poſt. Mr. *A*—— hath taken the children with him into *Glouceſterſhire*. Your kind ſiſters remembered them. They and your mother were all here laſt night. I hope our LORD was with us too. That is all in all. This muſt be my Winter *Bethel*. Without retirement I cannot go on. Comforts come ſweeteſt from the fountain head. That you may be filled with them, both here and hereafter, is the earneſt prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXIX.

To Mr. D——.

My dear Mr. D——, *London, Nov.* 13, 1758.

I WAS very glad to receive your kind letter dated *Auguſt*. Bleſſed be GOD that the family is ſo far reduced, and that I can ſend you word a never-failing Providence hath put it into my power to pay off all *Betheſda*'s arrears. I know this will

will gladden your heart, and ſtrengthen your faith in the LORD GOD of *Bethesda*. As yet I hear nothing of the children. With this you have ſome bibles and other books. The LORD JESUS direct me about coming over! I long for an opportunity. I daily talk of it. But as yet the door ſeems to be ſhut. However, the door for preaching the goſpel opens wider and wider. Neither the new chapel nor the Tabernacle are near big enough. An awakening as well as comforting influence attends the word, and I truſt ſuch are daily added to the church as ſhall be ſaved. I hope if Mr. *Zubly* ſettles in *Georgia*, you will receive frequent benefit from his miniſtry. You do not mention how *J*—— *P*—— is diſpoſed of. I am ſenſible what a weight muſt now lie upon you and dear Mrs. *C*——. But he is faithful who hath promiſed, "that as our day is, ſo ſhall our ſtrength be." I wiſh you would ſend me a particular account of the ſtate of my affairs, and let me know where the children are put out, how they behave, and whether the colony is in a growing ſituation. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon all! *Amen*, and *Amen!* My wife joins in ſending cordial reſpects. My bleſſing to the children. I can but thank you a thouſand and a thouſand times for all your labours of love, and praying that great may be your reward in heaven, I ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXX.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *London, Nov.* 14, 1758.

I Have waited with ſome degree of impatience for the arrival of Mrs. *B*——, with whom, I ſuppoſe, you ſent your letters. The childrens paſſage comes hard upon me: but GOD's will be done! Mr. *J*——*n*'s being at *Georgia* ſurprizes me. I told Mrs. *H*——*s* what ſhe muſt expect to meet with. But he is faithful who hath promiſed, "that all things ſhall work together for good to thoſe that love Him." Bleſſed be our GOD, whoſe mercy endureth for ever! I am talking every day of coming over; but how to do it in war time, or how to

get the chapel and Tabernacle supplied, I cannot as yet be clear in. My eyes are waiting upon him, who hath promised to direct the paths of those who trust in him. Surely he will richly reward you, who have left your kindred and native country, and carefully watched over so many infant lambs in that new world. I can only send you my most grateful acknowledgments, and pray continually, "that as your day is, so your strength may be." Do send me your thoughts about every thing. It seems by Mr. *D*——'s catalogue, that several of the children are almost fit to be put out. I want your opinion of *A*—— *W*——. LORD, help me to bear every thing for thy great name's-sake! I must have some thorns; for the word seems to run and be glorified in town and country more and more. Praise the LORD, O our souls! I shall here break off, hoping that before the ship sails, I shall receive the other letters, and then more shall be added by, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your most obliged friend, and very ready servant in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXI.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *London, Nov.* 29, 1758.

LAST night, after having sent away my packet in the morning, I received your wish'd-for letter dated in *August*. The others referred to in that, never came to hand. But I have since sent Mr. ——— word, that my affairs should be continued in the present hands. I was never so well satisfied before; and I have great pleasure in thinking, how you will be pleased to hear that Providence hath put it into my power to pay off all arrears. Methinks I hear you say, Blessed be the LORD GOD of *Bethesda!* Let all my dear family say, *Amen!* I find the little ones begin to prattle already; but we must learn to do good for CHRIST's sake. He will rectify all at the great day. O the happiness of a single eye! As affairs have so turned out for poor *J*——*y*, I am glad you are abroad; and you see how wonderfully GOD hath provided for your sister. Be not at all uneasy about your b——*r*: he will do better than ever. Blessed is the man that considers the poor and needy;

needy: the LORD shall deliver him in time of trouble. I am glad the family is lessened.—I think there are some upon the list, almost ready to be put out. What think you of *A*—— *W*——, and *G*——? I wish you would write me your sentiments of the children. If the girls are not wanted in the house, I think the sooner they are put out the better. But I leave all to those in trust. I am more than satisfied, and send you ten thousand thousand thanks. *Bethesda*'s GOD will thank you before men and angels. My wife, I believe, hath written to you. I write this from my *Bethel* at *Tottenham-Court*, where I come for a little retreat. Twelve *widows indeed* are in their houses near me, and GOD is doing wonders at this end of the town. Help me to praise this wonder-working GOD, and doubt not of being always remembered by, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your most affectionate, obliged friend,
and ready servant in CHRIST JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXII.

To Mr. D——.

My dear Mr. D——, *London, Dec.* 5, 1758.

NOTWITHSTANDING I wrote to you lately, another opportunity offers to send you a line. I send you repeated thanks for your steadiness and care in that house of mercy. With this also come the things you sent for, except Bishop *Hall*'s select works, which cannot be immediately procured. I should be glad if a little rice, indigo, &c. could be sent, that friends might see some of the Orphan house produce. Pray be as particular as you can in your account of every thing. To whom is *T*—— *P*—— bound out? I have sent to *B*—— *W*——'s father, about sending for him home. If some are not worthy, others will be. Blessed be GOD that the arrears will be paid off. You will see my letter to Mr. *P*——. The LORD direct me and all how to act! I hope my old assistants will continue in their places; and I pray earnestly, that *Bethesda* may yet take deeper root downwards, and bear yet abundantly more fruit upwards. Surely the GOD of the sea and the GOD of the dry land will open a door for my embarkation by and by. Hasten, O LORD, that

wish'd-for

wiſh'd-for time! The child lately ſent over, is recommended by Mr. *J*—— *C*——. That we all may continually be recommended to the Father of Mercies, by his dear and all-prevailing Son JESUS CHRIST, is the earneſt prayer of, dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours, &c. in Him,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXIII.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *London, March* 26, 1759.

IT is now a long time ſince I heard from *Bethesda*. The draughts, GOD willing, ſhall be anſwered. We live in a changing world, and *Bethesda*'s GOD liveth for ever and ever. His word runs and is glorified daily, eſpecially at *Tottenham-Court*. Strange! that nobody will relieve me, that I may once more flee to *America*. But, heavenly Father, our times are in thy hands: do with us as ſeemeth good in thy ſight! O that *Bethesda*'s little flock may take deep root downward, and bear fruit upwards! O that you may be helped to lean on your Beloved! Surely GOD will bleſs you for taking care of the fatherleſs children. A pepper-corn of acknowledgment, and my poor prayers, are the only return that I can make you. I am in expectation of hearing from you every day. That grace, mercy, and peace may be multiplied upon you all, is the earneſt prayer of, my dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your moſt affectionate friend and willing ſervant in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXIV.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Sir, *Briſtol, May* 25, 1759.

THIS day ſe'nnight, through divine goodneſs, I came hither. The next day the Spring campaign was opened: on the Lord's-day we took the field. Thouſands and thouſands attended: full as many as in *London*. The power of the LORD was preſent at the three meetings, as well as at the

holy communion. Some cups were made to run over. Ever ſince I have been enabled to preach twice, and ſometimes thrice a day. Never did I ſee the *Briſtol* people more attentive or impreſſed. My body feels the heat: but no matter. If ſouls are benefited, all is well. Would to GOD I could begin to do ſomething for JESUS! You are employed one way, I another. Ere long we ſhall ſit down together in the kingdom of our Father. Next *Monday* perhaps I may move towards *Glouceſter*. I know you will follow me with your prayers. Mine always attend you and yours. It is the only return that can be made for all your kindneſſes conferred on, my very dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXV.

To Mr. S———.

My very dear Friend, *Edinburgh, July* 3, 1759.

THERE hath been a long interval between my laſt and this. My quick motions, and frequent preaching, have been the cauſes. O what am I that I ſhould be employed for JESUS! In *Glouceſterſhire* the cup of many of his people ran over. In *Yorkſhire* I preached for a week twice a day. Great congregations! great power! Bleſſed be the name of the great GOD for ever and ever! Here alſo people, high and low, rich and poor, flock as uſual, morning and evening. I am growing fat: but, as I take it to be a diſeaſe, I hope I ſhall go home the ſooner. Happy they who are ſafe in harbour. A ſtorm I fear it at hand. JESUS will be our hiding-place. He ſhall preſerve us in trouble: he ſhall compaſs us about with ſongs of deliverance. That this may be the peculiar lot of you and yours, is the earneſt prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. under manifold obligations,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCXXVI.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Edinburgh, July 7, 1759.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

GOD willing, I purpose to see G——; but cannot as yet fix the day. I preach, and people flock as usual; but *Scotland* is not *London*. The Redeemer is doing wonders there. Every post brings fresh good news. GOD's Spirit blows when and where it listeth. O for a gale before the storm! I expect one is at hand. The refuge is as near. JESUS is our hiding-place. O for a hiding-place in heaven! When will my turn come? Some say, not yet; for (would you think it?) I am growing fat: so did Mr. *Darraest* a little before he died. O that my latter end may be like his! You will not forget a worthless but willing pilgrim. Hearty love to all.

Yours, &c. &c. in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXVII.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

My very dear Friend, *Edinburgh, July 8, 1759.*

I Do now begin to despair of seeing you, till we meet in that world, where spiritual children and spiritual fathers shall join in praising Him who sitteth upon the throne for ever. *O proclaram diem!* Welcome storms which drive us nearer that blessed port. Some here, I trust, are steering their course that way. Impressions seem to be lasting on many. In the West, I think, I was rather more attended, and a greater power accompanied the word. LORD, what am I? On *Monday*, or *Tuesday* at the farthest, GOD willing, I move. *Scotch* importunities have prevailed on me to stay till then. O for some parting blessings! An ascended Saviour can impart them. I have good news from the Orphan-house. All is well there. That grace, mercy, and peace may be multiplied upon you and yours, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCXXVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. T———.

My very dear Friend, *Edinburgh, July* 12, 1759.

IT is well there is a heaven to make amends for all our disappointments here on earth. I long for a future ſtate, where we ſhall all ſit down together, and converſe for ever without the leaſt interruption. I know this will find you looking towards, and waiting for the coming of that day of GOD. It is a bleſſed thing to be kept alive in a dead time. It is a dead time in *Scotland* indeed. Little or no ſtirring among the dry bones. It is not ſo in *London*, and ſeveral other parts of *England*. LORD JESUS, revive thy work in the midſt of the years! You will pray that the fatal languor may not take hold of my already too languid heart. I would fain be found of my LORD with my loins girded, and my lamp burning. A ſtorm ſeems to be at hand. JESUS is our hiding-place.

Bleſt is faith that truſts his power,
Bleſt are ſaints that wait his hour:
Haſte, great Conqueror, bring it near;
Let the glorious cloſe appear.

O that ſome may be awakened to prepare for that awful hour! On *Monday*, GOD willing, I go to blow the goſpel trumpet at *Glaſgow*. LORD, what am I, that I ſhould be one of thy run-abouts! If this be to be vile, LORD, make me more vile! Adieu. Hearty love and moſt cordial reſpects await your whole ſelf. Follow me with your prayers, and as the LORD JESUS enables, they ſhall be returned by, my very dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCXXIX.

To Mrs. W——.

Dear Mrs. W——, *Glaſgow, July* 18, 1759.

MAKE no apology for writing your mind. I ſee the diſeaſe, but know not how to come at a cure. Labourers are wanting of the *old ſtamp*: but vines are very apt to degenerate. If I am not miſtaken, we ſhall be purged with a witneſs. GOD grant it may be that we may bring forth more fruit. I want the purgation moſt of all. I dread a corpulent body. But it breaks in upon me like an armed man. O that my heart may not wax groſs at the ſame time! I would fain not flag, but rather begin at leaſt to begin in the latter ſtages of my road. Congregations in *Scotland* are very large. I am glad to hear that the ſhout of a king is among you. Pray remember me in the kindeſt manner to all in conference, and to all that are ſo kind as to enquire after, dear Mrs. *W——*,

Your ſincere friend and ſervant in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXX.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *Newcaſtle, Aug.* 16, 1759.

LONG before now I hope you have had the pleaſure of ſeeing *Betheſda*'s debts all paid. *Betheſda* (now outward burdens are off) I truſt will be more agreeable every day. I do not want to change its preſent Governeſs. This, I fear, would be the caſe, was Mr. *P——* and his family to come. I fear you would then think yourſelf diſcharged. Beſides, he ſeems to want me to reſign my truſt entirely. This all here diſſuade me from, upon any terms, or to any perſon whatſoever. As you and Mr. *D——* are ſo faithful, if Mr. *P——* will continue to ſuperintend till I come, matters may continue as they are. O when ſhall I receive my commiſſion to go abroad. GOD only knows what awaits us at home. JESUS is our hiding-place. I am now in my return from *Scotland*. For theſe ſix weeks laſt paſt, the word hath run and been glorified

glorified there. O, who is a God like unto our GOD, glorious in holineſs, fearful in praiſes, continually doing wonders! he will be our GOD and guide unto death. That he may continually fill you with his grace here, and grant you an exalted place, near his throne, in his kingdom hereafter, is the earneſt prayer of, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your moſt affectionate, obliged friend,
and ready ſervant in our glorious *Emmanuel*,
G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXI.

My dear Mr. D——, *Newcaſtle*, *Aug.* 16, 1759.

I Hope that ſoon after your writing in *February* laſt, my *November* letters came to hand, and that Mr. *P*——*l* hath been over with you, to diſcharge all *Bethesda* debts. Bleſſed be GOD for cauſing his work to proſper in your hands. Pray be always as particular as you can about the children, and ſet them upon writing often. Mr. *Zubly*'s coming to *Georgia* pleaſes me much. Pray let me have the whole account from laſt audit. I am glad you have taken in three more orphans; they will turn out great prizes in the laſt day. Poor Mr. *I*——*s!*—Let him that ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall. LORD JESUS, give us a right underſtanding in all things! He is an ever-loving and ever-lovely JESUS. His power hath been made known in *Scotland* for theſe ſix weeks laſt paſt. Some books will be ſent from thence to the care of Mr. *Hodſden*. The box which I ſent in *Burkitt* ſome months ago, I hear was taken;—it had a gown in it, and ſeveral other things. "The LORD hath given, and the LORD hath taken away: bleſſed be the name of the LORD!" We have a GOD that will ſupply all our wants, according to the riches of his mercy in CHRIST JESUS. O to be faithful unto the death! we ſhall then receive a crown of life. That this may be your happy portion, is the earneſt prayer of, my dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCXXXII.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *London, Aug. 30, 1759.*

THE bearers of this are well known to Mr. *D——n.* I truſt, I can recommend them as the followers of JESUS CHRIST. I wiſh *Bethesda* may be a comfortable aſylum for them. I think that Mr. *S——k*, for the preſent, might be employed about the lands round the orphan-houſe, and ſo gradually learn to be overſeer at *Ephrata*. *John H——y*, I ſuppoſe, will be for moving in a year or two. I wiſh he may be capable to do for himſelf. I am told that he drinks; but I do not love to catch at ill reports againſt thoſe that are employed in my houſe. Pray let me hear particularly concerning him. Mrs. *S——k* is a quiet teachable woman. I think ſhe might be of ſervice to you immediately, and with her huſband do quite well, in a ſhort time, at the plantation. You will ſoon be able to judge. If —— doth not turn out as you deſire, and is not of uſe in the houſe, let her be put out to ſome good ſervice: ſhe is capable now of doing for herſelf. Mr. *D——n* will be ſo kind as to take care of the little boy. He is quite an orphan, and I am told very quiet, and willing to learn. Would to GOD I was coming with them. But the way at preſent is quite blocked up. LORD JESUS, open it in thy due time! I hope you do not ſo much as think of ſeeing *England* till I come over. Mrs. *S——k* hath directions to leave *Bethesda*, if you think her coming any reaſon for your remove; that would grieve me to the heart. I think myſelf quite happy in ſuch an aſſiſtant, and hope, now all debts are paid, you will be free from many burdens. O what hath GOD wrought? wonders, wonders! Praiſe the LORD, O our ſouls! I ſhould be glad of Mr. *P——l* at *Bethesda*; but I can give him no more power than he hath. All are againſt my giving up my truſt to any perſon whatſoever. LORD JESUS, continue to be *Bethesda*'s GOD! Should not *H——y*'s daughter be put out to ſervice. Orphan-houſe plants ought to be tranſplanted, to make room for others, and then the family will not be too large.

large. I commit you, and all, to his never failing mercy, and am, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your moſt obliged, affectionate friend,
and ready ſervant in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXIII.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *London, Sept.* 12, 1759.

I Can but ſend you my poor pepper-corn of thanks unfeigned, for your continued care of dear *Betheſda*. Now all is paid, I hope your beſt days are to come. Do not entertain a thought of leaving a place, in which you have your health, and are ſo uſeful. If Mr. *S*——*k* can ſupply *Ephrata*, then all that family will be gone ſoon. Bleſſed be GOD that ſome of the girls turn out ſo well! The worſted and ſtays will be ſent with this. I hope to write again ſoon. I am not ſorry that *Lory* is like to be diſpoſed of, but I would have another negroe bought in her room. O that JESUS would waſh them in his blood. Little *Reader*'s letter pleaſed us much. I would have all the boys to write. O that JESUS may convert them! Amen and Amen! Some of the books coming over, may be diſperſed among the people at *Oqueehec*, and elſewhere, if not wanted at *Betheſda*. I want a maſter ſadly for *G*——, &c. I truſt the LORD will provide.

Bleſt is faith that truſts His power,
Bleſt are the ſaints that wait his hour.

Your ſiſter I hear turns out very well. Would to GOD I could ſay ſo of all my relations!

But ſurely GOD*'s rich grace is free;*
For, O my GOD! *it found out me.*

Hoping to have another ſpeedy opportunity of writing again, with ten thouſand thanks for all your care, and moſt earneſt prayers for your increaſing with all the increaſe of GOD, I muſt haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your moſt affectionate obliged friend,
and very ready ſervant in our glorious JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXIV.

To Mr. D——.

My very dear Mr. D——, *London, Sept.* 13, 1759.

YOUR letter dated *May* 25, which I received yeſterday by the hands of Mr. *Vincent*, gave me unſpeakable ſatisfaction. I can but thank you, as I do ten thouſand times over, for all your care and faithfulneſs. He that ſeeth in ſecret will ere long reward openly. As I hear both *Dickenſon* and *Ball* are arrived, you will have received more letters from me. GOD be praiſed for your ſucceſs in the ſilk-worms! GOD be praiſed that *Bethesda* is out of debt! GOD be praiſed for all his tender mercies to me and mine! Praiſe the LORD, O our ſouls! I wiſh ſome of the children could be bred up for the miniſtry. *G——* ſeems to me to have ſome grace. What a pity that I cannot have a grammar-ſchool! I ſhall think and pray, and then write to you and Mr. *P——l* on this head. You all ſeem to diſlike the temper of thoſe at *Ephrata*. If Mr. *S——k* could ſupply the place, perhaps it would be more pleaſant. May the LORD JESUS direct, for his name's ſake! He will, he will! It is a moſt diſcouraging thing, that good places cannot be found for the boys when fit to go out. By this means, they are kept in the houſe beyond their time, both to their own hurt, and to the further expence of the inſtitution. I expect *R—— W——* home with Captain *Ball*. I am glad *B——* is at a trade. Somebody told his mother, that he was gone to his maſter's plantation. I wiſh he had written a line. Could you let me know what ſtock of cattle you have, and what hogs you kill. The more particular you are about every thing, the better. I long for the account. I am glad you received the books! more are to be ſent from *Scotland*. I do not much care for *R——*'s being at *Bethesda*, unleſs he is a true penitent. How doth my nephew go on? That you may go on and proſper both in body and ſoul, till you are ſafe landed in an endleſs eternity, is the earneſt prayer of, very dear Mr. *D——*,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCXXXV.

To Mr. D——.

My very dear Mr. D——, *London, Feb.* 5, 1760.

I Am waiting every moment for a line from you. I hope it will bring me the agreeable news of your being at peace with the *Indians*. Above all, I truſt it will inform me, of your being filled with the peace of GOD, which paſſeth all underſtanding. As I wrote my whole mind by dear Mr. *S——k*, and who, I find by the papers, is ſafely arrived, I have nothing to add, till I hear what Mr. *P——l* hath determined on, and what ſituation Mr. *S——* thinks himſelf called to. My heart's deſire and prayer to GOD is, that all may be directed for the Redeemer's glory, and the laſting welfare of *Bethesda*. I cannot help thinking, but ſomething great is to come out of it yet. The thoughts of a College are revived; but he that believeth doth not make haſte. I am growing very corpulent, but, I truſt, not too corpulent for another voyage, when called to it. Every day the work increaſes. On *Sunday* laſt, a new enlargement of the chapel was opened, and a great concourſe of people aſſembled on that occaſion. I am told that GOD was there. With this, I hope you will receive a box of books. My nephew hath ſome more for you, in a box ſent to him. I have had a ſweet letter from *I—— P——m*. O this changing world! LORD, ſanctify all for the better preparing us for our great change! Adieu, my dear friend. I hope you will keep cloſe to *Bethesda*. GOD will bleſs you for it. Hoping to hear from you very ſhortly, I haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXVI.

To Mrs. C——.

My dear Mrs. C——, *London, Feb.* 7, 1760,

I Send this to *Portſmouth* after Mr. *R——n*, to inform you, that laſt night we received your agreeable letters, dated in *Auguſt* and *September*. Bleſſed be GOD that you are all ſo well. The bills ſhall be honoured. I have thoughts, that

you and Mr. *D*—— will come together. For CHRIST's ſake, do not think of moving from *Bethesda*. I am more than pleaſed: I am delighted with your being there. The family will ſoon be ſmall indeed. It is eaſily increaſed at any time. I hope that *G*—— and *A*—— *W*—— will be put out. I am glad *S*——*f* behaved ſo well. GOD's judgments are like the great deep. Father, thy will be done! Mr. *S*——*f* bears the news quite well. I expect to hear again from you every day. GOD bleſs you all! Ceaſe not to pray for, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your moſt obliged affectionate friend
and ſervant in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXVII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

My very dear Sir, *Briſtol, July* 5, 1760.

WITH this, I have ſent an order to Mr. *C*——, to receive of you three hundred pounds ſterling, to purchaſe bills of exchange from Mr. *S*——*r*. One hundred Mr. *S*——*r* is to remit to Mr. *F*——*y*. The other two hundred Mr. *C*—— is to pay to Mr. *Z*——*n*, in order to be remitted to Profeſſor *F*——*k*. The remainder, I think beſt to keep till I hear from the Profeſſor himſelf. The LORD pity and comfort the poor ſufferers! What reaſon have we to be thankful, who abound in peace and plenty! What is ſtill more, the fields are white, ready unto a ſpiritual harveſt. When in the fields, ten thouſand, perhaps more, do aſſemble here. When under cover, there are more than the tabernacle will well hold; at leaſt in the evening. Every time the houſe is a *Bethel*, a houſe of GOD, a gate of heaven. Grace! grace! I thought that my wife's illneſs would have haſtened me to *London*; but as ſhe is now recovering, I would fain proceed in my ſummer's campaign. I am perſuaded I am the better for your prayers. Never were they more charitably beſtowed. I am a worm, and no man. O bleſſed JESUS, how good thou art! With all thy other mercies, give, O give me an humble and a thankful heart! I could enlarge, but have more letters to write. I hope my moſt cordial reſpects and thanks will find acceptance

with dear Mrs. *S*—— and Miſs, and I am ſure you will accept the ſame yourſelf, from, my very dear Sir,

Yours &c. under manifold obligations,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXVIII.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *Briſtol, July* 8, 1760.

I Hope this will find you reſtored to more than former health and uſefulneſs, and quite determined to continue at *Bethesda.* It makes me uneaſy, to think you have the leaſt inclination of returning, till you ſee me on your ſide the water. JESUS hath called and bleſſed you at *Bethesda.* I would fain have you ſtay and ſee the fruits of your labour. You will ſee what I wrote about *I—— H——.* I muſt leave all to you who are upon the ſpot, not doubting but the LORD JESUS will guide you by his allwiſe counſel; none teacheth like him. I have ſympathized with you, in reſpect to your fears about the *Indian* war. LORD JESUS grant they may not be permitted to come near your peaceful dwelling! In heaven, all theſe alarms will be over. I long for thoſe bleſſed manſions. But nothing kills me. My wife was lately juſt got into harbour, but is driven back again. Bleſſed be GOD, we are ſure of getting in ſafe at laſt. JESUS is our pilot. To his almighty and never-failing protection do I moſt humbly and heartily commit you, as being, for his great name's ſake, with ten thouſand thanks for all your labours of love, dear Mrs. *C——,*

Your ſincere affectionate friend,
and ready ſervant in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXIX.

To Mr. D——.

My dear Mr. D——, *Briſtol, July* 8, 1760.

I Owe you much love for your letter and accompts. May *Bethesda*'s GOD bleſs and reward you! He doth, he will. I ſuppoſe you will ſee what I have written to Mr. *P——l* and Mr. *S——k.* How doth the Redeemer bring his elect toge-

ther, even in this world! What a glorious meeting will there be in the world to come! Methinks I hear you say, "Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly." I add, Amen and amen! even so come LORD JESUS! The prospect is promising. I am going in my old way, saving that I grow fatter and fatter every day. LORD, help me to work it down! but it seems working will not do. I spent all the last winter in *London*, and began my campaign in *May*, in *Gloucestershire*. Last month I was in *Wales*, inviting souls to come to CHRIST. Here I am labouring also. You will not fail to pray for me. I long to hear about the *Indian* war. They are safe who are garrisoned in GOD, even a GOD in CHRIST. Assure yourself, that neither you nor your dear orphan-charge are ever forgotten by, my dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXL.

To Mr. D——.

My dear Mr. D——, *London, Aug.* 15, 1760.

HOW do I long to hear of GOD's appearing for *Georgia* and *Bethesda?* I trust, the *Indians* have not, and will not be permitted to disturb a family planted by his own right hand, and for his own glory. But the divine judgments are a great deep. LORD, help us to adore, and cheerfully to submit to thy holy will! Some *Bethesda* letters, I trust, will soon put me out of suspense. I wrote to you by the convoy that took your new Governor. I hope he will behave friendly to the orphan-house. If we make the LORD JESUS our friend, all will be well. Many here are seeking his friendship. Satan is angry. I am now mimicked and burlesqued upon the public stage. All hail such contempt! GOD forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of JESUS CHRIST. It is sweet! it is sweet. What a mercy is it, that we have got an abiding inheritance in the kingdom of heaven! Of this we can never be robbed. *Hallelujah!*—Adieu. Hearty love to all. Cease not to pray for, and write to, dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours, &c. in our glorious High Priest,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCXLI.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *London, Nov.* 14, 1760.

I Cannot find any of your relations, but what are willing you ſhould remain in *Georgia*, and ſettle there. What condition can be ſo uſeful for you? I have never varied in my opinion. The LORD JESUS direct, bleſs, and reward you! He will. The orphan ſent by Captain *Ball*, I am perſuaded will be taken care of. He is ſent by good Lady *H——n*, and is to be treated as a common orphan. May the Father of the fatherleſs bleſs him and all! I was much pleaſed with the letters I received from the lambs of the flock. If poſſible, I ſhall anſwer them. But at preſent am ſo indiſpoſed with a cold, after my *Yorkſhire* ramble of two months, that I can ſcarce write this. Bleſſed be GOD, for the proſpect of a ſtate, wherein the inhabitants ſhall no more ſay, I am ſick. I can now add no more, but that I am, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your moſt obliged friend,
and ready ſervant in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER MCCXLII.

To Mr. K——.

My dear Timothy, *London, Feb.* 21, 1761.

THE diſtance that *Plymouth* lies from *London*, is one great cauſe of my coming there ſo ſeldom. What can I do, who have ſo many calls, and ſo few aſſiſtants? *London* muſt be minded. For ſurely, there the word runs and is glorified more and more. I returned in poſt-haſte, laſt month, from *Briſtol*. Both in going and coming, dear Mr. *H——y* and I were in great jeopardy. Once the machine fell over, and at another time we were obliged to leap out of the poſt-chaiſe, though going very faſt. Bleſſed be GOD, we received little hurt. Good was to be done. On the faſt-day, near ſix hundred pounds were collected for the *German* and *Boſton* ſufferers. Grace! grace! I wiſh you had collected at *Briſtol*. When can you move? pray let me know directly. I want my wife to ride as far as *Plymouth*. Nothing but exerciſe will

do with her. Remember us to your whole self, and to all. This is the very first moment that I could catch, to let you hear from, my dear man,

Yours, &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*.

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLIII.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——. *London, Feb.* 23, 1761.

IT is almost an age now, since I heard from my dear family in the wilderness. How came I not to have one line by Mr. *Young?* Ere now I hope you have received my last by Captain *Ball*. When shall I get leave to come over? Perhaps my heart is too much set upon it. Father, thy will be done! This is my comfort; the Redeemer's work is upon the advance. All opposition is over-ruled for the furtherance of the gospel. A new instrument is raised up out of *Cambridge* university. He has been here preaching like an angel of the churches indeed. My wife is poorly, but joins in sending hearty love. All your relations are well. Pray give my blessing to the children, and thank them all for their letters. I would have all the boys put out as soon as of age. The work prospers here much. Hoping every day to receive a line, and sending you my most hearty blessing, thanks and love, I subscribe myself, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your most affectionate obliged friend,

and ready servant in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLIV.

To Mr. A——s.

London, March 3, 1761.

My very dear Mr. A——s,

MY last showed you that we are both of a mind. Let us have a little patience, and all will be well. As Mr. *B——e* cannot come up directly, I must defer my *Bristol* journey till after *Easter*. The cold I catched there, I shall not easily get rid off. But what is, is best. Your letter to Mrs. *J——s* was delivered safe. By *Wiltshire*'s waggon, I have

have ſent a ſet of *Henry's Expoſition*, and *Clark's Bible*. Be pleaſed to take them. You will ſend the encloſed. The Redeemer continues to own and bleſs us here. That he may bleſs and own you and yours evermore, is the earneſt prayer of, my very dear *Timothy*,

Yours, &c. &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLV.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

My dear Sir, *London, March* 14, 1761.

I Hear that your little daughter is gone to heaven: a fine flower ſoon cropped. I thought ſhe was too fine to continue long in this bad ſoil. She is now tranſplanted to an infinitely better. O that I may have patience to wait till my wiſh'd-for change do come! Every day almoſt we hear of perſons dying in triumph. The awakening is rather greater than ever. Satan's artillery hath done but little execution.

Thoughts are vain againſt the LORD,
All ſubſerves his ſtanding word;
Wheels encircling wheels muſt run,
Each in courſe to bring it on.

Hallelujah!

I hope you proſper at *G*——. My kindeſt reſpects await all your dear reverend brethren that honour me with their countenance, your whole ſelf, and all who are ſo kind as to enquire after, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

P. S. One Mr. *Berridge*, lately Moderator of *Cambridge*, hath been preaching here with great flame.

LETTER

LETTER MCCXLVI.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Cannonbury-House (near London), April 11, 1761.

Dear Sir,

BE pleased to pay to Mr. *Thomas Cox* the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, which, with one hundred and fifty paid to him before, and given (as this is to be) into the hands of the Reverend Mr. *Zingenhagen*, makes up the sum of four hundred pounds; the whole of what is assigned out of the late collection for the distressed *German* protestants, by, dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLVII.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Cannonbury-House, April 27, 1761.

My very dear Friend,

ACCEPT a few lines of love unfeigned from a worthless worm, just returning from the borders of an eternal world. O into what a world was I launching! But the prayers of GOD's people have brought me back. LORD JESUS, let it be for thy glory and the welfare of precious and immortal souls! Thou hast been digging and dunging round me. O that the barren fig-tree may at length begin to bring forth some fruit! O, my dear man, how ought ministers to work before the night of sickness and death comes, when no man can work! LORD JESUS, quicken my tardy pace, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies! You will not cease to pray for me, who am indeed less than the least of all. Weakness forbids my enlarging. Hearty love to all who are so kind as to enquire after an ill and hell-deserving, but redeemed creature. Not only pray, but also give thanks to a never-failing *Emmanuel*, who hath been ease in pain, health in sickness, life in death, to, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. for his great name's sake,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCXLVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Cannonbury-Houſe, May 2, 1761.

SURPRIZING, that any friends of *Zion* ſhould be ſolicitous for the welfare of ſuch a worthleſs worm! Indeed, my dear friend, the news you have heard was true. I have been at the very gates of what is commonly called death. They ſeemed opening to admit me, through the alone righteouſneſs of the bleſſed JESUS, into everlaſting life. But at preſent they are cloſed again: for what end, an all-wiſe Redeemer can only tell. I have, ſince my illneſs, once aſſiſted a little at the Lord's-ſupper, and once ſpoke a little in publick. But, my locks are cut; natural ſtrength fails: JESUS can renew: JESUS can cauſe to grow again. By his divine permiſſion, I have thoughts of ſeeing *Scotland*. If I relapſe, that will be a deſirable place to go to heaven from. I love, I love that dear people. Ten thouſand thanks to you, and all my dear *G*—— friends. Be pleaſed to add to my obligations, by continuing to pray for one, who, though leſs than the leaſt of all, is indeed, my very dear Sir,

Theirs and yours, &c. in a never-failing JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLIX.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Plymouth, June 5, 1761.

WILL not my very dear and valuable friend be glad to hear, that through divine mercy I am ſomewhat improved in my health ſince my leaving *London*. At *Briſtol* I grew ſenſibly better, but hurt myſelf by too long journies to *Exeter* and hither. However, bleſſed be GOD, I am now recovered from my fatigue, and hope bathing will brace me up for my glorious Maſter's uſe again.

Strange, that a harp of thouſand ſtrings,
Should keep in tune ſo long!

The few times I have been enabled to preach, an infinitely condeſcending Redeemer hath vouchſafed to breathe upon the

word preached. Who knows but I may get my wings again? Abba Father, all things are poſſible with thee! I know who doth, and will pray for me, even my very dear Mr. *S*——, who hath already laid ſuch great obligations on

His moſt affectionate friend and very ready ſervant
in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCL.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear ſteady Friend, *Briſtol, June* 11 1761.

ACCEPT a few lines of love unfeigned, from one who loves both you and yours in the bowels of JESUS CHRIST. They leave me rather hurt by my late weſtern journey. I ſtrive to put out to ſea as uſual, but my ſhattered bark will not bear it. LORD JESUS, let thy will be done in me, by me, and upon me, for time and eternity! If this air doth not agree with me, in a few days I think of returning to my old nurſes and old phyſicians again. Bleſſed be GOD for an intereſt in an infinitely great, infinitely gracious, and ſympathizing unchangeable phyſician! I hope you and yours enjoy much of his heart-chearing conſolations. Theſe have been my ſupport in my younger days; theſe will be my cordials in the latter ſtages of the road. I hope Mr. and Mrs. *J*—— are quite well. Pray tell him not to be ſo touchy to his old friends, eſpecially when they are ſick and juſt returning from the grave: perhaps he may not be troubled with them long. GOD grant he may never feel the want of them! JESUS lives when miniſters die. My hearty love awaits you all. Ceaſe not to pray for, my dear Mr. *K*——*n*,

Yours moſt affectionately in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCLI.

Cannonbury-House, July 11, 1761.

My dear Timothy,

JUST as I was going to write you a few lines to come hither, Mr. *Rowand*'s letter informed me that you was very ill. But I hope this will find you better. LORD JESUS, prepare us for whatever thou haſt prepared for us! Commending you to his never-failing mercy, I ſubſcribe myſelf,

Ever yours, &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

July 16.

Bleſſed be GOD I am better! Bleſſed be GOD that you are ſo likewiſe! Who knows what reſt and time may produce? O to be blanks in the hands of JESUS! When ſhall this once be! What good news by ſea and land! Grace! grace! Let me have another line, and ceaſe not to pray for, my dear *Timothy*,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCLII.

To Mr. K——.

My dear Fellow-priſoner, London, Oct. 13, 1761.

I Hope an all-wiſe Redeemer is teaching us to be content to be buried ourſelves, and to bury our friends alive. This is a hard but important leſſon. LORD JESUS, make us great proficients in the ſchool of thy croſs! I have not preached a ſingle ſermon for ſome weeks. Laſt *Sunday* I ſpoke a little; but I feel its effects ever ſince. Father, thy will be done! Bleſſed be his name for giving you a little reviving in your bondage. Perhaps that is all we are to expect on this ſide eternity. But there is nothing too hard for the LORD. LORD, we believe, help our unbelief! Glory be to his great name, that ſome good was done at *Plymouth*. The news drove me to my knees, and ſtirred up an ambition to be employed again. I know you and *Sarah* will ſay, *Amen*, and *Amen!* I hope your

your *Isaac* will be spared; if not, *Aaron*-like, may you hold your peace! I have met with changes. My two old servants are married and gone. Mr. *E*—— hath preached for me some time. As yet the congregations are kept up. Mr. *A*—— and *M*—— are very poorly. All are hastening home apace. Accept hearty love to your whole self, and all dear friends who are so kind as to enquire after, my very dear *Timothy*,

Yours, &c. in our JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLIII.

To Mr. D——.

My very dear Mr. D——, *Leeds, Oct.* 24, 1761.

WHAT sudden changes here! O that my great change was come! Happy *Polhill: Bethesda*'s loss is thy gain. "Be ye also ready," is the call of this awful providence. The LORD furnish survivors with double strength! I thank you for the accounts. I see you are running in arrears. Some way or other I trust they will be discharged. But I would have the family reduced as low as can be. I think that the keeping of those who are grown up, hurts them and increases my expence. I have little comfort in many that I have assisted. But our reward of grace is with the LORD. Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly! As you are most conversant in figures, you will be pleased to continue in your usual way; and as you go on in harmony, I trust you will do quite well. A sea voyage seems more necessary to me now than ever. I know now what nervous disorders are. Blessed be GOD that they were contracted in his service. I do not repent my embarking in CHRIST's cause. He seeth all your disinterested toil in that new world. "Well done, ye good and faithful servants," shall be the salutation given to you all. My hearty blessing and love to all. That great may be your happiness on earth, and infinitely great your reward in heaven, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCLIV.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *Leeds, Oct. 24, 1761.*

I Am ſtill in this dying world, but frequently tempted to wiſh the report of my death had been true, ſince my diſorder keeps me from my old delightful work of preaching. But JESUS can teach us to exerciſe our paſſive as well as active graces. Fain would I ſay, "Thy will be done!" I am now riding for my health; but I think a voyage would brace me up. I impute my preſent diſorder, in a great meaſure, to the want of my uſual ſea voyages. Bleſſed be GOD, for ſupporting me ſo well under the news of dear Mr. *Polhill*'s ſudden tranſlation. In that reſpect, I rather envy than pity him; to be carried to heaven in an inſtant; from a ſhip's cabin into *Abraham*'s boſom; O what a bleſſing! GOD ſanctify and make up the loſs! But we ſhall find few *Polhills*. Bleſſed be GOD, that I have faithful ones left behind. I repoſe in you the utmoſt confidence, and hope the LORD will give you double ſtrength, and vouchſafe us all a ſpeedy and happy meeting. I know who adds a hearty *Amen*. I wiſh *G——r* and *A—— W——* were put out. Keeping ſuch great boys is expenſive, and there is nothing to be expected by my coming over. I hope my nephew will take the boy that comes over; if not, he muſt be received at *Bethesda*. Surely GOD will yet provide for that houſe of mercy. But I can at preſent bear very little of outward cares. Writing theſe few letters, I fear, will hurt me: but I could not help venturing. The LORD bleſs and reward you, my dear Mrs. *C——*, for all your labours of love! I commend you and your dear charge to his never-failing mercy, and am, with ten thouſand thanks for all favours,

Yours moſt affectionately for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCLV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear steady Friend, *Newcastle, Oct. 29, 1761.*

HITHERTO the LORD hath helped me. Surely his mercy endureth for ever. I bear riding sixty miles a day in a post-chaise quite well. Blessed be his name, friends both here and at *Leeds* are prudent, and do not press me to preach much. But I hope I am travelling in order to preach. If not, LORD JESUS, help me to drink the bitter cup of a continued silence, with a holy resignation, believing that what is, is best! LORD, I believe, help thou my unbelief! Every where as I came along, my spiritual children gladly received me. Almighty GOD, do thou provide for all! I hope you go on well at *London*. It is the *Jerusalem*, the *Goshen*. May ministers and people see their privileges, and work whilst it is day! The night of sickness and death is coming, when no man can work. Be pleased to remember me to dear Mr. and Mrs. *J*——, and all dear friends as they come in your way. To-morrow I may set forwards towards *Edinburgh*. You and yours will follow me with your prayers, and be assured of not being forgotten by, my very dear Mr. *K*——*n*,

Yours, &c. &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLVI.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Newcastle, Oct. 29, 1761.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

THOUGH at a very unexpected, and seemingly unseasonable time, I am thus far travelled northwards. Hitherto the LORD hath helped me to hold out. Fain would I reach *Scotland*, to see some of my dear friends before I die. My spirits, though in some degree recruited, are yet low, and I am kept from my old delightful work. But all things are possible with JESUS CHRIST. He can either restore, or enable me to drink the bitter cup of continued silence. LORD JESUS, do thou help me to say from my inmost soul, "Father, not my will, but thine be done!" I desire to be more than

remem-

remembered to my dear *G*—— friends, and beg the continuance of their prayers in behalf of, my very dear Sir,

Theirs and yours, &c. &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLVII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Edinburgh, Nov. 9, 1761.

THOUGH I have been very ill ſince my coming to *Edinburgh*, yet I muſt come juſt to ſee my dear friends at *G*——. I cannot be there till *Thurſday* noon. Little, very little can be expected from a dying man. But I can now hear a little for myſelf. I write this in the midſt of company. All my dear friends will not fail to pray for, very dear Sir,

Yours and theirs, &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear old Friend, *Leeds, Dec.* 1, 1761.

IT is near ten at night, and I am to ſet off to-morrow in the *Leeds* ſtage for *London*. Your letter I received this evening, and thank you for it moſt heartily. Silence is enjoined me for a while by the *Edinburgh* phyſicians. They ſay my caſe is then recoverable. The great phyſician will direct. May he abundantly bleſs you and yours, and dear *T*—— *J*—— and his? I ſend you all moſt hearty love, as being, for CHRIST's ſake,

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCLIX.

To Mr. K——.

My dear Timothy, *London, Jan.* 8, 1762.

I Thought my wife had written many letters to you before this time. Bleſſed be GOD, I am better. The *Scotch* journey did me ſervice. I preached on new-year's day, and

am to do so again, God willing, to-morrow. Who knows? who knows?—I may again see *Plymouth*. Is there any thing too hard for the Lord? When can you come up? I had a violent fall upon my head from my horse last *Thursday*, but was neither surprized nor hurt. Help me to praise Him whose mercy endureth for ever. Mr. *B*—— is here, and preaches with power. Blessed be God that some can speak, though I am laid aside. That your mouth may be opened, and body strengthened more and more, is the hearty prayer of, my dear *Timothy*,

Ever yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Bristol, April 17, 1762.

WILL not my dear steady friend be glad to hear that *Bristol* air agrees with me, and that I have been enabled to preach five times this last week without being hurt? Lord Jesus, make me truly and humbly thankful! Was the door open for an *American* voyage, I verily believe it would be very serviceable towards bracing up my relaxed tabernacle. But he who knoweth all things, knows what is best. Fain would I say, from whatever quarter trials come, "Father, not my will, but thine be done!" I see more and more, that grace must be tried. But this is our comfort, when we are tried, we shall come forth like gold. In how many fires is that precious metal purified? O for a heart to be willing to be made willing to be nothing, yea less than nothing, that God, even a God in Christ, may be all in all! You and yours will add to my obligations by praying for me. By this you see that you are not forgotten. Shall I beg you to let the tabernacle friends know soon, that you received this? Having had company I cannot write. Be pleased to thank the honest *Welch* bishop for his subscription. It was a great deal from such a dignitary. May the great Bishop of souls bless and strengthen him in soul and body ever more. As I expect to hear from my wife on *Monday*, and as I have nothing particular, I shall defer writing again till *Monday* evening. In the mean

mean while, be so kind as to give my hearty love and due respects to her and all, and accept the same yourselves from, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in a never-failing JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXI.

To Mr. S—— S——.

My very dear Friend, *Bristol, April* 18, 1762.

I Was quite sorry that I could not take a parting dinner with you. Mr. Z——*n* begged me to come just at that time to converse with me about the suffering protestants, and in the evening I read letters. Blessed be GOD, I was not the worse for it. Since my coming here, my health hath improved. The last week I was enabled to preach five times. This morning I have been administering the ordinance; and this evening I hope to be upon my throne again. Our LORD vouchsafes to smile upon my feeble labours, and the people seem to feel a refreshing from his divine presence. Who knows but I may yet be restored so far as to sound the gospel trumpet for my GOD? The quietness I enjoy here, with daily riding out, seems to be one very proper means. Be this as it will, I know ere long I shall serve our LORD without weariness. A few more blows from friends, and from foes, and the pitcher will be broken. Then the wicked one will cease from troubling, and the weary traveller arrive at his wish'd-for rest. GOD grant you and yours very large refreshments in the way! Be pleased to accept of this as a token that you are not forgotten by, my very dear friend,

Zingen-hagen

Yours, &c. under ten thousand obligations, and in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXII.

To Mr. D——.

My very dear Mr. D——, *Bristol, April* 29, 1762.

HOW have I been contriving to come over in one of the mast ships lately sailed for *New-England?* But the hour is not yet come. Hasten it, O glorious *Emmanuel*, for

thy great name's ſake! Surely a ſea voyage would help to brace up this relaxed tabernacle. Bleſſed be GOD, I am now enabled to preach four or five times a week; but it is with much weakneſs. I long to hear how it is with you in this *Spaniſh* war. Mr. *Robinſon* I find was caſt away, but hath eſcaped with his life. Juſt now I have ſeen a letter to Mrs. *P——e* from Mr. *H——s*, by which I find he is at *Bethesda*, and talks of returning to *England*. I hope the *Spaniſh* war will prevent this laſt motion, at leaſt for ſome time. My love to him and all. Perſevere in praying me over. I have juſt now heard, that there is a packet for me at *London* from *Georgia*. How could you draw on me for ſo large a ſum as an hundred and forty-ſeven pounds? LORD, help me! Yeſterday at *Kingſwood* I ſaw the ſhip that is to bring this, ready to ſail. I hope I am not too late; and if any letters come from any of you by this poſt (as I hear the *Carolina* ſhips are arrived), GOD willing, they ſhall be anſwered by, my very dear Mr. *D——*,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXIII.

To Mrs. W——.

Dear Mrs. W——, *Briſtol, May* 4, 1762.

I Thank you heartily for your kind letter, and deſire to bleſs the LORD of all lords for the good news it contains. If the foot of pride doth not come againſt thoſe that ſpeak for JESUS, all will be well. I ſee it is always darkeſt before break of day. O that we could always remember that bleſſed promiſe, "At evening-tide it ſhall be light." The archers have of late ſhot ſorely at me and grieved me. *Job*'s friends were his greateſt trials, when GOD's hand preſſed his body ſore. So it hath been with me. But if we are brought out when tried like gold, we ſhall only loſe our droſs. O that this may be my happy caſe! LORD, I believe; help thou my unbelief! Bleſſed be his name for a little revival in my bondage! For theſe three weeks paſt, I have been enabled to preach four or five times. Not once without a ſpecial bleſſing. Join with me in crying, Grace, grace! But my body ſtill con-

continues weak. O bleſſed proſpect of its being glorified by and by! Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly! Continue to pray for me. Remember me moſt heartily to all, as being, dear Mrs. *W*——,

Their and your moſt ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXIV.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *Briſtol, May* 4, 1762.

YOUR kind letter came to hand a few days ago. The convoy being driven back, gives me an opportunity of returning you hearty thanks. Mr. *R*——'s draught will lie hard upon me; but I will endeavour to get it paid. I am glad *A*——*w* and *G*——*r* are put out. It would have ſaved me pounds to have had it done long ago. As it is war time, nobody can blame you for leſſening the family to the utmoſt. The intended change at *Ephrata* pleaſeth me much. I ſee if we will wait, Providence will open for us ſome way or another. O that the door was open for my coming over! Perhaps it may be ere the Summer is over. Grant it, O GOD, for JESUS CHRIST's ſake! I have ſometimes the hopes of being braced up again for a little future ſervice. With ſome difficulty I preach four or five times a week; but you would ſcarce know me, I am ſo ſwoln with wind, and ſo corpulent. Bleſſed be GOD for the proſpect of a glorious reſurrection! For the preſent, adieu. I fear the ſhip will be gone. GOD bleſs you all. Pray do you and Mr. *D*—— be particular in your accounts. Hearty love to Mrs. *P*——*l*: GOD comfort her. You will ſhew this to Mr. *D*——. I muſt add no more, but hearty love and ten thouſand thanks from, my dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTRER MCCLXV.

To Mr. S—— S——.

My very dear Friend, *Rodborough, May* 21, 1762.

THOUGH I hope to be in *London* on *Tuesday* or *Wednesday* next, yet I cannot come thither without troubling you with another line. Blessed be GOD, it leaves me in better bodily health, than when I wrote last. Through divine mercy, preaching four or five times a week did not hurt me; and twice or thrice I have been enabled to take the field: in my opinion, a greater honour than to be monarch of the universe. *London* cares, and *London* labours, I expect, will soon bring me low again. But as Messrs. *D*—— and *K*—— are coming up, I hope soon to slip away and get strength, and then hunt for precious souls again. How gladly would I bid adieu to cieled houses, and vaulted roofs! Mounts are the best pulpits, and the heavens the best sounding-boards. O for power equal to my will! I would fly from pole to pole, publishing the everlasting gospel of the Son of GOD. I know you would lend me the wings of prayer. JESUS in answer give the wings of faith and love, and we shall then quickly soar to thy bosom, where

Sin and strife and sorrow cease,
And all is calm and joy and peace.

I write this at a house built for dear Mr. *A*——*s*. From his window is a prospect perhaps of thirty miles. I have wished you here with your telescope. But if the footstool is so glorious, what must the throne be? Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly! I am interrupted by company. Good night, my very dear friend, good night! Most cordial respects await dear Mrs. *S*—— and your daughter. Dear Mr. *A*——*s* is weak like myself, but joins in sending due and hearty respects. We have had most blessed seasons. Grace! grace! In heaven you will be rewarded for all favours conferred on

Yours, &c. &c. in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCLXVI.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——. *London, May* 28, 1762.

I Am juſt now come to town for a few days, ſenſibly better by my country excurſion. Once more I have had the honour of taking the field, and have now ſome hopes of not being as yet quite thrown aſide as a broken veſſel. Help me to praiſe Him, whoſe mercy endureth for ever. Why do you perſiſt in keeping poor Mr. *D*—— in ſuſpenſe? If not done before, I expect to marry you both immediately upon my arrival, but do not ſtay for that. Your hint about Mr. *S*——'s being inclined to the miniſtry, made me ſmile. Mr. *R*——'s account ſhall be paid as ſoon as poſſible. But I beg no ſuch thing may be done again. This is wrote in very great haſte, hearing that the ſhip is gone. I wrote to all from *Briſtol*, very lately. This muſt now do for all. God bleſs and reward you. Amen and Amen! I am, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Norwich, July* 31, 1762.

THOUGH you never mentioned a word concerning the letter I ſent you when at *Briſtol*, yet this doth not diſcourage me from dropping you a few lines, now I am put into *Norwich-Dock*, in order to refit for another expedition. The *Holland* one laſt month, was, I truſt, profitable to myſelf and others; and if ever my uſefulneſs is to be continued at *London*, I muſt be prepared for it, by a longer itineration both by land and water. At preſent, bleſſed be God, I can preach once a day, and it would do your heart good to ſee what an influence attends the word. All my old times are revived again. On next *Monday*, God willing, I ſhall ſet forwards to *Lincolnſhire*, *Yorkſhire*, &c. You that are in cieled houſes, and under vaulted roofs (which I do not grudge you) will not forget a poor pilgrim, who deſires no other pulpit but a mount, no other ſounding board but the heavens. I hope dear Mr. *J*—— is recovered

of his indiſpoſition, and that your wife and his, with yourſelf, are increaſing with all the increaſe of GOD. My cordial reſpects and moſt hearty love attend you, and all that are ſo kind as to enquire after a worthleſs worm. As I ſhall not write to-night, be pleaſed to inform my wife that you heard of my welfare, and in ſo doing, you will add to the obligations already laid upon, my very dear Mr. *K——n*,

Yours, &c. in our JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Edinburgh, Sept. 2, 1762.

I Am juſt this moment returned from *Glaſgow*, where I have been enabled to preach every day, and twice at *Cambuſlang*. Auditories were large, and JESUS ſmiled upon my feeble labours. GOD willing, I ſhall leave this place on *Wedneſday* next; but I deſpair of ſeeing you. I have heard nothing of Mr. *M——n* and *V——n* ſince I left them at *Leeds*. What a mercy, that we are ſure of meeting in heaven! Surely, you will not go before me thither. Muſt it be always *juniores priores?* Adieu. Cordial reſpects await your whole ſelf. LORD JESUS be with your ſpirits! I fear the carrier will be gone. Accept theſe few ruſty filings from, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in our glorious JESUS,

G. W.

September 9.

Thus far I went on *Friday*; but found that was the wrong day to ſend. Since then, I have been helped to preach every day. The Kirk hath been a *Bethel*. Grace! grace! On *Monday*, GOD willing, I ſhall ſet off. Follow with your prayers.

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCLXIX.

To Mr. D——.

My dear Mr. D——, *Sunderland, Sept.* 19, 1762.

I Can only ſend you a few lines: but I hope they will be acceptable ones. Your laſt packet came to my hands yeſterday. Bleſſed be GOD that all is ſo well! You will be glad to hear, that I can preach once a day, and that I have now a proſpect of embarking ſoon. We expect peace, and I hope the places in *London* will be provided for. Pray keep the family as ſmall as you can. Sickneſs lowers my circumſtances. But JESUS is all in all. I hope to ſee dear Mr. *S——k*'s friends in a few days. I am glad he is at *Ephrata*. Tender love to him and his, to dear Mrs. *C——*, Mrs. *P——l*, and to all. I can no more. I write this at a venture, to ſend by way of *Scotland*, where the Redeemer hath been owning my feeble labours. Grace! grace! When I come to *London*, GOD willing, you ſhall hear again from, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Dear Sir, *Leeds, Sept.* 25, 1762.

WHAT a pity that I cannot anſwer your kind letter, by telling you where to meet me! but it is impracticable. I am juſt now ſetting forwards towards *London*, but fear I cannot reach it before *Sunday*. My chaiſe wanted repairing here. O how good hath JESUS been to a worthleſs worm! Once a day preaching, I can bear well; more hurts me. What ſhall I do with the chapel and tabernacle? LORD JESUS, be thou my guide and helper! He will! he will. Send word to tabernacle that you heard from me. We have had ſweet ſeaſons. Grace! grace! To his never-failing mercy do I commend your whole dear ſelf, and all that are ſo kind as to enquire after, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCLXXI.

To Mrs. C——.

Dear Mrs. C——, *London, Oct. 15, 1762.*

I Wiſh to anſwer your laſt in perſon. I hope the time is now drawing near. I count the weeks, and days, and hours. LORD JESUS, direct my goings in thy way. Bleſſed be GOD that you live in ſuch harmony! A houſe thus united in JESUS, will ſtand. I ſhall bring only one Mr. *W——t*, who takes care of me. I would not have Mr. *H——s* to think of ſtirring till he ſees me. This I write in great haſte. I am enabled to preach once a day. Give thanks! give thanks! and continue to pray for, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Yours, &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXII.

To Mr. A—— K——.

Briſtol, Nov. 29, 1762.

GOD willing, I ſhall ſet off for *Plymouth* to-morrow morning, and hope to ſee you all on *Thurſday* evening, or *Friday*. Let grand preparations be made; as a candle, a book, and a table. Above all, much prayer, that I may not again relapſe at *Plymouth*; as *Briſtol* people do threaten me for coming at this time of the year. Bleſſed be GOD, we have good ſeaſons. I like Mr. *B——n*'s, better than a boarding ſchool for little maidens. A word to the wiſe is enough. Adieu! The LORD be with you all. Ceaſe not to pray for, my dear *Timothy*,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXIII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Plymouth, Dec. 4, 1762.

HOW was I diſappointed, two *Mondays*, of ſeeing and converſing with my very dear Mr. *S——! London, London*, how doſt thou weigh this mortal body down! If it be

be no odds, I would viſit my dear friend again on a *Wedneſday*. Perhaps on that day I may not be ſo fatigued. I feel in preaching, what you do in buſineſs. However, I muſt not complain. Once a day, I can manage quite well. *Briſtol* was a refreſhing place indeed. Congregations were very large, and a moſt gracious gale of divine influences attended the word preached. Being under a poſitive promiſe to come here before I left *England*, I embraced this opportunity. Through mercy, I preached laſt night, and find no hurt this morning. Many young people, I hear, are under great awakenings. May ſuch hoſtilities never ceaſe! O to begin to begin to wage an eternal war with the devil, the world, and the fleſh. Still continue to help me, dear Sir, with your prayers. I would fain die ſword in hand. You will not blame me for this ambition. I believe you are pretty much tinctured this way yourſelf. The Captain of our ſalvation approves of it. That in all your ſpiritual battles, He may be your ſhield and exceeding great reward, is the hearty prayer of, my invaluable friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in the beſt bonds,
G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXIV.

To Mrs. Elizabeth W——d.

Plymouth, Dec. 5, 1762.

YOU did very wrong, in not letting me know of your mother's neceſſities. She was a widow indeed. But now ſhe is above the reach of every thing. O for patience to wait till we are ſent for to that place, where the weary are at reſt! I am weary of the world, of the church, and of myſelf. But JESUS will not leave us in the latter ſtages of our road. Bleſſed be his name, we have had pleaſant ſeaſons at *Briſtol*, and two good gales here. I cannot get up to *London* till near *Chriſtmas-day*. As affairs are circumſtanced, every thing there tends to weigh me down. O that patience may have its perfect work! Let me always know your wants. It is your own fault if you lack any thing, whilſt I have a farthing. You and your friend muſt prepare a great entertainment; for I intend dining with you when I come to town. Ere long we ſhall ſit down and eat bread in our heavenly Father's kingdom. Come, LORD

JESUS, come quickly! I know who joins in saying, Amen! with, my dear old faithful friend and servant,

Yours, &c. for CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear steady Friend, *Plymouth, Dec.* 5, 1762.

I MUST not be out of town, without sending my dear Mr. *K——n* a few loving lines. Blessed be GOD for a few steady friends! they are rarities even in the church of GOD. But the church is in a wilderness; ere long it will be in *Canaan*. No briars or thorns there. All glory be to Him who hath prepared such a rest for the purchase of his blood. Amen. *Hallelujah!* You will be glad to hear, that both here and at *Bristol*, souls are under real awakenings. Though I preach in much weakness, an infinitely condescending JESUS vouchsafes to come down in glorious gales of his blessed Spirit. This is all in all. But these are only streams. Ere long we shall drink at the fountain head. Do you not long to leap your seventy years? Blessed be GOD, we are nearer and nearer. Fly, fly, O time! welcome, welcome long wished for eternity! But I must not enlarge. We are going to the LORD's table. Adieu! Hearty love awaits your whole self. In heaven I will thank you for all favours conferred upon, my dear friend,

Yours in the Friend of sinners,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXVI.

To Mr. A—— K——.

Bristol, Dec. 12, 1762.

THROUGH divine mercy, we got here yesterday about three in the afternoon, all well, excepting that I lost my watch in the way. If it teacheth me to be more on my watch in the best things, it will be rather a gain. LORD, help me in every thing to give thanks! I do not repent my *Plymouth* journey. Thanks to all for their great kindnesses. Thanks, eternal thanks to the GOD of all, for giving us his presence! It is better than life. I have not yet seen your daughter, but

I hear she is well. Tell *Sarah* not to murder so dear a child. Hugging to death is cruelty indeed. You will take the hint about my little servitor. I charge you both, as you will answer it at the bar of GOD, to teach them to be servant like, but not servile. Adieu! I must away to sacrament. O for such a one as we had last *Sunday!* I felt, I felt parting! O for the time when we shall part no more! Tender love to Mr. *S*——, his mother, brother, Mr. *D*——, and all; your servants not excepted. *Sarah*, adieu! Mind and get up in a morning to pray, before you get into shop. I make no apology for this, because you are a friend to, my dear man,

Yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Thursday evening. Jan. 15, 1763.

My dear Friend,

DO meet me to-morrow by two o'clock, or rather one, at Mr. *B——n*'s, at *Cannonbury-house*. I have something of importance to communicate. Not to keep you in suspense, it is to beseech you, jointly with Mr. *H——y* and Mr. *B——n*, as trustees, to take upon you the whole care, both inward and outward, of the affairs of *Tottenham-court* chapel and tabernacle, and all other my concerns in *England:* this one thing being settled, I have nothing to retard my visit to *America*, to which I think there is a manifest call at this time, both as to the bracing up my poor feeble crazy body, and adjusting all things relating to *Bethesda*. O that the LORD may incline your heart to accept this trust! It will take off this ponderous load that oppresses me much. Consider, dear Sir, it is for GOD! for whose glory, I am convinced that you and my other dear friends have a single eye and disinterested heart. O may he richly reward you for this and all your labours of love! Fail not of meeting me at the time and place abovementioned. Mr. *H——y* and Mr. *H—— D——s*, GOD willing, will be there. The LORD JESUS be with us all! My dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. indeed and indeed, in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCLXXVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Leeds, March* 6, 1763.

YOU have heard, I suppose, of my progress to, and employ at *Everton*. JESUS was there. Last *Thursday* evening we came to these parts, where I have preached twice, and been closely employed in writing my little piece entitled, *Observations, &c.* in answer to the Bishop of *Gloucester*. Perhaps a day or two more may compleat it. Say nothing, but pray on. The next letters may be directed to *Edinburgh*, under cover to —— *H——n*, Esq; Post-Master general. You shall hear, GOD willing, when I have fixed upon a ship. And I know you will pray that JESUS may be my convoy.

Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

I could enlarge, but must away to my throne. Tell all at Tabernacle and Chapel, where this leaves me. I send them and your whole self most tender love, and ten thousand thanks; and beg you would add to my obligations by praying for, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in our common LORD,
G. W.

POSTSCRIPT, *To Mr. J——s.*

My dear Sir,

ACCEPT a few lines from an old friend that loves you and yours dearly. I would not be given to change, but, like my Master, love to the end. His blessing be on you both! Accept thanks unfeigned for all favours, and cease not to pray for, my very dear Mr. *J——*,

Yours, &c. in Ours,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCLXXIX.

To Mrs. M———.

Dear Mrs. M———, Newcaſtle, March 13, 1763.

IT hath given me concern, ſince I left town, that through bodily weakneſs, multiplicity of buſineſs, and pain of parting, I forgot to anſwer your requeſt about your deceaſed ſon. If not too late, ſomething like this may be inſerted:

"Near this place lies interred, *William Middleditch*, aged "twelve years, a deſirable promiſing child; but an all-wiſe "GOD thought proper to remove him ———, 1762. "His ſurviving parents deſire to ſubſcribe to the divine will, "and to ſay, The LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken "away: bleſſed be the name of the LORD."

Ere long ſomebody will be writing an epitaph for our tombs. Change of place doth not change my ſentiments. "Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly," is the conſtant language of my heart. This leaves me thus far advanced towards *Scotland*, where juſt ſuch a ſhip as I want awaits me. How good is JESUS! Fain would I ſing,

LORD, *obediently I go,*
Gladly leaving all below.

I am ſorry to find by the papers that Mr. *B*—— is taken up. To take no notice would be the beſt method. A priſon or outward puniſhment is but a poor cure for enthuſiaſm, or a diſordered underſtanding. It may increaſe but not extinguiſh ſuch an *ignis fatuus*. LORD JESUS, give us all a right judgment in all things! Farewell. Brethren, pray for us. We have had pleaſant ſeaſons at *Everton*, *Leeds*, *Aberford*, *Kippax*, and here. Tender love to all that are ſo kind as to enquire after a worthleſs worm. That you may be ſo ſupplied as not to miſs me one moment, is the earneſt prayer of, dear Mrs. *M———*,

Your ſincere friend and ready ſervant
in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCLXXX.

To Mr. S——.

My very dear Friend, *Newcaſtle, March* 13, 1763.

I Cannot go further, without dropping you a few lines. They leave me thus far advanced in my journey to *Scotland*. My friends write me word, that the ſhip *Jenny*, Captain *Orr*, a very diſcreet perſon, ſails from *Greenock* to *Boſton* the middle of *April*. You will pray, that the GOD of the ſea and dry land will give me a ſafe, and, if agreeable to his will, a ſpeedy paſſage. On the road we have been favoured with ſome ſweet ſeaſons. I have preached at *Everton*, *Leeds*, *Kippax*, *Aberford*, and this place. Next ſabbath I hope to be at *Edinburgh*. On my way, I was enabled to finiſh a little thing in anſwer to the preſent Biſhop of *Glouceſter*. If my friends think proper to print it, you will find a parting teſtimony left behind me for the good old Puritans and free-grace Diſſenters, whom he ſadly maligns. Bleſs it, glorious *Emmanuel*, and it ſhall be bleſſed! Follow me, follow me, my very dear Sir, with your conſtant prayers. Mine will always be aſcending for you and yours. Indeed I owe you much love! You have often ſtrengthened my hands in the LORD. Fain would I ſing,

LORD, *obediently I go,*
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou my leader be,
And I ſtill will follow Thee.

And now, my dear friend, farewell. Ere long we ſhall meet in a better climate, where

Pain and ſin and ſorrow ceaſe,
And all is calm and joy and peace.

Moſt cordial reſpects await dear Mrs. *S*—— and your daughter, if continued in this dying world. Expect to hear, from time to time, from, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LET-

LETTER MCCLXXXI.

To Mrs. W——.

Dear Mrs. W——, *Edinburgh, March* 19, 1763.

I Was quite concerned to see you so ill as I passed by you. I charge you to want for nothing. Speak to Messrs. *K——n* or *H——y:* they will supply you at any time. Do not be afraid to go to the Tabernacle house. I will own and stand by my dear steady and faithful servants and helpers. Such a one you have been. O for heaven! There are no thorns and briars amongst GOD's people there. May our present ones fit us more and more for that place where

Sin and strife and sorrow cease,
And all is calm and joy and peace.

Follow me with your prayers. Tender love to all the conference. I have no doubt of the LORD's being with them. GOD be with you all evermore! We have had good seasons at *Everton*, *Leeds*, *Newcastle*, &c. in the way. Grace! grace! In about a month I expect to sail. A good stock of prayers in that time, may be laid up for, dear *Betty*, my old faithful friend and servant,

Yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXII.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

My dear Friend, *Edinburgh, March* 26, 1763.

WHY not see each other once more? Perhaps, after my return from *Glasgow*, I may be here a fortnight. My poor tabernacle is so far restored, as to mount the gospel throne once a day. Perhaps the sea air may brace me up a little more: but after all, it is only like the glimmering of a candle before it goes out. Death will light it up in a better world. Work on, my dear son, work on. The night cometh when no man can work. O that I had done more for the blessed JESUS! O that I could think more of what he hath done for me! Never mind being counted singular. O that

you may be more and more vile every day! Happy they that are safe landed!

——— *And happy, happy we,*
Who soon their company shall see!

It is but *for a little indeed.* Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly! I know you will heartily say, *Amen.* Cordial respects await Mrs. *T*——. The *Edinburgh* prescriptions were the most blessed to me. My spirits are much brisker than when here last. Grace! grace! O to lie low! Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Edinburgh, March 26, 1763.

My dear Mr. K——n,

I Thank you for your kind letter, and thank the LORD of of all lords that matters go on so well. I am more than easy. The Redeemer hath directed my choice, and will bless, assist, and reward those employed. Ten thousand thanks to you all. You may act as you please with respect to Mr. ——. His attending the Tabernacle when I was well, and leaving it ever since I have been sick, doth not look well at all: but please yourselves and you will please me. Do not consult me in any thing, unless absolutely necessary. The LORD, I trust and believe, will give you a right judgment in all things. But O follow me with your prayers. On *Monday* I am going to see about the ship. Now we have peace abroad, LORD JESUS give us peace at home! I am sorry my little piece, entituled *Observations*, &c. is not come out yet. Tender love to all. My dear old friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCLXXXIV.

To Mr. W——y.

Dear Mr. W——y, *Edinburgh, April* 8, 1763.

I Thank you for your kind remembrance in Mr. *W*——'s. Indeed I do not forget you. O that you may be a ſteady follower of Him, who was not aſhamed of being called the carpenter's ſon! My prayer to him is, that you may be daily more and more built up in his moſt holy faith. But the way to heaven is a narrow way. No elbow room for our luſts. What a bleſſing this! LORD JESUS, make us willing to be made whole! Adieu. Tender love to all enquiring friends. I truſt their prayers are heard. The Redeemer vouchſafes to ſmile upon the feeble labours of, my dear Mr. *W*——*y*,

Yours, &c. in Him,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXV.

To Mr. K——n.

My dear old ſteady Friend, *Leith, May* 14, 1763.

WHY ſo fearful of writing a longer letter? The longer the better. Bleſſed be GOD, though diſappointed in embarking, by reaſon of ſickneſs, I can read, and write, and hope (notwithſtanding a little cold, which threw me ſomewhat back this week) ſoon to get upon my throne again. The news about the congregations, you may well gueſs rejoiced my poor heart. Surely Mr. *H*—— will not get to heaven before me too. What an age do we live in! Children thus to take the lead of their parents. Heavenly Father, not my will, but thine be done! I expect to-morrow's interview. A ſingle eye will carry us through all. A catholic ſpirit is the plague of bigots. LORD JESUS, cure them of their bad diſtemper! I rejoice to hear that good Lady *H*——*n* is ſo ſupported. Pray remember me in the kindeſt manner to dear Mr. *H*——*y*. As I have not heard from him for two or three poſts, I fear he is worſe. Pray let him know of my ſending this; and inform him of my having been able to go upon the water to-day for ſeveral hours, and by land afterwards. Others

can die, but I cannot. Father, thy will be done! What a GOD do I serve? Phyſicians, friends on every ſide of me. And what is all in all, the great phyſician comforting my ſoul. Thank, O thank him in behalf of a worthleſs worm. Tender love to Mrs. *K*——*n*, Mr. and Mrs. *B*——*n*, Mr. and Mrs. *J*——, and all dear friends, who are ſo kind as to be concerned for me. You will be very fine when all is painted. Bleſſed be GOD, I approve your conduct, and love your ſpirit. LORD JESUS, make us all glorious within! I muſt drop a line to dear Mr. *A*—— about Mr. *H*——, or you ſhould have more from, my dear old ſteady friend,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXVI.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

My dear Friend, *Greenock, June* 4, 1763.

A Thouſand thanks for your kind letters. JESUS is kind. I am better, and juſt going on board the *Fanny*, bound to *Rapanach*, in *Virginia*. Yours to good Lady *H*———*n* is taken care of. I hear her daughter died well, and that her Ladyſhip is comforted and reſigned. Bleſſed be GOD! Adieu. Follow me with your prayers, as being

Ever yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXVII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Greenock, June 4, 1763.

STRANGE! that I ſhould not ſee one whom I ſo dearly love. Dear Mr. *S*—— will tell you the reaſons. I expect to be called every moment. GOD bleſs and reward you and yours. The diploma was ſent to *Edinburgh* to be ſigned by Mr. *Trail*, but hath miſcarried. I wrote to Mr. *Hamilton* to ſend it by the *Diligence*, which is to ſail in about ſix weeks to *Boſton*. Expecting to be called every moment, I can only haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf, reverend and very dear Sir,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LET-

LETTER MCCLXXXVIII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

My very dear Friend, *At Sea, July* 15, 1763.

I Hope that this will find you and yours profpering both in foul and body. It leaves me looking towards *Virginia* but only as an harbour in my way to an infinitely better port, from whence I fhall never put out to fea again. Through mercy I have been furprizingly kept up during the voyage, long but not tedious. JESUS hath made the fhip a *Bethel*, and I enjoyed that quietnefs which I have in vain fought after for fome years on fhore. Not an oath to be heard even in the greateft hurry. All hath been harmony and love. But my breath is fhort, and I have little hopes, fince my late relapfe, of much further public ufefulnefs. A few exertions, like the laft ftruggles of a dying man, or glimmering flafhes of a taper juft burning out, is all that can be expected from me. But bleffed be GOD, the taper will be lighted up again in heaven. The fun, when fetting here, only fets to rife in another clime. Such is the death of all GOD's faints. Why then fhould we be afraid? Why fhould we not rather by faith be looking through the windows of mortality, and daily crying, "Why are his chariot wheels fo long in coming?" We had need of patience, efpecially when the evil days of ficknefs and declining age come. But we ferve a Mafter who will not forfake his fervants when grey headed. When heart and flefh fail, GOD, even our GOD in CHRIST, will be our portion and confidence for ever. Does my dear Mr. *S*—— repent that he ferved and worked for Him when young? Is dear Mrs. *S*—— forrowful that he was the GOD of her youth? Or is Mifs now thinking that fhe hath lately made a wrong choice? No, no: I will venture to anfwer for them all. Let us, therefore, love our Mafter, and not go from him. Who knows but our latter end may yet increafe? If not in public ufefulnefs, LORD JESUS, let it be in inward heart-holinefs, that we may daily ripen for the full enjoyment of thyfelf in heaven! I know who fays, *Amen*; I add *Amen*, and *Amen!* and fo fubfcribe myfelf, with ten thoufand thanks for all favours, my dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in our JESUS,

G. W.

P. S.

August 24.

P. S. Since writing the above, we have been exercised by contrary winds, thunders, lightenings, &c. but out of all the LORD hath brought us, and we came within the *Cape* last night. Help me to praise him, O my friends.

LETTER MCCLXXXIX.

To Mr. P——ks.

Within Virginia-Cape, Aug. 24, 1763.

My dear Mr. P——ks,

I Fully purposed to write to you before my embarkation for *America*, but sickness prevented. However, I dearly love you, and often remember you before his throne, who I am persuaded hath loved and given himself for you. This he hath told you, and assured you of again and again by his blessed word and Spirit. Be not therefore faithless, but believing. O that this may find you rejoicing with that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory. It leaves me longing for that blissful state, where sorrow and sighing will flee away. There, there shall we meet, and in spite of all the suggestions of Satan, and the desperate wickedness of our own deceitful hearts, ere long join in singing the song of *Moses* and the Lamb. Faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it. Last night, but not till then, we cast anchor after near a twelve weeks passage. The last six weeks were very trying to my shattered bark. But JESUS is All in All. Help, help to praise him. To his infinite and never-failing mercy do I commend you, as being, for his great name's sake, my dear Mr. *P——ks,*

Yours most affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXC.

To all my dear Tabernacle Hearers, that love the LORD JESUS CHRIST *in Sincerity.*

Dearly Beloved in the LORD, *Virginia, Sept.* 1, 1763.

THOUGH absent in body, the Searcher of hearts knows that I have been present with you in spirit ever since I left *London*. Glad, very glad was I to hear from time to time whilst

whilſt aſhore, that the ſhout of a king was among you; and it was my continual prayer whilſt at ſea, that the glory of the LORD may ſo fill the Tabernacle, that all who come to hear the word, may be conſtrained to ſay, "Surely GOD is in this place." I doubt not of your wreſtling in my behalf. Certainly it muſt be in anſwer to your cryings unto the LORD, that I have been dealt with ſo bountifully. For ſome weeks I was enabled to preach once a day when in *Scotland*, and I truſt not without ſome divine efficacy. But my late diſorder kept me ſilent for ſome weeks afterwards, and put me upon thinking ſometimes, that my intended voyage would be retarded, at leaſt for one year longer. Having obtained a little more bodily ſtrength, I ventured upon the mighty waters, and thanks, eternal thanks to a never-failing Redeemer, I have not been laid by an hour through ſickneſs ſince I came on board. Every thing hath been providentially ordered, ſuitable to my low eſtate. A large and commodious cabbin, a kind Captain, and a moſt orderly and quiet ſhip's company, who gladly attended when I had breath to preach. Scarce an oath have I heard upon deck, during a twelve weeks voyage; and ſuch a ſtillneſs through the whole ſhip, both on week days and the Lord's-day, as hath from time to time ſurprized me. Some concern hath appeared, but of what kind or duration the event alone can diſcover. The ſpiritual bread hath been caſt on the waters: who knows but it may be found after many days. How it ſhall pleaſe my all-bountiful Maſter to diſpoſe of me when I get on ſhore, you ſhall know hereafter. All that I can ſay is, (if I know any thing of my unſpeakably deceitful, and deſperately wicked heart) LORD JESUS,

A life that all things caſts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call;
A heart, that no deſire can move,
But ſtill t'adore, reſign, and love,
Give me, my LORD, *my life, my all!*

You will not forget to perſevere in praying for a poor, worthleſs, but willing pilgrim, who dearly loves you, and daily rejoices in the pleaſing reflection, that he ſhall ere long meet you in a better world, where the inhabitants ſhall no more

fay, " I am ſick." Bleſſed proſpect! Surely on the very mentioning it, you will break forth in ſinging,

Rejoice, the LORD *is king*, &c.

I will not interrupt you. Adieu. The LORD JESUS be with your ſpirits. Only when you have done ſinging, my dear fellow-labourers, my dear Tabernacle-hearers, forget not to ſubjoin at leaſt one petition, that whether abſent or preſent, JESUS may be more and more precious to,

Your affectionate friend, and willing ſervant,
for his great name's ſake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCI.

To all my dear Tottenham-Court Hearers, that love the LORD JESUS CHRIST *in Sincerity.*

Virginia, Sept. 1, 1763.

Dearly Beloved in the LORD,

THOUGH leſs than the leaſt of all, and unworthy, utterly unworthy the notice of any, yet I cannot help thinking, but for CHRIST's ſake you will be glad to hear of the goodneſs of the LORD extended towards me ſince my departure from *London*. Surely it was trying, to leave ſo many at each end of the town, who, I hope, will be my joy and crown of rejoicing in the great day. Indeed, after being taken ill of my old diſorder at *Edinburgh*, and remaining near ſix weeks ſilent in *Scotland*, I thought of ſeeing you ſoon again: but having obtained help, I embarked, for the eleventh time, in the ſhip *Fanny*; and though we have had a long and trying, yet, bleſſed be GOD, it hath not been an unprofitable voyage. Often, often have I thought of my dear *London* friends, when I gueſſed they were aſſembled together; and as often prayed, when I knew they were retired to reſt, that he that keepeth *Iſrael*, and neither ſlumbereth nor ſleepeth, would watch over them, and make their very dreams devout. How I am to be diſpoſed of when on dry land, is beſt known to Him whoſe I am, and whom I deſire to ſerve in preaching the goſpel of his dear Son. Had I ſtrength equal to my will, I could

fly

fly from pole to pole. Though wearied, and now almoſt worn out, indeed and indeed I am not weary of my bleſſed Maſter's ſervice. O love him, love him, for he is a good Maſter, and doth not leave us when our ſtrength faileth. Make him your portion, and he will be your confidence for ever. According to my preſent views, if able to do any thing for you, through his leave I hope to ſee you again next year. In the mean while, as long as I have breath to draw, it ſhall be my heart's deſire and prayer to GOD, that the labours of the dear ſervants of JESUS, who are called to preach amongſt you, may be ſo bleſſed and owned from above, that I may not be miſſed a ſingle moment. May they, may you increaſe with all the increaſe, till you are all filled with all the fulneſs of GOD. When near his throne, if there be any conſolation in CHRIST, if any comfort of love, if any fellowſhip of the Spirit, if any bowels of mercies, pray that the ſame bleſſing may be conferred, my dear fellow-labourers, my dear *Tottenham-Court* hearers, on

Your moſt affectionate friend, and
ready ſervant for CHRIST's ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCCXCII.

To Mr. A——.

Virginia, Sept. 7, 1763.

My very dear Mr. A——,

MANY more letters did I intend to write to you and other dear friends, had I not been prevented by ſtorms, &c. for ſome weeks before our arrival. If enabled, I ſhall take care to pay them as I move from place to place. We are now on dry land. Chriſtian friends, whom I never before heard of, were prepared to receive me: and I have preached four times. This leaves me in my way to *Philadelphia*, ſtill viſited with my old diſorder, which I now never expect to drop, till I drop for good and all this body of clay, this body of ſin and death. I ſuppoſe you are in like circumſtances, as well as thouſands beſides, who love the LORD JESUS in ſincerity. Well: He that cometh will come, and will not tarry. Bleſſed are all they that wait for him. I hope you are favoured with

precious gales of divine influence. Tender love to all our dear fellow-labourers, and to all our dear hearers of every denomination, in every place. You will not forget a poor pilgrim, who, though abſent in body is preſent in ſpirit. Hoping to write in a few days to dear Mr. *Middleton*, &c. and wiſhing you and yours all that a bleſſed never-failing GOD can give you in time and eternity, I ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear old friend,

Ever yours, &c. in our precious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCIII.

To Mr. W——y.

My dear Mr. W——y, *Philadelphia, Sept.* 29, 1763.

EBENEZER! Hitherto the LORD hath helped! I have been here above a week; but ſtill an invalid.

Strange, that a harp of thouſand ſtrings
Should keep in tune ſo long!

Poor *Wright* is taking his *American* ſeaſoning. He hath the ague and fever. This prevents his writing. Inform his relations of it. He wants for nothing. When you write, mention nothing but what relates to the eternal world. I have no thoughts to throw away on the trifling things of time. Tender love to all that are travelling to the *New-Jeruſalem*. There, if no ſooner, we ſhall meet and praiſe the never-failing *Emmanuel*, for whoſe great name's ſake I ſubſcribe myſelf,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCIV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Philadelphia, Oct. 21, 1763.

My very dear Mr. K——n,

THE bearer, Mr. *R——d*, is a young ſober gentleman, intended for the temple, and will be very glad to ſee and hear Mr. K——n, and other goſpel miniſters. I hope all are flaming for GOD, even a GOD in CHRIST. Here are ſome young

young bright witneſſes riſing up in the church. Perhaps I have already converſed with forty new-creature miniſters of various denominations. Sixteen hopeful ſtudents, I am credibly informed, were converted at *New-Jerſey* college, laſt year. What an open door, if I had ſtrength! But—Father, thy will be done! bleſſed be His name, I can preach now and then. Laſt *Tueſday* we had a remarkable ſeaſon among the *Lutherans*. Children and grown people were much impreſſed. Grace! grace! If poſſible, I intend returning with Mr. *H——m* (now here) to *Georgia*. You will hear the determination by the next ſhip, that goes very ſoon. I wrote to dear Mr. *H——y* very lately, by way of *Briſtol*. Tender, tender love to him, and to all. I have ſcarce time to beg the continued intereſt of all your prayers, in behalf of, my dear ſteady old friend,

Yours, &c. in our JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCV.

To Mr. D——, &c.

My very dear Friends, *Philadelphia, Nov.* 8, 1763.

MAN appoints, GOD for wiſe reaſons diſappoints. All was ready for my coming by land to you at *Bethesda*, with Mr. *H——m*; but ſeveral things concurred to prevent me, and the phyſicians all agree, that the only chance I have for growing better, is to ſtay and ſee what the cold weather will do for me. Fain would I ſay, however it may croſs my will, *Father, thy will be done!* At preſent, I make a ſhift to preach twice a week. But alas, my ſtrength is perfect weakneſs. What a mercy that JESUS is all in all! You will let me hear from you very particularly, by Captain *Bolitha*, or any other opportunity, either to this place or *New-York*. I want to know the preſent ſtate of all your affairs in every reſpect. Surely the bleſſed *Emmanuel*, who hath brought me thus far, will give us an interview by and by. That it may be a very happy one here below, and a prelude to an infinitely more happy and never-ceaſing one above, is the hearty prayer of, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCXCVI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear old Friend, *Philadelphia, Nov.* 14, 1763.

THIS comes by one Mr. *R*——, reputed to be a real chriſtian and an expert tradeſman, but greatly afflicted with a nervous head-ach. He will be glad of ſome ſpiritual acquaintance. Fain would he have had me under his roof. I wiſh he may get help, but I think we have got our life warrant. Mr. *Cruttenden* I find is releaſed; and a dear miniſter of *New-York* got free on *Saturday*. I am here yet, left behind; and now about to make my firſt excurſion to the *New-Jerſey* college. Twice a week preaching, is my preſent allowance. Many of various ranks ſeem to be brought under real concern. Phyſicians are abſolutely againſt my going to *Georgia*, till I get more ſtrength. Beſides, it is doubtful whether the ſouthern *Indians* will not break out, and therefore a little ſtay in theſe parts may on that account be moſt prudent. LORD JESUS, direct my goings in thy way! Accept my wonted general ſalutation; tender love to all. You and yours will not ceaſe to pray for, my dear ſteady friend,

Yours, &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCVII.

To Mr. D——n, &c.

Elizabeth-Town, Nov. 26, 1763.

My very dear Friends,

HOW is this? Am I come four thouſand miles to winter with you, and like to be diſappointed at laſt? I fear ſo; for alas, only by travelling thus far from *Philadelphia* in my way to *New-York*, I am quite fatigued. But I do not deſpair yet, if GOD gives me any ſtrength. Pray hard, and who knows what a GOD may do? Dear Mr. *H——m* will beſt acquaint you with northern particulars. He leaves me this morning, but I hope to ſee him at *New-York* the beginning of the week, and to write more. O that I may come with him! Abba, Father,

Father, all things are poſſible with thee! Adieu! My dear friend is going. Ceaſe not to pray for, and write to,

Yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCVIII.

My dear Sir, *New-York, Dec.* 1, 1763.

HOW thankful ſhould I be to the adorable JESUS, and to all that love me for his great name's ſake, for the bleſſed contents of your laſt, dated *September* 10. Praiſe the LORD, O my ſoul, and all that is within me praiſe his holy name! May this be only an earneſt of good things to come, both in *England* and *Wales*. Ere now, I ſuppoſe dear Mr. *Davis* is crying *Gogunniant* in *London*. We are eſſaying to echo it back from *America*. Some very good impreſſions have been made in *Philadelphia*, and we had four ſweet ſeaſons at *New-Jerſey* college, and two at *Elizabeth-Town*, in my way hither. Some ſaid they reſembled old times. My ſpirits grow better. But thrice a week is as often as I can preach. To-day I begin here, and have thoughts of returning with Mr. *H——m* to *Georgia*, but am fearful of relapſing by ſuch a fatiguing paſſage or journey. The LORD will direct. Mr. *Cruttenden* is got above theſe infirmities; GOD be praiſed that he went off ſo comfortably! may our expiring hour be like his! Surprized am I indeed to find that you have a little one coming into this world which others are leaving. LORD JESUS, ſpare root and branch, for thy own glory, and thy people's good! LORD JESUS, convert us all more and more, and make us all like little children! Tender, tender love to all that love him in ſincerity. I would write to many more, but company, low ſtate of health, and travelling, render more frequent writing impracticable to, my dear ſteady friend,

Yours, theirs, &c. &c. in our JESUS,

G. W.

New-York, Dec. 4.

SINCE writing the above, bleſſed be GOD, I have preached. Perſons of all denominations ſeem to be athirſt. Grace! grace! Deſire dear Mr. *H——y* to look into the *Univerſal Hiſtory of Arts and Sciences*, volume the ſecond, page

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436, for an account of Methodiſm, by a papiſt. GOD bleſs you all. Amen and Amen. I am juſt now told that the ſhip is going. Several other opportunities of writing will ſoon offer, which, GOD willing, ſhall be embraced by, my dear ſteady friend,

Ever yours, &c. in JESUS.

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCIX.

To Mr. D——n, &c.

My very dear Friends, *New-York, Dec. 7, 1763.*

WHAT a mortification do you think it muſt be to me, to part thus from, and not to accompany my dear Mr. *H——m* to *Bethesda?* Thus it was near twenty years ago, and yet I came, though he left me ſo ill at *New-England.* Aſſure yourſelves, I ſhall come as ſoon as poſſible. In the mean while, I have deſired Mr. *H——m* to aſſiſt in ſuperviſing and ſettling the accompts, and to give his advice in reſpect to the houſe, plantation, &c. &c. I beg you will be ſo good as to let me have an inventory of every individual thing, the names and number of the negroes, and what you think is neceſſary to be done every way. I would only obſerve in general, that I would have the family leſſened as much as may be, and all things contracted into as ſmall a compaſs as poſſible. And now once more adieu, though I truſt but for a ſhort ſeaſon. My heart is too full to enlarge. I have not got the account of the children taken in ſince the firſt inſtitution; it is left I believe in *New-England.* I purpoſe going thither now from the ſouthward. But it will be better to go to heaven. Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly! Dear Mr. *H——m* will inform you of all particulars concerning the goſpel miniſtrations of, my very dear friends,

Yours, ever yours, &c. &c. in CHRIST,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCC.

To Mr. H——y.

Dear Sir, *New-York, Dec.* 8, 1763.

BLESSED be GOD, I am enabled to preach thrice a week. But such a flocking of all ranks, I never before saw at *New-York*. A great number have been to see me, and several come to me in the evening, as it should seem, to hear something of the kingdom of GOD. My stay here is undetermined. Perhaps it may be till *Christmas*. Many thanks are due to my *London* friends, for their kind assistance, from time to time, in carrying on outward matters, and particularly to those who were so ready to assist in compleating the tabernacle job in such an honourable way. All with you will continue to pray for me. I would write more, but amidst such a throng of company and bodily weakness, it is indeed impracticable. I now repeatedly send all my tender love; and still praying that all may be filled with all the fulness of GOD, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours, &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCI.

To Mr. S—— S——.

My very dear Friend, *New-York, Dec.* 16, 1763.

I See by what you have done lately for the tabernacle, that you do not forget absent friends. I think you and yours are not forgotten by them, neither I believe are forgotten by the Friend of all. He remembers us, though he is advanced to so great a kingdom; remembers us in our low estate, and remembers that we are but dust. What a blessing this to worthless, ill and hell-deserving me! What a mercy, to meet with such a friend in the latter stages of our road! Surely he is altogether lovely. Having loved his own, he loves them to the end; witness his yet continuing to own the feeble labours of an almost worn out pilgrim. Every day the thirst for hearing the word increases, and the better sort come home to hear more of it. I must now go soon to *New-England*. Cold weather and a warm heart suit my tottering tabernacle best.

The ſhip is going. GOD bleſs you and yours! I hope that all related, and all who are near and dear to you, are alive for GOD,—a GOD,—a GOD in CHRIST; in whoſe great name, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

New-York, Dec. 18, 1763.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

BLESSED be GOD, I am better in health than when I wrote laſt. Preaching thrice a week agrees pretty well with me this cold ſeaſon of the year. I am apt to believe my diſorder will be periodical. It was ſo with Mr. *Poſtwick*, who is now with GOD. Our turn muſt come by and by. Who would have thought Mr. *Robert Scot* would have went off ſo ſoon? LORD, what is man? O to be always ready! O for thouſands to go forth to alarm a drowſy world! *New-Jerſey* college is a bleſſed nurſery; one of the pureſt perhaps in the univerſe. The worthy Preſident and three tutors, are all bent upon making the ſtudents both ſaints and ſcholars. I was lately there for a week. The Redeemer vouchſafed to own the word preached. Some ſaid it was like old times. Prejudices in this place have moſt ſtrangely ſubſided. The better ſort flock as eagerly as the common people, and are fond of coming for private goſpel converſation. This is all of grace. O for an humble and thankful heart! Perhaps I may ſoon go to *Boſton*. I know you will pray that the glorious *Emmanuel* may accompany me in all my removes. That this may be the happy lot of your whole ſelf, and of all dear enquiring friends, is the hearty prayer of, reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours, theirs, &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

P. S. I wrote to Mr. *Niven* laſt week.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCIII.

To Mr. D——n, &c.

My very dear Friends, *New-York, Jan.* 12, 1764.

CAPTAIN *Bolitho* is returned, and not one line from *Bethesda!* Surely you were not informed of his sailing, or you expected to see me with Mr. *H——m.* That which lets will surely by and by be taken out of the way. Blessed be GOD, the cold braces me up a little. I am enabled to preach twice or thrice a week. Congregations continue very large, and I trust saving impressions are made upon many. Some students also in *Philadelphia* and *New Jersey* colleges, I hear are much awakened. O for a blessed gale of divine influences when we meet at *Bethesda!* From thence, or *Charles-Town*, I purpose to embark for *England.* But future things belong to Him, who (whatever may be our thoughts) always orders all things well. To his never-failing guidance and most tender mercy do I commit you all, as being, for his great name's sake, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCIV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Boston, March* 3, 1764.

AS I find by letters from my wife and Mr. *T—— C——*, dated in *October* and *November*, and by another from Mr. *D——t*, dated in *December*, that my friends had heard from me more than once, I was in hopes of receiving a few lines from you by the last *New-York* packet. But I suppose you thought I was gone to the southward. Providence shut up my way: I believe for wise reasons. The inclosed will let you see how matters went at *New-York.* Since leaving that place, a sweet influence hath attended the word at *Easthampton*, *Bridgehampton*, and *South-hold* upon *Long-Island*, at *Shelter-Island* also, and at *New-London*, *Norwich*, and *Providence* on the main land. At *Boston* I have been received with the usual warmth of affection. Twice have we seen the Redeemer's stately steps in the great congregation. But as

the ſmall-pox is likely to take an univerſal ſpread through the town, I purpoſe making my country tour, and then return to *Boſton* in my way to the ſouthward. Invitations come ſo thick and faſt from every quarter, that I know not what to do. I cannot boaſt of acquiring much additional bodily ſtrength, any otherwiſe than as the cool ſeaſon of the year helps to keep me up. Twice a week is as often as I can with comfort aſcend my throne. The Redeemer vouchſafes to ſpeak for himſelf there, and private converſation is greatly bleſſed. Thus the taper keeps burning a little longer: when extinguiſhed on earth, it will be removed where it ſhall burn with uninterrupted luſtre in the kingdom of heaven. Till I hear from you, and ſee what is determined concerning *Betheſda*, I cannot think of undertaking a long voyage. Sometimes I fear my weakneſs will never allow me to go on ſhip-board any more. But I will wait. I will endeavour to watch and pray, and doubt not but I ſhall hear a voice behind me ſaying, "This is the way, walk thou in it." In the mean while, I rejoice to find that dear Mr. *Davis* is come to his winter quarters, and do earneſtly pray night and day, that he and all my dear fellow-labourers and hearers may increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD. Perhaps they may pray me over once more. Whenever the way is clear, I am ready to ſay, "LORD JESUS, lo I come." Tender, moſt tender love awaits you all. I muſt not enlarge, leſt my affections ſhould overpower this feeble frame. In heaven it will be otherwiſe. My very dear Sir, farewel. I muſt away to preach at *Charles-Town*, a neighbouring town to *Boſton*. Hoping ere long to join with you all in praiſing GOD for evermore, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCV.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Concord, 20 *miles from Boſton*, *March* 10, 1764.

My very dear Friend,

SINCE my laſt I ſuppoſe you have heard one way or another of my being in this dying world, and in ſome meaſure improved for propagating the glorious goſpel. *New York* was

New-

New-York indeed. We saw blessed days of the Son of Man there. Since that, in my way to these parts, a divine influence attended the word preached in various places. And how would you have been delighted to have seen Mr. *Wheelock*'s Indians? Such a promising nursery of future missionaries, I believe was never seen in *New-England* before: pray encourage it with all your might. I also wish you could give some useful puritanical books to *Harvard-college* library, lately burnt down. Few perhaps will give such; and yet a collection of that kind is absolutely necessary for future students and poor neighbouring ministers, to whom I find the books belonging to the library are freely lent out from time to time. You will not be angry with me for these hints. I know your ambitious greedy soul: you want to grow richer and richer towards GOD. O that there may be in me such a mind! But my wings are clipped. I can only preach twice or thrice a week with comfort. And yet a wider door than ever is opened all along the continent. A beginning is made in *Boston*. But as the small-pox is spreading there, I purpose preaching for a while in adjacent places. With what success, you may know hereafter. I send you and yours these few lines as a token of gratitude, respect, and love unfeigned; but must still beg you to add to my obligations, by continuing to pray for, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCVI.

To C—— H——y, Esq;

Very dear Sir, *Portsmouth, March* 23, 1764.

HOW was my heart eased by receiving yesterday your kind letter, dated *October* 22d? If you and dear Mr. *K——n* will continue to manage when I am present, as well as when I am absent, it may give another turn to my mind. Who knows what a never-failing GOD may do in a few months! At present, my way is clear to go on preaching till I can journey southward. The inclosed will inform you what hath been done by one sermon at *Providence*, formerly a most ungodly place, forty miles south of *Boston*. At *Newbury*, which I left yesterday, is a stir indeed. On Lord's-day I shall

begin here. O for daily freſh gales! That they may every day more and more increaſe with you and all your dear relations, and all dear friends, is the hearty prayer of, very dear Sir, in great haſte, but greater love,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCVII.

To Mrs. M——h.

Dear Mrs. M——h, *Portſmouth, March* 30, 1764.

I Have juſt now heard of your loſs. Accept a few ſympathizing lines. I hope thoſe that are dead, died in the LORD: if ſo, we had need weep only for ourſelves and for children that are left behind. You are now more at liberty for the Redeemer's work. I need wiſh you no greater honour than that you may be *a widow indeed.* Though deſolate, ſhe puts her truſt in the LORD, and ſhe continues in prayer night and day. This hath been your old employ. By and by you ſhall have nothing to do but praiſe.

O glorious ſeat! Our GOD *our king,*
Us thither bring, to kiſs thy feet.

I hope ere now, that many more in the neighbouring market have thus begun their heaven upon earth. I hear GOD is with you at the chapel. Praiſe the LORD, O my ſoul! You will know from others, what cheer the Redeemer gives us in *America.* Good cheer, Mrs. *M——h,* good cheer. He rains down righteouſneſs; he rains down bread from heaven on the congregations. This ſupports (and at times overcomes) my tottering tabernacle. In heaven we ſhall have a glorious body. Hoping and believing that yourſelf and ſiſter, Mr. and Mrs. *K——g,* and Mr. and Mrs. *W——,* with many others, will ſpeedily meet there, I ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Mrs. *M——h,*

Yours, theirs, &c. in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCVIII.

To Mr. and Mrs. D——n.

My very dear Friends, *Boſton, April* 20, 1764.

I Wiſh you much joy. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon you both! It will, it will. Your match was certainly made in heaven. How do I long to ſee you! I have been at my *ne plus ultra* northward, and am now more free and capable of ſettling my affairs ſouthward. When that is done, how chearfully, with a CHRIST in my heart inſtead of my arms, could I ſing, "LORD, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace!" I hope you are not offended at my giving a power of attorney to Mr. *H——m.* The Redeemer knows it was not owing to a diſtruſt of any of you, but only in *caſe of my death*, that he might teſtify to the world the integrity of your actions, and the veracity of your accounts. I am perſuaded he will not deſire to interfere, but act and conſult jointly, as occaſion offers; and you will go on in your old way. O that I was aſſured of your ſtay at *Bethesda!* Of this I am ſatisfied, that you will not diſtreſs me by leaving the place deſtitute of proper help. And I aſſure you, if I thought we ſhould have the *leaſt demur*, I would not come at all. My tottering tabernacle will not bear grief, eſpecially from thoſe whom I ſo dearly love, and who have ſerved the inſtitution ſo faithfully and diſintereſtedly for ſo many years. Verily you ſhall in no wiſe loſe your reward. What I have in my view for *Bethesda*, may be better ſpoke of when me meet, than by letter. LORD JESUS, haſten the wiſhed-for time! At preſent, by my late excurſions I am brought low; but reſt and care may brace me up again for ſome little further ſervice for our glorious *Emmanuel.* A moſt bleſſed influence hath attended the word in various places, and many have been made to cry out, "What ſhall we do to be ſaved?" O for ſuch a cry at the ſouthward! Abba, Father, all things are poſſible with thee! To his tender and never-failing mercy do I commit you, as being, my very dear friends,

Yours moſt affectionately in the bleſſed JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCIX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Boſton, April 25, 1764.

My very dear Mr. K——n,

YOU are a friend indeed. The Friend of ſinners, the King of ſaints, will bleſs and reward you for all your works of faith and unfeigned labours of love. Nay, he will bleſs both you and your children. GOD grant, that roots and branches may all increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD. I find I can do but little for him, and by a late return of my diſorder, was in danger of doing leſs. But, bleſſed be his name, I am recovered, and yeſterday got upon my throne again. Words cannot well expreſs the eagerneſs of the people to hear. I was meditating an eſcape to the ſouthward laſt week; but *Boſton* people ſent a goſpel hue and cry after me, and really brought me back. LORD JESUS, let it be for thy glory, and thy people's good! Bleſſed be his name for giving you ſo much prudence in the management of the Chapel and Tabernacle affairs, and for countenancing the miniſterial labours at both ends of the town. *The burning buſh* may ſtill be our coat of arms. By a ſhip that will ſoon be going for *London*, I purpoſe to write to you and dear Mr. *H——y* more particularly. I have very little time allowed to write this, leſt the veſſel ſhould be gone. Adieu. Tender love to all. Ten thouſand thanks, and moſt affectionate love await all mentioned in your laſt, and all who are ſo kind as to enquire after, and pray for, dear Mr. *K——n*,

Theirs, yours, &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Boſton, May* 19, 1764.

YOUR letter by the packet came ſafe, but I fear you muſt write again. There can be no coming to *England* till I have ſettled *Georgia* affairs. Thither I cannot go till the fall: a few months will ſoon glide away. Your *Iſaac* is well

off. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. People here beg earnestly for a six o'clock morning lecture. I hope to get strength to gratify them. To be able to do what you say, will fully satisfy! I would fain die preaching. Tender love to all. By the next opportunity your worthy collegue shall hear from, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXI.

To C—— H——y, Esq;

Very dear Sir, *Boston, June* 1, 1764.

I Hope this will find you safe returned from your summer tour, and laden with the fruit of GOD's everlasting love. You see where this leaves me. Friends have even constrained me to stay here, for fear of running into the Summer's heat. Hitherto I find the benefit of it. Whatever it is owing to, through mercy, I am much better in health, than I was this time twelvemonth, and can now preach thrice a week to very large auditories without hurt. Every day I hear of some brought under concern; and I trust, whenever I remove, a blessing will be left behind. This is all of grace. To the glorious giver, purchaser, and applier of it, be all the glory. All was well at *Georgia* in *April*, and I hope to be carried comfortably through the southern journey that lies before me.

CHRIST's *presence shall my pains beguile,*
And make each wilderness to smile.

In about a fortnight, GOD willing, I purpose to set forward. It will be hard parting. But heaven will make amends for all. Blessed be GOD that matters go on so well at *London*. If I get more bodily strength, I shall think of another voyage with more comfort. But future things belong to Him, who orders all things for the best. I would trust him for the present day, and not be over solicitous for the morrow. LORD, I believe, help thou my unbelief! Perhaps we may meet once more on this side eternity. They tell me, that the Summers in these northern parts have of late years been very cool. The event will shew. Let it suffice that eternal truth hath assured

us, that as our day is so our strength shall be. I know I shall not want your prayers, or the prayers of your dear relatives. Most cordial respects and ten thousand thanks await them all; for indeed none are forgotten by, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. in the blessed JESUS,

G. W.

June 7.

Parting here hath been heart breaking: I cannot stand it. I must away for the southward. Mr. *T*—— *C*—— hath a packet that will be delivered by a friend. O for heaven! There all will be together with the LORD. *Hallelujah!*

LETTER MCCCXII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *New-York, June* 25, 1764.

HITHERTO the LORD hath helped me. The *New-England* winter campaign is over, and I am thus far on my way to *Georgia*. Mr. *Smith*, my faithful host, writes thus: "Your departure hence never before so deeply wounded us, and the most of this people; and they are injudicious enough to propose sending a book full of names to call you back. Your enemies are very few, and even they seem to be almost at peace with you. I inclose five prints, which shew what is said of you publicly; but as to private discourse, and secret intercessions, you will willingly and modestly remain ignorant of the one, and, I doubt not, feel sweetly the influences of the other." I add, even so, LORD JESUS, *Amen!* To crown the expedition, after preaching at *New-Haven* college, the President came to me, as I was going off in the chaise, and informed me that the students were so deeply impressed by the sermon, that they were gone into the chapel, and earnestly entreated me to give them one more quarter of an hour's exhortation. Not unto me, O LORD, not unto me, but unto thy free and unmerited grace be all the glory! At present my health is better than usual, and as yet I have felt no inconvenience from the summer's heat. Praise the LORD, O my soul! I write this in great haste, but with greater love

to you and yours, and to all. I beg leave to subscribe myself, my very dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXIII.

To Mr. W——.

Dear Sir, *New-York, Aug.* 8, 1764.

YOUR last, I find, left you soaring aloft. I fancy you like being a *Hebrew* of the *Hebrews*. This, I hope, will meet you sitting low at the feet of JESUS, and hearing his words. That is the safest place. He continues good to me, a worthless worm, during this summer season. I have preached twice lately in the fields, and we sat under the blessed Redeemer's shadow with great delight. Let every thing that hath breath praise the LORD! In a short time I move southward. Perhaps in Spring I may embark for *England*. But future things belong to him who orders all things well. The *New-Jerusalem* is the place I have in view.

There sin and strife and sorrow cease,
And all is love and joy and peace.

Hearty love to your wife and all dear friends as they come in your way. GOD bless you all! In Him, who is all in all, I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXIV.

To Mr. D——n, &c.

My very dear Friends, *New-York, Aug.* 19, 1764.

I Have waited with eagerness for another letter. I want a particular account of the necessaries you stand in need of. They might be procured with advantage here or at *Philadelphia*. I hope you have received the things. Something more will be sent by *Schemerron* to the care of Mr. *H——m*. I hear another vessel is expected from *Georgia* soon. Surely I shall have a line then. I fear it will be the middle of *October* before I

can

can leave *Philadelphia*; but, GOD willing, you ſhall hear more particularly ſoon. A never-failing JESUS continues to ſmile upon my feeble labours, and hath hitherto carried me comfortably through the ſummer's heat. Help, O help me to praiſe him. Pray for us. Tender love to all. Hoping to join with you quickly on earth, and in full aſſurance of joining with you eternally in heaven, in very great haſte, but greater love, I ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *New-York, Aug.* 25, 1764.

STILL am I kept as it were a priſoner in theſe parts, by the heat of the weather. All diſſuade me from proceeding ſouthward till the latter end of *September*. My late excurſions upon *Long-Iſland*, I truſt have been bleſſed. It would ſurprize you to ſee above a hundred carriages at every ſermon in this new world. I am, through infinite mercy, ſtill kept up. Dear Mr. *H——y*'s packet is not yet come to hand. I wrote to him and my dear wife very lately by a friend in the packet, and I have ſent many letters for a letter-day to the care of Mr. *E——s* in *Briſtol*. I thank dear Mr. *L——d* for his laſt by the packet. I wrote to him juſt before his came to hand. Tender, tender love to your whole ſelf and to all.

Ever theirs, ever yours, &c. &c. in our JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXVI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Philadelphia, Sept.* 21, 1764.

YESTERDAY I had the pleaſure of yours by the *New-York* packet, and can only in return ſend my repeated thanks for ſo many repeated favours. After a moſt ſolemn and heart-breaking parting at *New-York*, I am come thus far in my way to *Georgia*. There I hope to be about *Chriſtmas*,

Chriſtmas; and in Spring, GOD willing, to embark for *England*. Hitherto the LORD hath helped. However, let what will become of the ſubſtance, in the mean while I ſend you my ſhadow. The painter, who gave it me, having now the ague and fever, and living a hundred miles off, I muſt get you to have the drapery finiſhed, and then, if judged proper, let it be put up in the Tabernacle parlour. One Captain *B*—— brings it in the *Philadelphia* packet, and would moſt gladly have brought the original over. If you ſee him, take a little notice of him. I have only preached twice here, but the influence was deep indeed. Grace! grace! Before my further removal hence, I hope for an opportunity of writing to dear Mr. *H*——*y*. Two ſuch friends ſurely could not be picked out, for the *London* affairs. Tender, moſt tender love awaits him and all of you. GOD bleſs you! GOD bleſs you! I am really better in health than I have been theſe three years. Excuſe my not writing to other dear friends; the ſhip is going, my hands full of buſineſs, and I have little more time allowed me than to return you ten thouſand thanks, and ſubſcribe myſelf,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

September 23.

Within a few days, but not before, I received the hymn books, and hope to write to other friends in a few days by way of *Londonderry*. This day has been a good day indeed. Grace! grace!

LETTER MCCCXVII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

My very dear Friend, *Naſſau-Hall, Sept.* 25, 1764.

AT length I am broke looſe from my ſummer's retreat, and have preached twice at *Philadelphia*. Many could ſay, "This was no other than the houſe of GOD, the gate of heaven." Yeſterday I came here, to preach at the commencement to-morrow. Surely it is one of the beſt regulated inſtitutions in the world. But moſt importunate calls come from every quarter. So large is the range, that although I have

have been a twelvemonth in *America*, I have ſcarce begun to begin. At preſent I can only go ſtrait forward, and preach in my way to *Georgia*. There I hope to be about *Chriſtmas*. GOD knows how I am to be diſpoſed of afterwards: whether to *England*, or to take another tour on the continent, is beſt known to Him who orders all things well.

To feel his power, to hear his voice,
To taſte his love, be all my choice.

Through infinite mercy my bodily health is ſomewhat improved. Perhaps a few more months itinerating might improve it more. Father, thy will be done! You and yours, I truſt, proſper both in ſoul and body. Tender love and hearty thanks await you, and all enquiring friends. If the perſon in Mr. *D——t*'s compting-houſe, would go over to *New-York*, he might get a very handſome maintenance in teaching young gentlemen and ladies to read well. O what new ſcenes open in this new world. In every place the word hath run and been glorified. I could enlarge, but am interrupted. You and yours will continue to pray for me. I retain my old name. I am the chief of ſinners, leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints, but for CHRIST's ſake, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

October 3.

Since writing the above I have received your kind letter. Bleſſed be GOD that you and yours are ſo well in the beſt ſenſe. The books may be committed to the care of Mr. *Mauduit*, agent for *New-England*. That will give you leaſt trouble. It is a good charity. LORD JESUS, accept and bleſs it. *Amen*, and *Amen!*

LETTER MCCCXVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Philadelphia, Oct.* 19, 1764.

ACCEPT a few more lines before I ſet off for my ſouthern tour. My laſt, in which was a letter for my wife, left *New-York* laſt *Sunday*. The encloſed will inform you

you a little of my late motions. Pray tell dear Mr. *H——y.* that Dr. *S——*, the Provoſt of the *Philadelphia* college, read prayers for me, and attended me backwards and forwards. Both the preſent and late Governor, with the head gentlemen of the city, were preſent, and cordial thanks were ſent to me from all the Truſtees, for ſpeaking for the children, and countenancing the inſtitution. This is all of GOD. To me nothing belongs but ſhame and confuſion of face. O for a truly guileleſs and *Iſraelitiſh* heart! It will be found to be the beſt policy at the great day. More good news await you in a packet of letters directed to you, and committed to the care of Captain *Sparks*, of the *Elizabeth* and *Mary*. I believe he will deliver them himſelf; if not, you may ſend for them. On the reading, I am apt to believe you will think it is almoſt ſinful not to take another tour. LORD JESUS, do thou direct my goings in thy way! He will, he will. But what is become of *T—— C——?* Mr. *R——* my worthy hoſt wrote to him many months ago, about being admitted a member of the ſociety for diſtributing books among the poor. Not a word of anſwer yet. Many more want to be members. In a day or two, GOD willing, I ſet off for my beloved *Bethesda*. O what bleſſings have we received in this place. You will join in crying, *Hallelujah*, the LORD reigneth, and bleſſed be the GOD of our ſalvation! To his never-failing mercy do I commend you, as being, my very dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXIX.

To C—— H——y, Eſq;

New-Brunſwick, North-Carolina, Nov. 22, 1764.

My very dear Sir,

THROUGH the tender mercy of a never-failing Redeemer, I am thus far advanced from *Philadelphia* through *Virginia*, in my way ſouthward. At *Newburn* laſt *Sunday*, good impreſſions were made. Several gentlemen after ſermon eſcorted me out of town. From that place to this, I have met with what they call *New-lights* almoſt every ſtage. At *Lochwood's-Folly* (an unlikely place as *Rome* itſelf) there

is

is to be a general rendezvous of them. This is grace indeed. I am to call to-morrow on a wealthy planter that ſeems to lead the van. There I ſhall enquire more particulars. I have the names of ſix or eight of their preachers. This, with every other place, being open and exceedingly deſirous to hear the goſpel, makes me almoſt determine to come back early in the ſpring. Surely the *Londoners*, who are fed to the full, will not envy the poor ſouls in theſe parts, who ſcarce know the right hand from the left. As to ſpiritual things, a few goſpel crumbs in journeying, upon the whole, agrees with me. In leſs than a week I hope to reach *Charles-Town*; from thence I purpoſe to write again. Tender love to Mr. and Mrs. *B*——, and to your whole connections, and all dear dear friends who pray for, and enquire after, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXX.

To Mr. J——.

Charles-Town, Dec. 2, 1764.

My dear Mr. J——,

THOUGH I have not had a line from you, ſince I wrote to you from on board ſhip, yet I do not forget our old friendſhip, and therefore was glad to hear by my wife's letter, that you kept your place in the deſpiſed tabernacle, where you and yours have ſo often met with GOD. Ere long we ſhall meet in an upper world,

Where ſin and ſtrife and ſorrow ceaſe,
And all is calm and joy and peace.

I hope you both enjoy large anticipations of this approaching, uninterrupted, everlaſting bliſs. Ill and hell-deſerving as I am, a never-failing *Emmanuel* continues kind to me,

His preſence doth my pains beguile,
And makes the wilderneſs to ſmile.

In a little above a month we came by land from *Philadelphia*. This morning I am to preach, and to morrow, GOD willing, ſhall ſet forwards for *Georgia*. Fain would I be a pilgrim to my laſt gaſp. Continue to pray for me, and remember me moſt

moſt kindly to all friends, as they come in your way, and aſſure yourſelves, my dear Mr. and Mrs. *J*——, that neither of you are forgotten by,

Yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXI.

To C—— H——y, Eſq;

My very dear Sir, *Savannah, Dec.* 19, 1764.

THIS leaves me ſitting, where I would be glad dear Mr. *H——y, K——n, B——n,* &c. were for ſome moments. They would ſay, never was a place more commodiouſly ſituated for a college. The encloſed will ſhew you what providential ſteps have been taken towards it. All done without the leaſt heſitation. The colony is riſing very faſt, nothing but plenty at *Bethesda*, and all arrears, I truſt, will be paid off before I leave it; ſo that in a ſhort time I hope to be free from theſe outward incumbrances. LORD JESUS, ſhew me whether I muſt go directly to *England*, or make another northern excurſion. I wiſh, if I do come over, that Mr. *D——n* was engaged to ſtay always in town. Mr. *D——s* ſeems to come, only becauſe I am not in *London*. My ſpirits will not bear the uſual care. I hope your dear relations are better than when you wrote laſt. Moſt cordial reſpects await them, and all dear, very dear friends. I am obliged to Mr. *L——d* for his favour dated *September* 24. It came to hand yeſterday. I wiſh the voyage may produce a volume of ſermons; but I cannot write when I will. LORD JESUS, do thou rule both heart and hand! Great favour is here given me, in the ſight of all. This is the LORD's doing. In my next you may expect many more particulars. Mr. *D——n* hath chartered a ſhip, and ſent orders for my having a paſſage *gratis*. Thus the great GOD continues his unmerited goodneſs to, my very dear Sir,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in JESUS.

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCXXII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

My very dear Friend, *Bethesda, Jan.* 14, 1765.

THROUGH tender mercy, I have been in this province above five weeks. All things, in respect to *Bethesda*, went on successfully. GOD hath given me great favour in the sight of the governor, council, and assembly. A memorial was presented for an additional grant of lands, consisting of two thousand acres. It was immediately complied with. Both houses addressed the Governor in behalf of the intended college. As warm an answer was given; and I am now putting all in repair, and getting every thing ready for that purpose. Every heart seems to leap for joy, at the prospect of its future utility to this and the neighbouring colonies. The only question now is, whether I should embark directly for *England*, or take one tour more to the northward? He that holdeth the stars in his right hand, will direct in due time. I am here in delightful winter quarters. Peace and plenty reign at *Bethesda*. His Excellency dined with me yesterday, and expressed his satisfaction in the warmest terms. Who knows how many youths may be raised up for the service of the ever-loving and altogether lovely JESUS? Thus far however we may set up our *Ebenezer*. Hitherto the bush hath been burning, but not consumed.

Blest is faith that waits GOD's *hour,*
Blest are saints that trust his power.

LORD, I believe, help thou my unbelief! You and yours will continue to pray for me. Be pleased to accept this as a small token of acknowledgment for all favours conferred upon, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCXXIII.

To Mr. P——e.

My dear Mr. P——e, *Bethesda, Feb.* 3, 1765.

YOUR kind letter lies by me. Love unfeigned constrains me to answer it. We have just been wishing that some of our *London* friends were here. We have love feasts every day. Nothing but peace and plenty reign in *Bethesda*, this house of mercy. GOD be praised, for making the chapel such a *Bethel*. I believe it will yet be a gate of heaven to many souls. Whether we live or die, we shall see greater things. Remember, my dear friend, to ask something worthy of a GOD to give. Be content with nothing short of himself. His presence alone, can fill and satisfy the renewed soul. Trials only empty the heart, and thereby make way for further communications from above. Seed time and harvest, summer and winter, will always succeed each other here. Do you not find it so, dear Mr. and Mrs. *A——r*, as well as your friend Mr. *P——e?* Though you do not write, I will venture to answer for you—Yes.—Well, then let us go on, till we enter into our eternal summer, our uninterrupted harvest. Haste we, haste we; the LORD is at hand! Pray that my tardy pace may be quickened; get all enquiring friends to join with you; and believe me to be, my dear Mr. *P——e*,

Yours, &c. in our sympathizing LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXIV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Sir, *Bethesda, Feb.* 13, 1765.

A Few days more, and then farewel *Bethesda*, perhaps for ever. Affairs, as to me, I trust are now brought near a close. The within audit I sent to the G——r. Next day came Lord *J. A. G——n*, to pay his Excellency a visit. Yesterday morning, they with several other gentlemen favoured me with their company to breakfast. But how was my Lord surprized and delighted! After expressing himself in the strongest terms, he took me aside, and informed me, "that the G——r had shewn him the accompts, by which he found

what a great benefactor I had been: that the intended college would be of the utmoſt utility to this and the neighbouring provinces; that the plan was beautiful, rational, and practicable; and that he was perſuaded his M——y would highly approve of, and alſo favour it, with ſome peculiar marks of his royal bounty." At their deſire I went to town, and dined with him and the G——r at *Savannah*. On *Tueſday* next, GOD willing, I move towards *Charles-Town*, leaving all arrears paid off, and ſome caſh in hand, beſides the laſt year's whole crop of rice, ſome lumber, the houſe repaired, painted, furniſhed with plenty of cloathing, and proviſion till next crop comes in, and perhaps ſome for ſale. Meſſrs. *D——n*, *S——k*, and their wives, ſtay till my ſucceſſors come to ſupply their places. Only a few boys will be left, and two of them are intended for the foundation. So that this year they will be getting rather than expending. Near ten, boys and girls, have been put out, and the ſmall-pox hath gone through the houſe, with the loſs of about ſix negroes and four orphans. Before which, I think not above four children have been taken off theſe twenty-four years. As an acknowledgment of Mr. and Mrs. *D——n*'s faithfulneſs and care, I have made them a preſent of a bill of exchange drawn upon you. It is for JESUS, who ſhed his dear and precious blood for ill and hell-deſerving me. And now it may be, I may ſee *England* this ſummer. But ſtill I cry, who ſhall roll away the ſtone? JESUS will do it for me. And now farewel, my beloved *Betheſda*; ſurely the moſt delightfully ſituated place in all the ſouthern parts of *America*. I do not forget your dear relations. What a bleſſed winter have I had! Peace, and love, and harmony, and plenty, reign here. Mr. *W——t* hath done much in a little time. All are ſurprized at it. But he hath worked night and day, and not ſtirred a mile for many weeks. Help, help, my dear *Engliſh* friends, to pray me over, as being, for CHRIST's ſake, my very dear Sir,

Ever yours, theirs, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCXXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Savannah, Feb.* 18, 1765.

YESTERDAY we had a moſt cutting parting at *Bethesda*; but bleſſed be GOD, for giving me to part from it in ſuch comfortable circumſtances! All arrears are paid off, caſh, ſtock, and plenty of all kinds of proviſion before-hand, and under GOD, no danger, at leaſt for this year, of going back; ſo that one great load is taken off. What ſhall I render unto the LORD of all Lords for this and all other his mercies?

Praiſe GOD, *my ſoul, even unto death,*
And raiſe a ſong with every breath.

And now my thoughts turn toward *England.* As a proof of it, I have ſent a box in the *Friendſhip*, Captain *Ball*, directed to you. The things in the box, for the moſt part, do belong to Mr. *W——t*, and all of them, if I die in my way to *England.* That will be a bleſſed voyage indeed! Brethren, pray for us, pray for us; and aſſure yourſelves of being never forgotten by my dear old friend,

Yours, theirs, &c. in everlaſting bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXVI.

To Mr. and Mrs. D——n.

Charles-Town, March 5, 1765.

My very dear dear Friends,

OFTEN have we thought, and talked of, and if it was lawful, wiſhed ourſelves at *Bethesda* again. No place like that for peace, and plenty of every kind. May this find you all enjoying GOD, and each others company, in a manner the world knows not of! It leaves me in my poor way, aiming to do a little for Him, who hath done and ſuffered ſo much for ill and hell-deſerving me. People of all ranks fly to the goſpel like doves to the windows. The word begins to fall with great weight, and all are importunate for my longer ſtay. But next week I expect to move. Captain

M——r, though waited for near two months, is not yet arrived; Mr. *S——n*'s Lady comes with him, when you may expect a more particular letter. He sets off for *Georgia* immediately upon his Lady's arrival. The negroes shirts, &c. are in hand. O that those *Ethiopians* may be made to stretch out their hearts unto GOD! I feel a great compassion for them. Letters from the northward, give sweet accounts of the spreading of the work of GOD; but I must not enlarge. So many various calls surround me, that I have scarce leisure to dispatch my private business. GOD bless you! GOD bless you all in soul and body, in time and eternity! The parting here hath been most affecting and awful. Several presume to prophesy, that I shall certainly and speedily see *South Carolina*, and my beloved, dearly beloved *Bethesda* again. I say heartily, Amen! What say you? I shall not wait for an answer. If the LORD JESUS say amen too, it will do. And now for the present, adieu. GOD bless you, and fill you all with all his fulness! Pray hard for us; pray, if possible, that the glorious *Emmanuel* would give me to see these parts once more. A blessed work, I trust, is begun. Grace, grace! Perhaps this is not a parting letter. You may hear from me more minutely by the Chief Justice; but who knows what a day may bring forth! *A——H——*'s wife died suddenly, a few days before my return hither. Others taken, and I still left. LORD JESUS, quicken my tardy pace! On *Friday* next, GOD willing, I shall read prayers and preach in *Ashby-Ferry* church. Mr. *Z——y* hath preached well here. Dear, very dear friends, continue to pray for me. Indeed I pray for you night and day; and, GOD willing, this shall be the constant employ of, my very dear, very dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. &c. in JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXVII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Charles-Town, March 15, 1765.

My very dear Friend,

HITHERTO the LORD hath helped: I have had a most pleasant winter. The inclosed will shew you in what a situation I left *Bethesda*. To put the finishing stroke

to

to that affair, I fear I muſt embark for *England*. Well may I ſay *I fear*; for indeed words cannot well expreſs what a ſcene of action I leave behind. Alas! my *American* work ſeems as yet ſcarce begun. My health is better, and every day the word of GOD runs and is glorified more and more. In two days, my wilderneſs range commences afreſh. In about ſix weeks I hope to ſee *Philadelphia*. From thence, they ſay, I am to ſet ſail for my native country. But heaven! a bleſſed, long wiſhed-for heaven, is my home. Surely, death will ſay by and by, "Come up hither." This, I truſt, will find you and yours mounting aloft. GOD bleſs you, and all your connections! Indeed and indeed I owe you much, very much love. As a pepper-corn of acknowledgment, be pleaſed to accept theſe few loving lines from, my very dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Wilmington, Cape-Fear, March 29, 1765.

My very dear Mr. K——,

THUS far the LORD hath brought me in my way to *Philadelphia*, from whence, according to the preſent ſcheme, I purpoſe to embark for *England*. But I ſometimes doubt, whether it is right or not. However, this is my comfort, that I ſerve a maſter who will not ſuffer the blind, that deſire to know and do his will, to go out of their way. Hitherto he hath made the wilderneſs to ſmile! We had a moſt cutting parting from *Charles-Town*. I preached thrice in my way to this place. At the deſire of the Mayor and other gentlemen, I ſhall ſtay till next *Sunday*, and then purpoſe, GOD willing, to go on my way. Indeed and indeed, this pilgrimage kind of life, is the very joy of my heart. Cieled houſes and crouded tables I leave to others. A morſel of bread, and a little bit of cold meat, in a wood, is a moſt luxurious repaſt. JESUS's preſence is all in all, whether in the city or the wilderneſs. I hope that you and my other dear metropolitan friends, in the midſt of all your noiſe, are always hearing that ſmall ſtill voice that whiſpers, "Love." I think much of the late trial of my never to be forgotten friends at *Cannonbury-houſe*. Remember,

according to promiſe, you will be kind enough to act as truſtee, and all things are to continue juſt as they are, if it ſhould pleaſe GOD to bring me to *London*. Now I am free, GOD keep me ſo for CHRIST's ſake. Tender love to all. I ſend them moſt cordial ſalutations, and intreat the continuance of their and your prayers, in behalf of, my very dear Mr. *K——*,

Theirs and yours moſt affectionately
in our never-failing *Emmanuel*,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXIX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Newcaſtle, 30 *miles from Philadelphia*, *May* 4, 1765.

My dear Mr. K——n,

I Am juſt come here, in my way to embark from *Philadelphia*. But how ſhall I do it? Every where the door opens wider and wider. All along, from *Charles-Town* to this place, the cry is, "for CHRIST's ſake ſtay and preach to us." O for a thouſand lives to ſpend for JESUS! He is good, he is good! His mercy endureth for ever. Help, help, my dear *Engliſh* friends, to bleſs and praiſe Him. The letters by Captain *Ball*, I hear are ſent from *Charles-Town*, in my trunk, to *Philadelphia*. I expect to receive them this evening. Thanks be to GOD, all outward things are ſettled on this ſide the water. The auditing the accounts, and laying a foundation for a college, hath ſilenced enemies and comforted friends. The finiſhing this affair confirms my call to *England* at this time. But I have no manner of proſpect of being able to ſerve the tabernacle and chapel. I cannot preach once now, without being quite exhauſted. How then ſhall I bear the cares of both thoſe places? But I muſt beg you and dear Mr. *H——y* to continue truſtees when I am preſent, as well as in my abſence. I wiſh that a ſhip was ready now, perhaps I may yet ſail from *New-York*. I am praying night and day for direction. The word runs here, and is glorified. But the weather, for two days, hath been ſo hot, that I could ſcarce move. To-day it is much cooler. I dread the ſhaking of the ſhip. But if it ſhakes this tottering frame to pieces, it will be a trading voyage indeed. As Mr. *Blake* is not mentioned in your laſt,

I hope he is recovered. Death will do this for us all. Bleſſed be GOD, for enabling young Mr. *Beckman* to face it ſo triumphantly! This muſt be a great cordial to the afflicted parents. That they, your dear relations, and all my tried friends, may be comforted yet more and more, is the earneſt prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours, theirs, &c. &c. in JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXX.

To Mr. D——n.

My very dear Friends, *New-York, June* 6, 1765.

ACCEPT a few loving parting lines. Next *Sunday*, GOD willing, we ſail in the *Earl of Halifax* packet. No ſhip offered at *Philadelphia*. I am almoſt too weary to write. JESUS made the wilderneſs to ſmile! Grace! grace! I have received letters from *England*, dated *April* 13, in anſwer to thoſe ſent from *Georgia*. All ſay, you muſt come, or *Bethesda* affairs cannot be finiſhed. Expect the firſt intelligence after my arrival. In the mean while, ceaſe not to remember us at the throne of that JESUS; in whoſe great name, I deſire to ſubſcribe myſelf, very dear dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Plymouth, July 12, 1765.

My dear dear Mr. K——n,

PERHAPS I am arrived a little before the expected time. We have had but a twenty-eight days paſſage, in the *Halifax* packet, from *New-York*, which got into *Falmouth* laſt *Monday*. I left the veſſel near the *Lizard*, and by the blunder of a drunken fellow, miſſed the Poſt on *Monday* evening. The tranſition hath been ſo ſudden, that I can ſcarce believe that I am in *England*. I hope, ere long, to have a more ſudden tranſition into a better country. Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly! I want a gown and caſſock. *Child*, in *Chancery-Lane*, uſed to make for me, and perhaps knows my meaſure. Amaz-

ing, that I have not been measured for a coffin long ago! LORD JESUS, thy will be done! I am very low in body, and as yet undetermined what to do. Perhaps, on the whole, it may be best to come on leisurely, to see if my spirits can be a little recruited. You may write a few lines at a venture to *Bristol*. dear Mr. *H——y* shall hear more particularly the next Post, whatever rout I take. Had I bodily strength, you would find me coming upon you unawares; but that fails me much. I must have a little rest, or I shall be able to do nothing at all. Let no one stir to meet me, it being uncertain what rout I shall take. The LORD JESUS be with all your spirits! Ten thousand thousand thanks await you and your dear collegue, and all your dear friends, for all assistance given to, my dear dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Bristol, July* 18, 1765.

JUST now, with great joy, I received your welcome letter, I fear the post will be gone, ere this can be put in. Blessed be GOD, I am a little better. I have a fine commodious house, and am kept from much company. You will certainly know my rout. Indeed and indeed, I long to see my dear Mr. *K——n*, and my dear Mr. *H——y*. Stand, my friends, and insist upon my not being brought out into action too soon. The poor old shattered bark hath not been in dock one week, for a long while. I scarce know what I write. Tender love to all.

Ever yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXIII.

To Mr. E——s.

Dear Mr. E——s, *London, Aug.* 3, 1765.

I Am very weak in body, but gratitude constrains me to send you a few lines of love unfeigned, for your labours of love during my absence abroad. I rejoice to hear they were blessed.

Our

Our friends tell me, that the ſound of your Maſter's feet was certainly heard behind you. To Him, and Him alone, be all the glory! Is not this encouragement, my dear brother, to go on, and to be inſtant in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon? If GOD will work, who ſhall hinder?

Give us thy ſtrength, O GOD *of power,*
Then let winds blow and thunders roar:
Thy faithful witneſſes we'll be;
'Tis fix'd! we can do all through thee.

Thanks be to GOD, we do not go a warfare on our own charges; the Captain of our ſalvation will conquer for and in us. Let us but acknowledge him in all our ways, and He hath given us his royal word, that "He will direct and proſper all our paths."

Fix on his work our ſtedfaſt eye,
So ſhall our work be done.——

Our enemies ſhall be at peace with us, and the very ravens, birds of prey, ſhall be obliged to come and feed us. O for an increaſe of faith! I hope you have refreſhing times from the preſence of the LORD, among your own flock. May grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied amongſt you! If the common intereſt of the Redeemer be promoted, I rejoice, yea and will rejoice. My earneſt prayer is, that you, and all that labour in our LORD's vineyard, may more and more be taught to give every one their portion of meat in due ſeaſon; and may your rod bloſſom more and more! O to end life well. Methinks I have now but one more river to paſs over, *Jordan*. And we know of one that can carry us over, without being ankle deep. How are Meſſrs. *G*——*th*, *A*——*ge*, &c. &c. *S*——*k* and his wife ſend cordial ſalutations. I left them labouring on their *Betheſda* plan, till the intended college is eſtabliſhed. Yet a little while, and all true labourers ſhall enter into the joy of their LORD. Amen! *Hallelujah!* Ceaſe not to pray for, dear Mr. *E*——*s*,

Yours, &c. in the bleſſed JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCXXXIV.

To Mr. D——n.

My very dear Friends, *London, Sept.* 6, 1765.

I Am ſorry that matters have been ſo ordered, as to confine you ſo long at *Bethesda.* But you have learned to believe, that the Redeemer orders all things well. Soon after my arrival, Lord *D——h* was put at the head of the board of trade. This will ſoon bring *Bethesda* affairs to a ſpeedy iſſue. You will then be releaſed. But indeed and indeed, in my judgment you had beſt keep where you are. You will ſoon repent coming over. Mrs. *R——l,* whoſe huſband is lame, is utterly againſt your coming. But you muſt follow your own judgment. Though people flock more and more, and my health is better, yet I make no ſecret of it, that my heart is abroad. Mrs. *R——l* tells me ſtrange things of *B——y,* and diſagreeable things of *P——y.* O my GOD! ſhall I have no prize tickets amongſt thoſe I would willingly ſerve! Well,—the faithful nurſe ſhall be paid, whether the child lives or dies. You therefore ſhall verily have your reward. Excuſe enlarging. Captain *Gunn* goes to-day. Mr. *Wright* ſends cordial reſpects. My wife is gone for a little while into the country. GOD bleſs you! GOD bleſs you! More opportunities of ſending will ſoon offer to, my very dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXV.

To Mr. A—— K——n.

My dear Timothy, *London, Sept.* 20, 1765.

PRAY when are we to have the honour of a viſit from you? I believe more than three weeks are elapſed ſince you came to *Briſtol.* Mr. *Adams* is to be your collegue here. I purpoſe for both of you to preach at the chapel, as well as at the tabernacle. Write an immediate anſwer, fixing your time of coming; and you muſt not think of returning ſoon. Mr. *Middleton* ſends me word, that he is bleſſed at *Plymouth,* and eſpecially at dock, and that *Kingſbridge* chriſtians are lively. I hope it is ſo at *Briſtol.* Bleſſed be GOD, it is pretty much ſo

in

in *London*. LORD JESUS, quicken my tardy pace! Through his never-failing mercy, I have been better in health for a week paſt, than I have been for theſe four years. O for a thankful and an humble heart! My wife alſo returned well, laſt night, from *Bury*. She indulges this morning, being weary. But I take it for granted, that you and I riſe at five. Mr. *Adams*'s room will be large for you to breathe in. I ſhall never breathe as I would, till I breathe in yonder heaven.

There ſin and ſtrife and ſorrow ceaſe,
And all is calm and joy and peace.

Adieu. Cordial love awaits all where you are, all at tabernacle houſe, and all that are ſo kind as to pray for, and enquire after, my very dear *Timothy*,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXVI.

My very dear Timothy, *London*, *Sept.* 28, 1765.

THOSE that are *Timothies* indeed, ſhall be honoured of Him, whom they deſire to honour, with a diſintereſted ſpirit. I am glad you find old *Jacob*'s prophecy to be fulfilling. "To *Shiloh* ſhall the gathering of the people be." Nothing is wanting at *Briſtol*, *London*, and elſewhere, but labourers full of the firſt old methodiſtical ſpirit. But where to get them is the queſtion. Thoſe that are thus minded, are almoſt worn out. I would gladly fly to *Briſtol* if I could; but I ſee that it is beſt to be here for ſome time. And indeed, things have always been at ſuch a low ebb, when I have been at *Briſtol*, and matters carried on with ſo little ſpirit, that I have generally come mourning away. If a few, ſuch as Mr. *C——t*, would exert themſelves ſteadily, and perſeveringly, and proper preachers were ſent, ſomething might be done to purpoſe. But as neither of theſe things is likely to happen, my expectations are not very much raiſed. However, the reſidue of the ſpirit is in the Redeemer's hands. Our eyes wait upon Him. From Him, and Him alone, all kinds of ſalvation do come. Fain would I have you up at *London* for ſome time, at this ſeaſon. Mr. *D——r* expects to ſee you in a clerical habit about *Chriſtmas*. He aſked me, if I would get him a ſcarf? I anſwered

anſwered, that you muſt have one firſt. You may gueſs how he ſmiled. However, I really intend you ſhall preach in the chapel. I want you alſo to read the letters, and give me leave to comment upon them, as my breath will allow. You may return by way of *Briſtol*, or if *Sarah* is worſe, go from hence. I thank you heartily for making the collections. Never was a cauſe kept up at ſuch a ſmall expence; "not by might, or by power, but by my ſpirit, ſaith the LORD." This be our invariable rule. GOD bleſs and proſper you more and more. If I have not tired you, I have almoſt tired, my very dear *Timothy*,

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

P. S. Since writing the above, I find providence calls me to *Bath*, to open good Lady *Huntingdon*'s chapel. GOD willing, I purpoſe to ſet out next *Tueſday*. You muſt ſet out for *London* the ſame day; otherwiſe, it may be, *Briſtol* people will not ſee me. Adieu. Your preaching orders, as to time and place, you will receive at your arrival. That you may do Satan's kingdom much hurt, is the hearty prayer of, my very dear man,

Ever yours, &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Bath, Oct. 7, 1765.*

WHAT a providence (as matters have fallen out) that your *Bath* journey was prevented! Could you have come, and been preſent at the opening of the chapel, you would have been much pleaſed. The chapel is extremely plain, and yet equally grand. A moſt beautiful original! All was conducted with great ſolemnity. Though a very wet day, the place was very full, and aſſuredly the great Shepherd and Biſhop of ſouls conſecrated and made it holy ground by his preſence. I preached in the morning, Mr. *Townſend* in the evening. Expect more particulars when we meet. My moving depends on Mr. *M——n*'s punctuality. I am to preach to-morrow night, and have hopes of ſetting off on *Wedneſday* morning.

morning. GOD give us all grace to work whilſt it is day! The time of ſickneſs and loweſs comes, when no man can work. Dear Miſs *H——y* is happily fled from all. Happy, happy ſhe. GOD comfort all ſurviving relatives. They, as well as you and yours, are never forgotten by, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. in Him who is all in all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXVIII.

To Mr. D——n.

My very dear Friend, *London, Oct.* 26, 1765.

ACCEPT a few haſty but loving lines. Your letters came ſafe. I thank GOD for their contents. In return I can inform you, that *Betheſda* matters are likely to come to a ſpeedy and happy iſſue. We talk of my coming over again. It is not impoſſible, if my health admits. At preſent, bleſſed be GOD, I am better than laſt year. The word runs and is glorified in *London*. *Bet D——y* muſt not come here. You have not been ſo explicit as was Mrs. *R——l* about her. Inſtead of her, pray ſend over a barrel of rice or two, directed to Mr. *T—— C——a*, in *Wincheſter-ſtreet*, near *Moorfields*. Pray inform Mr. *H——m*, that I hope to ſend him ſome pleaſing particulars by the next ſhip. I have much to ſay, but have ſcarcely a moment left to ſend you my hearty thanks and bleſſing, and ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. in the glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXIX.

To ——, at Sheerneſs.

Dearly Beloved, *London, Jan.* 18, 1766.

NOT want of love, but of leiſure and health, hath occaſioned you the trouble of writing a ſecond letter. And now I am ſorry to acquaint you, that it is not in my power to comply with your requeſt. For want of more aſſiſtance, I am confined in town with the care of two important poſts, when I am only fit to be put into ſome garriſon among

among the invalids, to ſtand by an old gun or two. However, my former ambition ſtill remains, and through the help of your prayers, who knows but this feeble arm may yet be ſtrengthened to annoy the enemy? If others are bleſſed to do any execution, GOD forbid that I ſhould hinder, though in all things they follow not with us. Let the LORD ſend by whom he will ſend. So that CHRIST is preached, and true evangelical holineſs promoted, I rejoice, yea and will rejoice. GOD keep us all from flagging in the latter ſtages of our road! LORD JESUS, quicken my tardy pace! How little, my LORD and my GOD, have I done for thee, who haſt done and ſuffered ſo much for ill and hell-deſerving me! Brethren, pray for us. Ere long we ſhall meet

Where ſin and ſtrife and ſorrow ceaſe,
And all is calm and joy and peace.

He is faithful who hath promiſed, who alſo will do it. *Amen! Hallelujah!* To his never-failing mercy do I commend you, as being, for his great name's ſake, dearly beloved,

Your affectionate friend and willing ſervant,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXL.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Mr. K——n, *Briſtol, March* 17, 1766.

THE uncertainty of my motions hath made me ſlow in writing, and a deſire to be a while free from *London* cares, hath made me indifferent about frequent hearing from thence. In a day or two, I hope matters will be determined. If Mr. *S——d* comes, I have a mind to ſtay a little longer; and if dear Mr. *Howell D——* will continue to officiate, I have a mind to viſit *Wales* for him. Laſt *Friday* evening, and twice yeſterday, I preached at *Bath*, to very thronged and brilliant auditories. I am told it was a very high day. The glory of the LORD filled the houſe. To-morrow, GOD willing, I return thither again. Mr. *T——d* is too ill to officiate. If any urgent buſineſs requires, be pleaſed to direct either to this place or *Bath*. Pray ſhew my wife this. I hope no news is good news. I truſt that the holy Spirit is moving in Mr. ——'s family, both on the heads and the ſervants of it.

Many

Many do think old times are coming round again. Pray tell Mr. *W——r*, that I think the letters he hath ſent need not go to *Scotland* as yet. I ſent a packet thither laſt week. This I write in the midſt of company. Lady *H——n* is mounting on her high places. I wiſhed my two ſteady friends at *Bath* yeſterday. Mr. *S——t* hath met with a great bleſſing. Pray, pray for us. All ſend due reſpects. *Tueſday* or *Wedneſday* next I hope to write again to my wife. Cordial reſpects and love attend her, your whole ſelf, dear Mr. *H——y* and ſiſters, Mr. *Howell D——*, and all that are ſo kind to enquire after and pray for, my dear Sir,

Theirs, yours, &c. &c. in our never-failing JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLI.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

London, April 25, 1766.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

NOT want of love, but of leiſure and better health, hath prevented your hearing from me more frequently. I find I cannot do as I have done. But, through infinite, free, and ſovereign mercy, I am enabled to aſcend my goſpel throne three or four times a week, and a glorious influence attends the word. People have indeed a hearing ear, but we want more preachers. I know the continual cry of your heart is, "LORD, let thy kingdom come." The proſpect of a large and effectual door opening among the heathen, bleſſed be GOD, is very promiſing. Mr. *Occum*, the *Indian* preacher, is a ſettled humble chriſtian. The good and great, with a multitude of a lower degree, heard him preach laſt week at *Tottenham-Court* chapel, and felt much of the power and preſence of our common LORD. Mr. *R——n* hath preached, and collected a hundred pounds, and I believe ſeven or eight hundred pounds more are ſubſcribed. The truly noble Lord *D——h* eſpouſes the cauſe moſt heartily, and his Majeſty is become a contributor. The King of kings and LORD of all lords will bleſs them for it. O what an honour to be permitted to do or ſuffer any thing for JESUS of *Nazareth!* Indeed

deed and indeed, I want to begin to begin: for hitherto, alas! I have done nothing.

Whene'er you see a barren tree,
Then, O my friend, pray think of me.

LORD JESUS, make me willing to be made willing that thou shouldst dig and dung around me, that I may at length bring forth some fruit unto thee. However it may be with unprofitable, ill, and hell-deserving me, I trust your whole self and all my other dear *G*—— friends are so grown as to become tall cedars in the spiritual *Lebanon*. I pray for, though I cannot write to them. Hearty, special love attend my dear host, and his yoke-fellow. If possible they shall hear from me soon. I hope all is well at *Cambuslang*. Blessed be GOD, all will be well in heaven. Yet a little while and we shall enter into perfect rest. He that cometh will come, and will not tarry.

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of GOD *shall sound, Rejoice!*

I will not interrupt you. You want to say, *Amen! Hallelujah!* I only add, when upon the mount, put in a word for an old friend, who retains his old name, the chief of sinners, less than the least of all saints, but for JESUS CHRIST's sake, reverend and very dear Sir,

Your willing servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLII.

To W—— P——, Esq;

Tottenham-Court, May 15, 1766.

THOUGH at present in almost a breathless state, by preaching for the best of Masters last night, yet a weak worm hopes to be strengthened to give the holy sacrament at seven next *Sunday* morning, and, if able, to preach afterwards at ten. If good Mr. *R*—— and Lady will come at near seven to the chapel house, they shall be conducted to a proper place. I wish them a Pentecost, not only on *Whitsunday*, but every day, every hour, and every moment of their lives. Our privilege,

vilege, as christians, is not to be afraid of, but looking towards, and waiting for the coming of the Son of GOD. He expects that our lamps should be trimmed, our loins girded, and our lamps burning. There is oil enough in him, our glorious *Aaron*, to keep them so. It runs to the very skirts of his garments, even to the least member of his mystical body, and therefore to the heart and soul of, dear happy pair,

Your most willing servant for JESUS CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLIII.

To W—— P——, Esq;

Tottenham-Court, June 2, 1766.

WHAT a mercy, that GOD's elect, knit by the blessed Spirit, (that common centre of unity) in one communion and fellowship, can, though absent, be present with each other on earth! What an infinitely greater mercy, that they are assured they shall meet never to part again in heaven! This may reconcile them to all interruptions of mutual concern here below. My cloud seems to point towards *Bristol* and *Bath*; yours towards *Brightbelmstone*. All travelling the same road, all engaged in the same errand. How glad will the truly noble Countess be of the intended visit! How will the hearts both of the visited and visitors be made to burn within them! She meets with that, which all fond fathers and apostolic mothers in *Israel* must meet with; I mean, rebuffs from her spiritual children. That *monstrous doctrine of sinless perfection*, for a while turns some of its deluded votaries into temporary monsters. Happy they who strive to be holy as he who hath called them is holy, and yet are continually going out of themselves, and relying only on the glorious, compleat, imputed righteousness of JESUS CHRIST. This hath a certain happy pair learned, and received CHRIST. Thus may they be helped continually to walk in him! They will, they will. The meek, the humble, hungering and thirsty soul will he guide in his ways. But what am I doing? writing a parting letter? The LORD bless you and keep you; the LORD make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you; the LORD lift up his countenance upon you, and

give you peace. So wishes, so prays, dear honoured and happy pair,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in an unchangeable JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLIV.

To Mr. H——y.

Bath, June 12, 1766.

LAST night we lay at the *Devizes*. This morning we breakfasted at *Shaw-House*, near *Melksom*, with Mr. *C——n*. In my way hither, I called upon Mrs. *E——n*. Her account of Miss *Winter*'s decease, was by no means unpleasant. She was taken suddenly, and though speechless, continued to smile upon all in a very remarkable manner, till the last gasp, which was with much struggle. Mr. *P——s* is left executor of the will. Being weary with riding, I think to stay here till after *Sunday* morning's sermon, and then shall set off for *Bristol*. The horse turns out exceeding well in every respect. I hope you, my dear Sir, got safe to *London*. That you and all your dear relations, and all dear friends in town, may, in the glorious *Emmanuel*'s due time, arrive triumphant in heaven, earnestly prays, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLV.

To Mr. K——n.

Cottam, near Bristol, June 19, 1766.

My dear Friend,

HERE I am, in a large vacant country house, where Mrs. *Wollaston* was last Summer. She hath got the start of me; but my turn must come by and by. As my feverish heat continues, and the weather is too wet to travel, I have complied with the advice of friends, and have commenced an hot-well water drinker twice a day. However, twice this week, at six in the morning, I have been enabled to call thirsty souls to come and drink of the water of life freely. To-morrow evening, GOD willing, the call is to be repeated, and again on *Sunday*. By that time, perhaps, the cloud may point

point to some particular corner. Dear Mr. *H——y* shall know in due time. Good seasons at *Bath*. Good seasons here. Large auditories. Grace! grace! I hope that my wife, and yours, and all dear friends, are well. Cordial love awaits them and dear Mr. *E——s*, and all who are so kind as to enquire after, and pray for, my dear friend,

Yours, &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLVI.

To W—— P——, Esq;

London, Nov. 1, 1766.

Happy Heirs of the Grace of Life,

BY your giving young Mr. *R—— H——* hints about a proper direction, I have inferred, that a line, though from one who is less than the least of all, would not be altogether unacceptable. I am sure my poor prayers are continually ascending to the throne of grace in your behalf. I want to have you great, yea very great in the kingdom of heaven. Have you not found, by your heart's being warmed with the conversation of gospel ministers, that your heaven is begun on earth? Dear Mr. *F——er* is become a scandalous *Tottenham-Court* preacher. I trust he will come down into your parts, baptized with the Holy Ghost as with fire. Dear Mr. *R——n* hath been much owned in good Lady *H——n*'s chapel. Ill and hell-deserving I, am to go thither next week. Dear Mr. *M——n* is detained at *Aldwinckle*, by his children having the small-pox in town. The shout of a king is yet heard in the *Methodist* camp. The glorious cry, "What shall I do to be saved," is frequently sounding in our ears. Had we more reproach, and were we more scandalous, more good would be done. Several promise well. Some say *shibboleth* with a good grace, and very proper accent; others, as yet, can only say *sibboleth*: but I have heard of one who can teach the tongue of the stammerer to speak plain. Good Lady *H——n* is an excellent school mistress in this way. The writer of the letter on the other side, seems to be an apt scholar. The person referred to, keeps house where dear Mr. *S——t* constantly expounds. He is in a consumption. What a mercy that such

a confeſſor ſhould be ſent to priſon! I want all the followers of the Lamb in general, and a certain goſpel happy pair in particular, to grow higher and richer every day towards GOD. Time is ſhort; eternity is endleſs; the Judge and judgment are at the door.

We ſoon ſhall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of GOD *ſhall ſound, Rejoice!*
Amen! Hallelujah!

But I muſt have done. A dear company of miniſterial caſt-outs are coming to breakfaſt under my deſpiſed roof. It ſtinks too much for worldlings. If you would be ſo good as to let dear Mr. *Hill* ſee the *Oxonian* letter, it may be of ſervice. Next *Tueſday*, GOD willing, I ſhall read an account of his ſervant's death. May the laſt end of every chriſtian maſter be like his! But I cannot die: cold bathing, and cool weather, brace up my tottering tabernacle. I hope that both to whom I am writing, enjoy thriving ſouls in healthy bodies. That they may increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD, earneſtly prays,

Their, &c. &c. &c. in a once crucified,
but now exalted JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Friend, *Bath, Nov.* 12, 1766.

THROUGH mercy I ſlept at Mr. *C*——'s, as propoſed, but have been low ever ſince my coming here. *Bath* air, I believe, will never agree with me long. However, if good is done, all will be well. They tell me, that *Sunday* and laſt night were ſeaſons of power. Some we truſt were made willing. I hope you enjoy much of GOD in town. Surely *London* is the *Jeruſalem* of *England*. Happy they who know the day of their viſitation! Mr. *Whitaker* writes me word, that he is to be at *Exeter* the 18th inſtant: but I have no heart to draw with, or act for him, till the truſt is ſettled in a proper manner. Beſides, I ſee no opening here: and Mr. *S*——*t* writes me word, that the door is ſhut at *Oxford*.

As

As I am ſo poorly, I queſtion whether I ſhall go to *Briſtol* at all. GOD help us to look up, and look out, and our path will be made plain before us. Remember me to all at Tabernacle, &c. &c. I hope to write to Mr. *F——r* to-morrow or next day, and alſo to Mr. *H——y*. I am juſt now obliged to go out, and have only time to entreat the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my dear friend,

Yours, &c. in an unchangeable JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLVIII.

To the Same.

My dear Friend, *Bath, Nov.* 20, 1766.

ON *Tueſday* evening I preached at *Briſtol* to a very crouded auditory, though the weather was very foul. Laſt night I adminiſtered the ſacrament there alſo. We uſed near eight bottles of wine. I truſt ſome taſted of the new wine of the kingdom. This morning, upon my arrival here, your kind letter gave me great comfort. I want juſt one week more to ſettle *Briſtol* affairs; and have, therefore, written to dear Mr. *J——e* to ſtay two or three weeks at *London:* Mr. *D——s*, who they ſay is expected here next week, may then officiate for that ſpace of time at *Bath*, and at Mr. *J——e*'s leaving *London*, may go up to town. *Satan* hath had leave to give Captain *J——s* a fine parting blow. Mr. *C——* may be diſmiſſed immediately; and I beg that Capt. *J——s* would go through with the Tabernacle work, and ſtick to it with his whole heart. I hear nothing as yet of the *Americans*. Letters may be reſerved till my return. I hope at fartheſt to be in *London* by next *Tueſday* ſe'nnight, and to preach at Tabernacle the following evening. I was afraid my wife would get cold by her late excurſions, as at other times ſhe is ſo confined. My hearty love awaits you all. Be pleaſed to ſhew her this. I am afraid that in my next to her, ſhe will hear of the death of *J—— S——*. He is now ill of the preſent dangerous fever. O for a heart broken with a ſenſe of ſin! Then ſhall we look to Him whom we have pierced, and mourn. May this be our habitual frame! GOD bleſs you all.

Ever yours, &c. in JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLIX.

To the Same.

Dear Sir, *Briſtol, Nov.* 23, 1766.

SUCH a numerous brilliant aſſembly of the mighty and noble, I never ſaw attend before at *Bath*. Every thing is ſo promiſing, that I was conſtrained to give notice of preaching next *Sunday*. I hope the Redeemer will give us a bleſſed ſabbath. I truſt already the arm of the LORD hath been revealed. Congregations have been very large and very ſolemn. O what *Bethels* hath JESUS given to us! We were filled as with new wine! O that GOD would make my way into every town in *England!* Methinks I long to break up freſh ground, and to begin to begin to do ſomething for JESUS. I am juſt come here weary, but am going to ſpeak a few words. This prevents my enlarging; but I could not refrain writing to one I ſo dearly love, and to whom I am ſo greatly obliged. GOD bleſs you! GOD bleſs you and yours! Accept moſt unfeigned love and acknowledgments, and ſtill add to my innumerable obligations, by praying for, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCL.

To W—— P——, Eſq;

At my Tottenham-Court Bethel, Six in the Morning, Dec. 30, 1766.

My very dear Sir,

THE *Chriſtmas* holiday ſeaſon hath prevented my ſending an immediate anſwer to your laſt kind letter. The order therein given ſhall be readily complied with, and the love therein expreſſed, returned, by praying for the writer's whole ſelf, and the honourable, chriſtian, and miniſterial circle with which they are at preſent happily ſurrounded with, *four Methodiſt parſons.* Honourable title! ſo long as attended with the croſs. When faſhionable, (and bleſſed be GOD there is not much danger of that) we will drop it. *Four Methodiſt parſons!*

parſons! enough (when JESUS ſays, Looſe them and let them go) to ſet a whole kingdom on fire for GOD. I wiſh them proſperity in the name of the LORD. *I pre ſequar eſſi non paſſibus æquis.* Fy upon me, fy upon me, fifty-two years old laſt *Saturday*; and yet, O loving, ever-loving, altogther lovely JESUS, how little, yea how very little have I done and ſuffered for thee! Indeed and indeed, my dear and honoured friends, I am aſhamed of myſelf: I bluſh and am confounded. To-morrow, GOD willing, and *Thurſday* alſo, with many hundreds more, I intend to take the ſacrament upon it, that I will begin to begin to be a chriſtian. Though I long to go to heaven to ſee my glorious Maſter, what a poor figure ſhall I make among the ſaints, confeſſors, and martyrs, that ſurround his throne, without ſome deeper ſignatures of his divine impreſs, without more ſcars of chriſtian honour. Our truly noble mother in *Iſrael*, is come to *London* full of them. *Creſcit ſub pondere virtus.* She is come out of her cell, with her face ſhining again. Happy they who have the honour of her acquaintance! Highly honoured are thoſe miniſters, who have the honour of preaching for and ſerving her. Good and honeſt and dearly beloved Sir *C——s*, and all your happy circle, male and female, I am perſuaded are of my mind. O this ſingle eye, this diſintereſted ſpirit, this freedom from worldly hopes and worldly fears, this flaming zeal, this daring to be ſingularly good, this holy laudable ambition to lead the van; O it is, what? an heaven upon earth! O for a plerophory of faith! To be filled with the Holy Ghoſt. This is the grand point. GOD be praiſed that you have it in view! All our lukewarmneſs, all our timidity, all our backwardneſs to do good, to ſpend and be ſpent for GOD, is all owing to our want of more of that faith, which is the inward, heart-felt, ſelf-evident demonſtration of things not ſeen. But whither am I going? Pardon me, good Sir: I keep you from better company. Praying that all (if you live to be fifty-two) may not be ſuch dwarfs in the divine life as I am, I haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf, moſt honoured friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLI.

To Mr. and Mrs. D——n.

My very dear Friends, *London, March* 4, 1767.

THANK GOD that you have been so providentially detained on your side the water. Indeed you would find it hard to live here. I would fain have you see *Bethesda* put on its college dress. That hour, I humbly hope, is now not very far off. What if we should have one more interview here below? Happy Mrs. *S——k*, that is fled to her mansions above. Blessed be GOD, that there are mansions prepared for us also!

O glorious King,
Us thither bring
To see thy face.

He will, he will, he will. He is faithful who hath promised; he also will do it. May faith and patience have their perfect work! Adieu, for the present. My feeble hands are full of work. The shout of the King of kings is yet amongst us, and hath been all the last Winter. Grace! grace! To this almighty, never-failing grace, I most humbly commit you; and with repeated thanks for your steady, disinterested services, beg leave to subscribe myself, my very dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in JESUS of *Nazareth*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Friend, *Norwich, April* 11, 1767.

STILL I serve a GOD whose mercy endureth for ever. Mr. *D——n* received us most gladly. As sweet a gospel excursion as at any time. The *Cambridge* interview, I trust, was of GOD. I met, within three miles of *Norwich*, with another clergyman of the establishment, who promises well. He heard me last night. It was a night of power: a large congregation. It will be too large, I fear, to-morrow, though the place will hold some thousands. I expect to preach twice in my way to town, which I hope to reach by *Thursday* evening.

But I fear my Spring and Summer inward fever is returning. If so, my large intended plan of operations will be much contracted. But future things belong to Him who orders all things well. Remember me before his throne. Salute dear Mr. *H*——*y*, D——*s*, and *E*——*s* (if come to town) and all enquiring friends, and accept the same for your whole self, from, my dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLIII.

To the Same.

My dear Friend, *Rodborough, May* 13, 1767.

MY new horse failed the first night; but, through mercy, we got here yesterday about seven in the evening. I was regaled with the company of some simple-hearted, first-rate old Methodists, of near thirty years standing. GOD willing, I am to preach to-morrow morning, and to have a general sacrament on *Friday* evening. Perhaps I may move after *Sunday* towards *Wales*; but must be obliged, I fear, to take post-horses. I care not, so that I can ride post to heaven. Hearty love to all that are posting thither, hoping myself to arrive first. This tabernacle often groans under the weight of my feeble labours. O when shall I be uncloathed! When, O my GOD, shall I be cloathed upon! But I am a coward, and want to be housed before the storm. It is nearer and nearer. Happy they who have fled to CHRIST for refuge! I could enlarge, but have only time to send you my most unfeigned thanks and most cordial love, as being, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLIV.

To Mrs. M——*h.*

Dear Mrs. M——*h,* *Gloucester, May* 20, 1767.

AND is the right hand at last cut off? How long, how painful the operation! How awkward, how uneasy to to be without it! But hush, nature: it is the LORD's doing. His

His own right arm ſhall bring ſalvation; his preſence ſhall alleviate the pain. Perhaps the loſs of the hand, even of ſuch a right hand, may, through the powerful influences of the bleſſed Spirit, give ſtrength to their feet, and quicken them in their motion heavenward. The right hand of the LORD can, and I truſt will bring this mighty thing to paſs. Only ſay, "Abba, Father, be it unto me even as thou wilt;" the anſwer will be, "This is my will, even thy ſanctification." But,

Wheels encircling wheels muſt run,
Each in courſe to bring it on.

Want of time forbids enlarging. I hope your daughter will be now a wiſe virgin indeed. We have had good ſeaſons at *Rodborough*. I have been out twice in the fields. Lady *H——n* hath been wonderfully delighted. She and her company lay at *Rodborough* houſe. Dear Mr. *A——s* is going to be married to a good chriſtian nurſe. He is ſickly in body, but healthy in ſoul. That you may enjoy a thriving ſoul in a healthy body, earneſtly prays, dear Mrs. *M——h*,

Your ſympathizing friend and ſervant for CHRIST'S ſake,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCLV.

To Mr. and Mrs. S——n.

My very dear Friends, *Gloucester, May* 21, 1767.

SURELY your many favours demand a ſpeedy return of thanks. They are all put down in his book, who is not ſo unrighteous as to forget any work of faith, or labour that proceedeth of love. This is the principle from which, I am perſuaded, you act: and a bleſſed principle it is. It comes from above, and leads to above. Had I more of this, and bodily ſtrength proportionable, how would I wing my way! How would I preach for my GOD! How would I

Strive to ſing as loud as they,
Who ſhine above in brighter day!

Bleſſed be GOD, we have reaſon to praiſe him whoſe mercy endureth for ever. I have preached twice in the open air: thouſands

thouſands and thouſands attended. I am going to preach here this morning in my native city. On *Sunday* I hope to take to *Rodborough* wood again. Good Lady *H——n*, &c. were wonderfully delighted. They honoured dear Mr. *A——s*'s houſe with their preſence. He is but poorly, and wants a nurſe. Perhaps before next *Sunday* he may be married to a ſimple-hearted, plain, good creature, that hath waited upon him and the preachers near twenty years. She hath no fortune, but is one who, I think, will take care of, and be obedient to him for CHRIST's ſake. You may let *Betty W——d* ſee the contents of this, upon condition that you with her ceaſe not to pray for, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLVI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Friend, *Glouceſter, May* 25, 1767.

I Am juſt ſetting out in a poſt-chaiſe for *Haverford-weſt*; and have, therefore, drawn upon you in favour of Mr. ——, for twenty pounds. This is expenſive. But it is for one, who hath promiſed not to ſend us a warfare on our own charges. We had a moſt bleſſed ſeaſon yeſterday. Thouſands and thouſands, I truſt, heard, ſaw, and felt. Mr. *Adams* preached in the evening on, "The LORD is my portion, therefore will I truſt in him." A good text for a new-married man. I have adviſed him to preach next on theſe words, "The LORD's portion is his people:" he is now here. I expected a line. Be pleaſed to direct to *Haverford-weſt*. I beſeech you follow me with your prayers. O that the LORD may be my ſtrength. O that he may quicken my tardy pace, and make me all alive for his glorious intereſt! I could enlarge, but muſt away. My tender love awaits you and yours. The LORD JESUS bleſs you, and fill you with all his fulneſs. Thus prays, my dear ſteady friend,

Yours in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCLVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Haverford-weſt, May 31, 1767.

My dear dear Friend,

YOUR ſpiritual mind medley was very agreeable. I could wiſh for a ſecond doſe, but know not what direction to give about ſending it. My rout is not yet fixed. I am juſt come from my field throne. Thouſands and thouſands attended by eight in the morning. Life and light ſeemed to fly all around. On *Tueſday*, GOD willing, I am to preach at *Woodſtock*; on *Friday*, at *Pembroke*; here again next *Sunday* by eight, and then for *England*. I wiſh dear Mr. *H——y* preſent, to ſee the people:—but,—and there are ſo many other *buts* in the way, that I would not preſs him. Mr. *D——s* is returned in ſafety. I hope Mr. *B——dge* will not miſs of his expected preferment. *Joab*'s hand is in the *G——h* ſcheme. Rooms are not ſo lofty or large, proſpects not ſo pleaſant, bedſteads not ſo eaſy, in theſe parts, as in ſome places in or near *London*, but all good enough for young and old pilgrims that have got good breath. Tender love to all. Let all join in prayer for us. I have been puſhing on dear ſick Mr. *D——s*, to go out and preach ſix miles off. He is gone finely mounted, and I am perſuaded will return in high ſpirits. Who knows, who knows but preaching may be our grand catholicon again? This is the good methodiſtical, thirty year old medicine. That you may live to ſee it revived, and tried a thouſand and a thouſand times over, is the hearty prayer of, my dear dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLVIII.

To Mr. and Mrs. D——n.

Haverford-weſt, June 1, 1767.

My very dear Friends,

YOU will be ſo kind as to ſhew all manner of *Bethеſda* civilities to the bearer, Mr. *Edward E——n*. I truſt, he hath been truly moved by the Holy Ghoſt, to enter into the miniſtry. With him I hoped to have ſent the charter, or rather

rather brought it; but the hour is not yet come. You will be glad to hear, that I have ſtrength to preach in the fields. They are yet white ready unto harveſt. Hoping to put forth the goſpel ſickle again in my beloved *America*, and wiſhing you all to increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD, with ten thouſand thanks for all your works of faith, and labours of unfeigned love, I haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. &c. in the beſt bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLIX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Glouceſter, June* 10, 1767.

BLESSED be GOD, I am got on this ſide the *Welſh* mountains! Bleſſed be GOD, I have been on the other ſide. What a ſcene laſt *Sunday*! What a cry for more of the bread of life! But I was quite worn down. Bleſſed be GOD, I am now better than could be expected. To-morrow evening, GOD willing, my wife ſhall know what rout. I hope all are well. I expect dear Mr. *H——y* is gone, therefore I do not write to him. How it ſhall pleaſe the LORD to deal with me in my next remove, you ſhall hear. I count it my privilege to let you know all good news, becauſe I know it puts gladneſs into your heart. It is food, it is phyſic, it is every thing to a ſoul that lives near to JESUS. O when ſhall I begin to live to Him, as I would! I want to be a flame of fire. I know, my very dear Sir, you will pray for me. I can never forget you or yours. I am, my very dear friend,

Yours moſt affectionately in our glorious JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLX.

My dear Sir, *London, July* 21, 1767.

I Hope, ere this comes to hand, you will have taken your ſecond degree. A good degree indeed: to be a preacher, a young preacher, a mobbed, perhaps a ſtoned preacher—O what an honour! How many prayers will you get when I read your letter at Tabernacle; and the prayers of ſo many

dear

dear children of GOD will do you no hurt, I assure you: When we are fighting with *Amalek* below, it is good to have a *Joshua* praying for us above. JESUS is our *Joshua*, JESUS is our intercessor; he liveth, he ever liveth to make intercession, especially for his young soldiers. Yonder, yonder he sits: whilst praying he reaches out a crown: at this distance you may see written in capital letters, *Vincenti dabo*. All a gift, a free gift, though purchased by his precious blood. Tell churchmen, tell meetingers, tell the wounded, tell all of this: tell them when you are young; you may not live to be old: tell them whilst you are an under graduate; you may be dead, buried, glorified, before you take a college degree: tell those who would have you spare yourself, that time is short, that eternity is endless, that the Judge is before the door: but I can no more,—the thought overwhelms: but with what? with joy, joy unspeakable and full of glory. Good night! I long to hear particulars from ———. If you send me word that young ——— is there, I will answer his letter that hath lain by me some time. My poor prayers await you all. GOD bless you! GOD bless you!

Yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXI.

My dear Sir, *London, Aug.* 6, 1767.

IT is late; but I must answer your request. The inclosed made me pity, smile, and rejoice: smile at the writer's worn-out sarcasms, pity his ignorance, and rejoice that you are thus called to be a martyr, a living martyr for our common LORD. Fear not, only go forwards; you know JESUS, and by preaching will know more. To him that hath shall be given.

For this let men despise your name,
You'll shun no cross, you'll fear no shame.
All hail reproach!

If you write *with all deference*, let him know that JESUS hath revealed himself not only *to* you by his word, but *in* you by his spirit: that you look upon those whom he is pleased to

term *deluded* and *fanatics*, as the excellent ones upon the earth; and that you chooſe rather to ſuffer reproach with them, than to enjoy all the pleaſures of ſenſe, and all the preferments in the world. But why do I dictate? I truſt you to the teachings of that JESUS who hath ſaid, "It ſhall be given you in that hour what you ſhall ſay." Where doth this —— live? What is the —— he mentions? GOD grant it may be a nurſery for what he calls *fanatics* ſo long as one ſtone is left upon another. One letter more I imagine will rid you of further trouble from this quarter; expect then attacks from another: but look to JESUS; he will make you more than conqueror. I thank thee, holy Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou haſt hid theſe things from the wiſe and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. Even ſo, Father, for ſo it ſeemeth good in thy ſight. Why me, LORD? why me? A ſenſe of this diſtinguiſhing love will make you laugh at all that men or devils can ſay of or do unto you. Good night: I muſt away and pray for you. To-morrow Mr. ——, &c. breakfaſt with me. GOD bleſs you! Be of good courage: give no way, no not for a moment.

Ever yours, &c. &c. in an almighty JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXII.

To Mr. A——s.

My very dear Tommy, *London, Aug.* 14, 1767.

I Am ſorry to hear you have been ſick. This hath been my caſe. Bleſſed be GOD, I am better. Who knows but I may be ſtrengthened to take a trip to *Scotland*. This itch after itinerating, I hope will never be cured till we come to heaven. Though laymen occupy both the pulpits, at *Tottenham-Court* chapel and tabernacle, congregations increaſe. "Not by might or by power, but by my ſpirit, ſaith the LORD." No weapon formed againſt *Sion*, ſhall or can proſper. Our *Thurſday* morning ſix o'clock tabernacle lecture is crouded. I am looking for, and putting together old letters. Have you any dated *January* or *February* 1743? Could you ſend to Mr. *E——s* of *Ebly*, and enquire how Mrs. *L——e* may be directed to? Her huſband had many letters from me. How are dear Mrs. *R——ts*, and Mrs. *A——re?* I never forget them in the midſt

midſt of all my loves. I hope you are ſurrounded with warm friends, a moſt kind and affectionate nurſe, and what is all in all, an infinitely compaſſionate never-failing JESUS. To his unchangeable love I moſt earneſtly commend your whole ſelf, and all dear never to be forgotten friends. How is poor Mr. *C——e?* What an hoſpital is the church! Bleſſed be GOD, there are no incurables in it however. Ere long, we ſhall be where the inhabitants ſhall no more ſay, "I am ſick." *Hallelujah.* I am, my very dear *Tommy*,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in Him.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXIII.

My dear Sir, *London, Aug.* 26, 1767.

MR. —— hath juſt now been with me, and ſhewed me your letter, expecting alſo a ſight of mine. But my letters are brought late, and to-morrow I go to preach at Lady *F——y S——y*'s. I therefore, though quite ill, muſt ſend you a few lines now. Go to JESUS; learn to pray of the threatened apoſtles, *viz.* "And now, LORD, behold their threatenings, &c. &c." I am afraid they will only threaten. If an expulſion ſhould be permitted, it will take place, I believe, only for a little time, and ſoon be repented of. Thouſands of prayers were put up for you laſt *Monday*, at tabernacle letter-day. The verſes were theſe:

Give him thy ſtrength, O GOD *of pow'r,*
Then let men rage and devils roar;
Thy faithful witneſs he ſhall be;
'Tis fix'd, he can do all through Thee.

Adieu.—

Ever yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXIV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Leeds, Sept.* 11, 1767.

THROUGH the tender mercies of our GOD, we arrived here laſt night about ſix o'clock. In the way, I was enabled to preach both at *Northampton* and *Sheffield*. Good

ſeaſons!

seasons! The *Americans* were gone the day before I arrived at the last place; I missed them by coming through *Chesterfield* instead of *Mansfield*. All for the best. GOD willing, I stay here over *Sunday*; perhaps longer. I have seen Mr. *T*—— *G*——; he seems poorly. Happy they who work for JESUS while it is day! The night of sickness cometh, when no man can work. LORD, help me to begin to begin! I have seen but few yet, having desired that no company might come the last night; by that means I got a little rest, and have now time to write these few lines. O for heaven! Come LORD JESUS, come quickly! In my next you will know where to direct. In the mean while, be pleased to remember me to all at tabernacle, and all enquiring friends, and accept of love unfeigned, from, my dear old steady friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in our JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Newcastle, Sept. 20, 1767.

My dear very dear Friend,

PREACHING and travelling prevent writing. Through unmerited mercy, I am well. Upon the maturest deliberation, after earnest prayer, and for several peculiar reasons, which you shall know hereafter, I decline going to *Scotland* this fall. I have now a blessed methodist field street-preaching plan before me. This afternoon in the *Castle-Garth*, to-morrow for *Sunderland*, next day at Mr. *R*——'s mother's door, then to *Yarm*, &c. &c. You may venture to direct for me at Mr. *William Shent*'s, peruke-maker, at *Leeds*, though I hope to find a letter when I come there, and to hear all is well. But send me no bad news, unless absolutely necessary. Let me enjoy myself in my delightful itineracy. It is good, both for my body and soul. I have been enabled to preach in the street, at several places, and hope to go to *Gesborough*, *Whitby*, *Scarborough*, *New Malton*, *York*, *Leeds*, *Liverpool*, *Chester*, *Manchester*, &c. &c. You shall know particulars as we go on. Do not forget the society sermon. If it could be deferred till the beginning of *November*, I might preach. If not, drop it.

Tender love to all friends. Golden ſeaſons, golden ſeaſons! Grace, grace! I hope to write to the tabernacle next poſt. Ceaſe not to pray for,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in CHRIST,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXVI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Friend, *Thirſk, Sept.* 28, 1767.

NEVER was I ſo long a ſtranger to *London* affairs before. But being detained here, by the perſuaſion of friends, an expreſs is gone to fetch what letters may have been ſent to *Leeds*. I want to know the determination about the ſociety ſermon, and what part of the paragraph is true, about the commitment of ſeveral perſons for a certain robbery. I hope that death will not be the conſequence to any of the criminals. Father, convict and convert them, for thy infinite mercy's ſake! I ſhould be glad to ramble till their trial was over. I truſt there will be no neceſſity of my appearing in perſon. To-morrow, GOD willing, as he earneſtly deſires to ſee me, I go to Doctor *C*——'s. Where the next remove will be, I know not. Be pleaſed to direct to *Leeds*. My body feels much fatigue in travelling; comforts in the ſoul over-balance. Every ſtage, more and more convinces me, that old methodiſm is the thing. *Hallelujah!* Come LORD, come! Tender love to all. Is dear Mr. *H——y* come out of *Wales?* An anſwer to this, and every queſtion, is requeſted by, my dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,
G W.

LETTER MCCCLXVII.

To Mr. and Mrs. S——n.

My dear Friends, *Leeds, Sept.* 30, 1767.

GRACE, mercy and peace, be multiplied upon you and yours, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Our LORD! Our GOD! Glorious words, glorious thought, glorious feeling, glorious experience! Enough to make us rejoice with joy unſpeakable; even with a joy that is full of glory.

O glo-

O glorious King,
Us thither bring,
To kiss thy feet.

O to be instrumental in bringing some with us! This excursion, I trust, will be over-ruled for that blessed purpose. I have been enabled to go forth into the highways and hedges, into the lanes and streets, of the towns and cities. Good old work, good old seasons! Help, help to praise Him, whose mercy endureth for ever! Get honest *Betty W——d* to join in putting up a word for her poor old master, but for JESUS CHRIST's sake, my dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Friend, *Leeds, Oct. 1, 1767.*

YOUR letter to Mr. *Shent* reached me yesterday at *Thirsk*, and hastened me hither. That from *A—— B——*, I almost impatiently wait for. Blessed be GOD, that matters go on so well in town. It is the same to the LORD, to save by few as by many. Not by might or by power, but by his spirit, all things are to be brought about. By his divine permission, I purpose preaching the society sermon. It may be on the *Wednesday* or *Thursday* before the 31st of this month. I purpose being in town the 22d or 23d. But why should not the sermon be preached at tabernacle? Is not the feast to be kept at that end of the town? Are not the major part of the society dissenters? Is there not to be a collection? Excuse haste; my tender love to all. You may yet direct to *Leeds*. Captain *Scot* preaches this evening. Cease not to pray for one, who doth not deserve the rank of a common soldier in CHRIST's army. His name is, "Less than the least of all," but

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXIX.

To Mrs. H——.

My good Shunamite, *Leeds, Oct.* 3, 1767.

JUST as your letter came, I was taking pen in hand, to send you a few lines. What a mercy, when good news comes from town and country! And what news so good, as that of the word of the LORD JESUS running and being glorified? This hath been the case with the worthless, but willing pilgrim. Every where the sound of his blessed Master's feet hath been heard behind him. Field and street preaching hath rather bettered, than hurt his bodily health. But as the weather begins to break, he must look towards winter quarters. This makes it impracticable for him to go to *Madly*. It is too far distant. May JESUS support the suffering martyr. He will, he will!

He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.

I know this will find you a living martyr; a witness of the truths and life of JESUS; the only preparative for dying a martyr. That whether you live, you may live unto the LORD, or whether you die, you may die unto the LORD, is the earnest prayer of, dear Mrs. *H——e*,

Yours, &c. &c. in our common LORD,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXX.

To Mr. W——y.

My dear Mr. W——y, *Huthersfield, Oct.* 6, 1767.

HOW is death scattering his arrows all around us! even into our houses. Perhaps, ere now, your dear yokefellow, as well as dear Mr. *Langworthy*, and Mr. *Wright*'s mother, are laid in the silent grave. Surely, the call to us is loud, yea very loud. Its language is quite articulate. "Watch and pray, for ye know not at what day or hour the Son of man cometh." What is this world? nothing, less than nothing. What is the other world? An eternity; an eternity of endless misery or endless bliss. LORD JESUS, quicken our,

at

at leaſt my tardy pace! I ſee more and more, that we have no time to trifle, to be light, fooliſh, or worldly minded. A fever, a burning fever may come with a commiſſion to burn up our bodies. It ſpares neither Duke nor Prince. Happy they, whom it finds burned up with the fever of divine love. That living and dying, this may be your happy lot and frame, is the hearty prayer of, dear Mr. *W——y*,

Your real friend and ſervant in the glorious JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXI.

To Mr. A——s.

My very dear Tommy, *London*, *Oct.* 12, 1767.

GOOD-morrow. This comes to enquire how you and yours do? I am juſt returned from my northern circuit. It hath been pleaſant, and I truſt profitable. Praiſe the LORD, O our ſouls! Every where the fields have been white ready unto harveſt. I am become a downright ſtreet and field preacher. I wiſh the city, and want of riding, may not hurt me. No neſtling, no neſtling on this ſide *Jordan*. Heaven is the believer's only reſting place. There we ſhall not be diſturbed. I do not know but Mr. *Winter* will get there ſoon. At preſent he is very ill. But he that bringeth down to the grave, can bring up again. You and I know this by repeated experience. But we ſhall not always put out to ſea again and again. *Hallelujah*. Come LORD, come! How is Mr. *C——m?* Is he near the haven, or kept back by croſs winds? Write me an anſwer to all the above interrogatories; eſpecially to thoſe concerning yourſelf. Tender love to all. Mr. *Wright* joins in ſending cordial reſpects. Mr. *J——s* hath been much bleſſed here. That the GOD and Father of our LORD JESUS CHRIST may bleſs you and yours evermore, heartily prays, my very dear *Tommy*,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXII.

My dear Sir, *London, Oct. 23, 1767.*

BY your brother *Peter*'s letter, the hour of expulsion is not yet come. Surely they will not be so imprudent, or act so contrary to the laws of *English* liberty. I long to know what statutes they say you have broken, what concessions have been made. Your diocesan will make a strict enquiry. I wish you could recollect all circumstances; the rise and progress of the present contest; with all the various pleadings, threats, conferences, *pro* and *con*. The issue of the trial you may leave to the Judge; he is always the injured prisoners friend. If confined to college, this will be a good exercise for you. You may lodge it in court, as a proof whether you understand to write plain *English*, or sound, practical, experimental divinity. This can do you no harm; it may do good. Do therefore set about it. I know one who will readily revise and correct, if necessary. The LORD JESUS be with your spirits! You see how I write, out of the fulness of my heart. Sick suffering soldiers must be attended. If ever so busy, for the sake of the glorious Captain of our salvation, you shall receive a line by way of answer from, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

P. S. I shall send the original to your *Fidus Achates*, in ———, but I shall keep a copy. Who knows? *Sauls* may yet become *Pauls*.

LETTER MCCCLXXIII.

To Mr. A——s.

My very dear Tommy, *London, Oct. 24, 1767.*

WAS not Mrs. *J——s* very near her time, and her husband consequently thereby detained in town, you would herewith receive a mandamus to come up to court. The first vacancy you may depend upon. In the mean while, may the country all round about ring of, "Come to JESUS, come to JESUS." Worthy Sir *Charles H——m* hath received a call indeed. He slept in JESUS about a fortnight ago, near the *Spa*, in *Germany*. Happy translation! We must follow by and by. Some ascend, some descend the heavenly ladder. All will,

will, ere long, ſit down with Him, who ſtands at the top to receive poor pilgrims. *Hallelujah! Hoſanna!* Good morning to you and yours. Hearty love to all. I wiſh I knew where Mrs. *R——s* ſojourns. I would ſend her an invitation, or wait upon her in perſon. Wait, wait; we ſhall certainly ſee the ſalvation of GOD. But *Iſaacs* muſt be ſacrificed, before they can be received from the dead. Thus faith is tried. Thus the believer is prepared for a "now know I that thou loveſt me." Adieu! I muſt away. My very dear *Tommy*,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in our JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXIV.

To Mr. C——.

My dear Sir, *London, Oct.* 24, 1767.

SUPPOSING you made this addition to the motto of your coat of arms, *Nemo me impune laceſſit?* He that toucheth GOD's people, toucheth the apple of GOD's eye. That is a very tender part. I am glad your dioceſan is expected ſoon. I have no ſuſpicion of his beating a retreat. "To arms, to arms," muſt be the watch word now. It was the conſtancy of the three children, (the three heroes) that confounded their enemies. The company of the Son of man is never ſo ſweet, as when he walks with us in the fiery furnace, never ſo glorious, as when he is ſeen keeping his honeſt *Daniels* company in a den of lions. You have therefore your anſwers ready, "We are not careful about this matter; we will not bow down to the golden image which *Nebuchadnezzar* hath ſet up; the GOD whom we ſerve is able to deliver us." If you do not like theſe examples, take *Peter* and *John*. Suppoſe dear —— to be *John*, and —— to be *Peter*. You know how the high-prieſts addreſſed them, you know their anſwer. By their anſwer, by their boldneſs, they took notice that they had been with JESUS. Nothing, nothing can ſtand before an honeſt truly *Iſraelitiſh* heart. But this is enough for a ſick-bed lecture. I would only add, that thoſe who endeavour to entangle CHRIST's followers in their talk, will in the end be entangled themſelves. Good-morning to you all. Remember the watch word. Stand out your full time in guard-hours,

send word at about what distance the enemy keeps, or how near he approaches, or what further feint attacks he makes, and, GOD willing, you shall hear again from,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in our LORD, GOD almighty,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Tottenham-Court, Saturday Morning, Oct. 31, 1767.

My dear Friend,

I WISH some one hour could be fixed for the triumvirate, to meet once a week. Some business might then be done for both ends of the town. Regular dispatch is beautiful. What your hand findeth to do, do it with all your might, &c. I would settle every thing; perhaps I may be called suddenly, as well as ———. Transporting thought! Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly. I would reflect upon *Wednesday* with humility and gratitude*. LORD, what am I? "Less than the least of all," must be my motto still. I hope you have got the better of your pleasing fatigue. What an honour to do any thing for JESUS! in Him, I am, my dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXVI.

To Mr. G——s.

My dear Sir, *London, Nov.* 14, 1767.

ALL know my mind. Go forward, I think is the royal word of command. We may then indeed have a red-sea to pass through. But the threatening waves shall become a wall on the right hand and on the left. I am ashamed to find so many silenced by mere *Bruta Fulmina*. But I have done. If you will be more particular about the uproar, or if at any time you have a mind to unburden your heart, and let me

* Referring to the sermon he preached at the tabernacle, to the Society for promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor, on *Wednesday*, the 28th instant; the collection amounting to 105*l.* 13*s.* his friend he was writing to being one of the Stewards.

know

know how you go forward, as buſineſs permits, you ſhall hear from me. Nothing but want of time hath prevented my anſwering you before. You will receive it in love, and be as ſerviceable as you can to the bearer of this, who is a brother to the late ſeraphic *H——y*, and comes to ſettle his two ſons, but is not fixed as to college or tutor. May they turn out two *H——y*'s! May you be a burning and ſhining light! No greater honour can be deſired for you, by, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. in a never-failing JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Friend, *Tottenham-Court, Nov.* 27, 1767.

NONE but GOD knows what a concern lies upon me now, in reſpect to *Betheſda*. Friends can gueſs, and a little ſympathize, and I thank them for it; but the Friend of ſinners alone can ſhew what is to be done. At preſent, as to this particular, I walk in darkneſs, and have no light. In other reſpects, bleſſed be GOD, the light ſhines as at noon-day. Grace, grace! As another voyage perhaps may be the iſſue and reſult of all at laſt, I would beg you and my dear Mr. *H——y* to let me have my papers and letters, that I may reviſe and diſpoſe of them in a proper manner. This can do no hurt, come life or come death, or whether I ſtay at home or go abroad. Thanks be to GOD for a diſintereſted ſpirit. Though in helping others we fetter ourſelves, yet in the end all will be well. I wait for thy ſalvation O LORD! In Him, I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXVIII.

Dear Sir, *London, Dec.* 1, 1767.

QUANTUM mutatus ab illo! As you now do not ſuffer outwardly, I expect to hear that you ſuffer inwardly. Nothing elſe can preſerve you this winter ſeaſon, or prepare you for another ſpring. A ſpring, I truſt, you will yet have. Then ſhall poor *Sampſon*'s locks grow again, and he be revenged

venged of the *Philiſtines* for the loſs of his eyes. Surely you have been wrong adviſed. *Exitus acta probat.* If you chuſe to have our correſpondence continued, write your whole heart; it may help to unload it. I ſhall not upbraid; though I do not expect letters now will ſmell of the divine fire as formerly. Well, if they ſmell of the priſon of humiliation, by and by they may regain their uſual and more ſolid permanent fervor. But, *facilis deſcenſus Averni.*—You meet like apoſtles now; but when they met between the time of their LORD's death and reſurrection, what trouble did they endure, for fear of the *Jews?* But be not diſcouraged. Continue inſtant in prayer. A riſen, an aſcended JESUS will yet appear in the midſt of you, (though the doors of your hearts may be now ſhut) renew your commiſſion, endue you with power from on high; and then, woe be to the *Jewiſh* ſanhedrim. O think of this, ye little college of caſt-outs! Do not deny him in any wiſe. You ſee I write to you out of the fulneſs of my heart. The LORD bleſs you and keep you; the LORD lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and be gracious unto you; the LORD cauſe his face to ſhine upon you, and then, but not till then, will you have peace.

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

P. S. Dear Mr. —— muſt hear from me next. GOD bring all your ſouls out of priſon. Amen and amen.

LETTER MCCCLXXIX.

To the Hon. and Rev. Mr. S——y.

Reverend and very dear Sir, *Bath, Dec.* 8, 1767.

HOW glad was I to hear by the *London Shunamite*, that you and your Lady were well; that GOD had given you a ſon; that you reflected on your preaching at *Tottenham-Court* chapel with pleaſure; that you had gotten a curate; and, to compleat all, that you intended to viſit *England* next ſpring. This news rejoiced me before I left town, and was moſt grateful to our good Lady *H——n*, whom I have the honour of waiting upon at this time in *Bath*. She hath been ſick, nigh unto death, but through mercy is now ſomewhat recovered, though as yet unable to write much. This her

Ladyſhip much regrets on your account; and therefore enjoins me to inform your whole ſelf, that your letter did not reach her hands till many weeks after the proper time; that ever ſince ſhe hath been viſited with lingering ſickneſs, but begs you will not linger in coming over to our *Macedonia* to help us. The thought of it ſeems to refreſh her heaven-born ſoul. Bleſſed be GOD, her Ladyſhip ſtill takes the lead. She is now doing honour to the remains of the Earl of *B —— n*, who ſweetly ſlept in JESUS laſt week. His corpſe lies depoſited in her Ladyſhip's chapel, and is not to be removed till next *Friday* morning. There have been public prayers and preaching twice every day. The noble relatives conſtantly attend, and all is more than ſolemn. Great numbers of all ranks croud to ſee and hear; I truſt many will alſo feel. The deceaſed Earl died like the patriarch *Jacob*; he laid his hands on, and bleſſed his children, aſſured them of his perſonal intereſt in JESUS, called moſt gloriouſly on the Holy Ghoſt; cried, Happy! happy! as long as he could ſpeak, and then—You know what followed. I know how you and yours will improve this imperfect account, and therefore haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf, dear and honoured friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXX.

To Lady S —— S——.

Honoured Madam, *Bath, Dec.* 9, 1767.

ALL hath been awful, and more than awful. On *Saturday* evening, before the corpſe was taken from *B——n-Houſe*, a word of exhortation was given, and a hymn ſung in the room where the corpſe lay. The young Earl ſtood with his hands on the head of the coffin, the Counteſs Dowager on his right hand, Lady *Ann* and Lady *Iſabella* on his left, and their brother *Thomas* next to their mother, with Miſs *O——n*, Miſs *W——r*, Miſs *G——e*; on one ſide all domeſtics, with a few friends on the other. The word of exhortation was received with great ſolemnity, and moſt wept under the parting prayer. At ten the corpſe was removed to good Lady *H——n*'s chapel, where it was depoſited within a place railed in for that purpoſe,

purpoſe, covered with black bays, and the uſual funeral concomitants, except eſcutcheons. On *Sunday* morning, all attended in mourning at early ſacrament. They were ſeated by themſelves, at the feet of the corpſe, and with their head ſervants, received firſt, and a particular addreſs was made to them. Immediately after receiving, theſe verſes were ſung for them:

Our lives, our blood, we here preſent,
If for thy truths they may be ſpent:
Fulfil thy ſovereign counſel, LORD;
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.

Give them thy ſtrength, O GOD *of power,*
Then let men rave or devils roar;
Thy faithful witneſſes they'll be;
'Tis fix'd, they can do all through Thee.

Then they received this bleſſing, "The LORD bleſs you and keep you, the LORD lift up the light of his countenance upon you, the LORD cauſe his face to ſhine upon you, and give you peace," and ſo returned to their places. Sacrament ended (and a bleſſed ſacrament it was) the Noble Mourners returned to good Lady *H——n*'s houſe, which was lent them for the day. At eleven, public ſervice begun. The bereaved relations ſat in order within, and the domeſtics around the outſide of the rail. The chapel was more than crouded. Near three hundred tickets ſigned by the preſent Earl, were given out to the nobility and gentry, to be admitted. All was huſh'd and ſolemn. Proper hymns were ſung, and I preached on theſe words, "I heard a voice from heaven, ſaying unto me, write, bleſſed are the dead that die in the LORD." Attention ſat on every face, and deep and almoſt univerſal impreſſions were made. The like ſcene, and if poſſible more ſolemn, was exhibited in the evening, and I was enabled to preach a ſecond time, and a like power attended the word as in the morning. Ever ſince, there hath been public ſervice and preaching twice a day. This is to be continued till *Friday* morning, then all is to be removed to *Briſtol*, in order to be ſhipped off for *Scotland*. The inſcription on the coffin runs thus;

"*His*

" His life was honourable,—his death bleſſed,—he fought " earneſtly peace with GOD,—he found it with unſpeakable " joy alone in the merits of CHRIST JESUS, witneſſed by " the holy Spirit to his ſoul,—he yet ſpeaketh.—Go thou " and do likewiſe."

I have oftened wiſhed for your Ladyſhip here. Congregations are very large, attentive, and deeply impreſſed. Surely the death of this noble Earl, thus improved, will prove the life of many. He had great foretaſtes of heaven, cried, " Come Holy Ghoſt;" he came, and filled him with joy unſpeakable. Happy, happy, were his laſt dying words. All ſurviving relatives ſtill feel the influence. They ſit round the corpſe attended by their domeſtics and ſupporters twice a day. Good Lady *S——x* gets freſh ſpirits. She loves your Ladyſhip dearly. I am called to attend, and therefore muſt haſten to acknowledge innumerable obligations, and to ſubſcribe myſelf, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXI.

My dear Captain, *Briſtol, Dec.* 12, 1767.

I Hope this will find you rejoicing with trembling, on account of an additional careful comfort. Thus it muſt be in this mixed ſtate of things. Yet a little while, and our joy will be permanent, uninterrupted, and without alloy. For five days together we have been attending at the houſe of mourning. Many, I truſt, were obliged to ſay, " How dreadful is this place." Such a like ſcene, I never expect to ſee opened again on this ſide eternity. All is quiet, I truſt, with you. But if diamond hath been cutting diamond, it will only be ſuitable to a church militant here on earth. Bleſſed be GOD for an almighty JESUS! who can by theſe mutual cuttings prepare the jewels for their reſpective places in the intended crown. Ere long he will count them up. Not one ſhall be wanting. Cordial love to all. I purpoſe being in town *Tueſday* ſe'nnight in the evening. Brethren, pray for us. I ſhall make all eaſy at *Kingſwood* before I leave *Briſtol*. That you may

may ſhine with diſtinguiſhed luſtre above, earneſtly prays, my dear Captain,

Yours, &c. &c. in our *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Friend, *Briſtol, Dec.* 16, 1767.

WE have been favoured with golden ſeaſons here. I have been enabled to preach thrice, and to adminiſter the holy ſacrament. Thouſands went away on *Sunday*, becauſe they could not come in. The word hath been attended with great power. Grace! grace! What a pity that we cannot ſtay a week or two longer! But I muſt away to *Bath* to preach to-morrow, and the next Lord's-day. Shall write, GOD willing, to Mr. *S——s* by *Saturday*'s poſt, to tell *Roſe* where to meet me with the chaiſe. We come in the two days poſt-coach. Mr. *A——s* is come hither to ſee me. I thought to have brought him up with me, but the coach was full. Is it true, that Mr. *J—ſs* hath two careful comforts at once? I wiſh him much joy. Pray tell my wife, that I intend doing myſelf the pleaſure of dining at Tabernacle-houſe next *Wedneſday*. Ere long we ſhall ſit down and eat bread in the kingdom of heaven. *Hallelujah! hallelujah!* Come, LORD, come. Hearty love to all. Continue to pray for, my dear friend,

Yours and dear Mr. *H——y*'s, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXIII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Reverend and dear Sir, *London, Dec.* 28, 1767.

WHY do you and I exchange letters ſo ſeldom? Perhaps it would be better to correſpond more frequently. This brings you the good news of the triumphant death of the late Earl of *B——n*. He behaved like the patriarch *Jacob*, when by faith leaning upon his ſtaff, he bleſſed his children. The Earl added, "Yea, and they ſhall be bleſſed." "Had I ſtrength

ſtrength of body, (cried the Earl) I would not be aſhamed before men and angels to tell what the LORD JESUS hath done for my ſoul. Come, holy Ghoſt, come, holy Ghoſt; happy, happy, happy!" and then ſweetly ſlept in JESUS. The preſent noble Earl, I believe, hath got the bleſſing indeed, and ſeems, upon the beſt evidence, to determine to know nothing but JESUS CHRIST, and him crucified. He hath behaved in the moſt delicate manner to the Counteſs, and other noble ſurvivors. He ſtands here in town, againſt all oppoſition, like an impregnable rock; and I humbly hope will prove the *Daniel* of the age. He muſt be, nay he hath been already thrown into a den of lions; but he hath one with him, that ſtops the lions mouths. You will encourage all GOD's people to pray for him. What if you wrote him a line? I am ſure it will be taken kindly; for I know he honours and loves you much. You will communicate this to dear Mr. *M———ch*, who, I ſuppoſe, like me, is groaning, being burdened. I am now fifty-three years old. Did you ever hear of ſuch a fifty-three years old barren fig-tree? So much digging, ſo much dunging, and yet ſo little fruit. GOD be merciful to me a ſinner! A ſinner—a ſinner—a ſinner. He is merciful; he is gracious: his mercy endureth for ever. He yet vouchſafes to bleſs my feeble labours. You would have been delighted to have ſeen the awful ſcene exhibited at *Bath*, whilſt the late noble Earl lay in ſtate. Two ſermons every day; life and power attended the word; and I verily believe many dead ſouls were made to hear the voice of the Son of GOD. Since that we have been favoured with comfortable ſeaſons in town. I hope you are bleſſed in *Glaſgow*. Who knows but we may have one more interview in Spring? Whether we meet next on earth or in heaven, you will find that with great ſincerity I ſubſcribe myſelf, reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in our glorious JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCLXXXIV.

To Mr. W——b.

My dear Sir, *London, Feb. 4, 1768.*

WHO would but converſe when together, like perſons that may never meet again till launched into an endleſs eternity. I hope this was in ſome meaſure our caſe, when we dined lately at Mr. *H——t's*. One of the company, I find, is gone, and I truſt to eat bread in the kingdom of heaven.

She is happy now, and we
Soon her happineſs ſhall ſee.

In the midſt of all your ſorrow for the loſs of ſo near and dear a relation, methinks ſuch a conſideration may make you cry out, *Hallelujah! Amen! Come*, LORD JESUS, *come quickly*. Bleſſed be GOD, our turn will come by and by. Be ye alſo ready, is the loud call of the preſent afflictive providence. That it may be duly heard, and practically applied, is the hearty prayer of

Your ſympathizing friend, and
ſervant in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXV.

To Mr. D——n.

My very dear Friends, *London, April 6, 1768.*

IF you chooſe it, you may now be releaſed; but the aſpect of affairs at home, is by no means promiſing. Many, many think of going abroad. However, you will be ſo kind as to ſee the bearers of this ſettled before you remove. Mr. *C——nc*, a worthy diſintereſted creature, is to be ſteward of the houſe: he is a particular heart-friend of Mr. *W——t's*. Mr. *W——t's* ſiſter is an approved houſekeeper, and the little female orphans are to be committed to her care. Mr. *L——y* hath had an univerſity education, is a good writer and accomptant, hath been with me ſome time, and is to be a ſchoolmaſter. I long to know how poor *Peter* and *Ephraim* go on,

and likewise his sister at *Savannah*. I and Mr. *W——t* hope to follow soon. But future things belong to Him who orders all things well. I believe; LORD, help my unbelief. His work prospers. That is all in all. Be pleased to have all accounts settled and audited, and take what you please for your passage, if determined to return. But—but—GOD keep you; through too fond affection, from taking a false step! My heart is full. If you come away, and Mr. *S——k* also goes away, I would have a letter of attorney given to Mr. *C——ne*. But it would be well if I could hear from you first. GOD direct and bless you all. I can only commend you to GOD and the word of his grace, and with ten thousand thanks for all your labours of love, subscribe myself, very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in our glorious JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXVI.

To Mr. J—s.

My dear Man, *London, May* 17, 1768.

GO forward, go forward, is the watch-word of the present day. Never mind the envious cry of elder brethren. Had they been harkened to, the prodigal must never have come home, nor *Goliah*'s head have been cut off. All temple builders, especially when called out to work in the field, must endure not only the contradictions of sinners, but the contradiction of saints also. Happy are they who are so deeply engaged in building, as not to have time to hearken to either. I long to come and lend an helping, though feeble hand. But *Welch* horses move slowly. If the *Welch* apostle comes, I purpose, in the *Whitsun* week, to make a short excursion into *Sussex* and *Kent*, and then for *Bristol*. Blessed be GOD, the shout of a king is heard in our camps! All your family is well. All will be more than well, when we come to our house in heaven. Let us march forward with palms of victory in our hands, crying, "*Hallelujah!* the LORD GOD omnipotent reigneth!" Tender love to all. I hope to answer Mrs. *R——s* in person. The LORD JESUS be with your spirits! Cease not to pray for, my dear man,

Less than the least of all,

LETTER MCCCLXXXVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Edinburgh, June 15, 1768.

My dear Mr. K——n,

I Hope this will find you and yours safe returned to *London*. I am glad to hear by dear Mr. *H*——, that you left your daughter better: may she be spared, not in judgment, but in mercy! Then all will be well: nay, at all events, you may be assured all shall work for good, because you love GOD. Glorious assurance this! Thanks be to GOD for this unspeakable gift. Thanks be to his great name, for ordering my steps this way. You would be delighted to see our Orphan-house park assemblies; as large, attentive, and affectionate as ever. Twenty-seven year old friends and spiritual children, remember the days of old; they are seeking after their first love, and there seems to be a stirring among the dry bones. I cannot yet tell when I shall move. Probably within this fortnight. I must away to my throne. Love to all at Tabernacle, and to all that are so kind as to enquire after,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXVIII.

To Mr. A—— K——n.

My dear Timothy, *Edinburgh, July* 2, 1768.

I Am much obliged to you for staying at *London*, till I return from *Scotland*. My journey hither was certainly of GOD. Could I preach ten times a day, thousands and thousands would attend. I have been confined for a few days, but on *Monday* or *Tuesday* next hope to mount my throne again. O to die there! Too great, too great an honour to be expected. My wife will see my letter to Mr. *S——ks*. I thank her for her kind letter just received. Pray tell Mr. *K——n* that no *Indian* money will be remitted to the *London* trust from hence. The interest of what is collected, which is near two thousand pounds, is to be sent, as occasion requires, to Mr. *Wheelock* and

and the *Connecticut* truſt. Be pleaſed to ſend to Mr. *Dilly*, and deſire him to forward by the firſt ſhip, fifty of my letters to the Archbiſhop, directed to Mr. *Herdie* at the cuſtom-houſe, *Leith*. I am here only in danger of being hugged to death. Friends of all ranks ſeem heartier and more friendly than ever. All is of grace. Grace! grace! I thought to write you a long letter: but company forbids. I go on in my old way, without turning to the right hand or to the left. Providence ſays every day, "This is the way, walk in it." Tender love to all, particularly to my dear wife. Next poſt ſhe may expect to hear from,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXIX.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

My dear Friend, *Edinburgh, July* 4, 1768.

WHAT various interruptions do we meet with in this lower world! Sickneſs, preaching, and company, have prevented my anſwering your kind letter more ſpeedily. I ſtrive to ſtir and fly as formerly; but the earthly houſe of this tabernacle pulls me down.

Strange, that a harp of thouſand ſtrings,
Should keep in tune ſo long!

However, this is my comfort, the Redeemer ſtill vouchſafes to ſmile upon my feeble efforts. In *London* the word runs and is glorified, and in *Edinburgh*, I truſt, the proſpect is promiſing. The fields are white ready unto harveſt. Who knows but ſome wheat may be gathered into the heavenly garner? Many of my old friends are ſafely houſed.

They are happy now, and we
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.
Hallelujah!

Perhaps we may have one interview. I have thoughts of going to *M*——. A week or a fortnight, at moſt, is the longeſt time I can ſtay here. I deſire to move, till I can move no

more. O to die in the field! I pray GOD to send Mrs. *T*—— a safe delivery. My wife is as well as can be expected. Both descending in order to ascend

Where sin and pain and sorrow cease,
And all is calm and joy and peace.

I add one more *hallelujah*; and must hasten to subscribe myself, my dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXC.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Edinburgh, July* 9, 1768.

GOD be praised that all is so well at *London*. Every thing goes on better and better here. But I am so worn down by preaching abroad, and by talking at home almost all the day long, that I have determined, GOD willing, to set off for *London* next *Tuesday* noon. I shall mind all you say. You have acted quite right. As you do not mention my wife, I suppose she is out of town. GOD prepare you and yours for whatever he hath prepared for you, and support you under your present and impending trial. Company prevents my enlarging. Thus it is continually. Grace! grace! Hoping to see you soon, with tender love to all, I beg leave to subscribe myself, my dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCI.

To Mr. J—s.

Dear Mr. J—s, *London, Aug.* 16, 1768.

BLESSED be the GOD and Father of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, who hath so mercifully preserved you in your going out and coming in, and caused you to triumph in every place! You may continue your gospel range, till Mr. *E——ds* leaves *London*; then we must think of Winter quarters. Let us

work whilſt it is day. The late very unexpected breach, is a freſh proof that the night ſoon cometh when no man can work *. Pray where may I find that grand promiſe made to *Abraham* after *Sarah*'s death? May it be fulfilled in you, whilſt your *Sarah* is yet alive! Sweet bereavements, when GOD himſelf fills up the chaſm! Through mercy I find it ſo. Adieu. Tender love to all. Brethren, pray for us. I ſuppoſe I muſt direct to brother *Adams* at *Rodborough*. He expects you there. That you may be owned in every place more and more, heartily prays, my dear man,

Yours, &c. &c. in our JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Friend, *Trevekka, Aug.* 26, 1768.

I Have had the return of my old diſorder; but bleſſed be GOD, I am ſtrengthened to preach the unſearchable riches of JESUS CHRIST. We reached *Glouceſter* on *Monday*, and came hither on *Wedneſday* afternoon. All we have met with exceeds deſcription. Early next *Monday* I purpoſe to ſet off for *Briſtol*, and ſoon after ſhall return to *London*. Brethren, pray for us. I believe you do; for GOD is with us of a truth. I hope you and yours are ſupported. The Redeemer is a preſent help in every time of need. Cordial reſpects await all that love him in ſincerity. Mr. *L——d* and a *Londonner* left us to-day. I hope Mr. *P——d* and *B——s* make all poſſible diſpatch. GOD ſend dear Mr. *H——y* a good paſſage and ſafe return! *Amen! Amen!* LORD, quicken my tardy pace!

Ever yours, &c. in JESUS,

G. W.

* Mr. *Whitefield*'s wife died *Auguſt* 9th.

LETTER MCCCXCIII.

To the Same.

My very dear Friend, *Briſtol, Auguſt* 30, 1768.

WHAT we have ſeen and felt at the college is unſpeakable. Through mercy laſt night we came hither. My diſorder has returned. This may haſten me up: or rather haſten me to heaven. I hope your daughter will have it revealed *in her* before ſhe goes hence. That is all in all. Is there any thing too hard for the LORD?

Surely, O GOD, *thy grace is free,*
For, O my GOD, *it found out* ME!

In a day's time my rout may be determined. *P——d*, &c. muſt make haſte. Captain *J—ſs* comes up at the appointed time. Hearty love awaits dear Mr. *E———s*, &c. &c. &c. Ceaſe not to pray for, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in JESUS,
G. W.

P. S. Since writing the above I received yours. I find the threatened blow is given. I hope *both* are enabled to ſay, "The LORD hath given, and the LORD hath taken away: and bleſſed be the name of the LORD." Be pleaſed to ſend what letters you have for me, and accept theſe few lines of condolance from, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. in an all-compaſſionate JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCIV.

To Mr. D——n.

London, Sept. 1, 1768.

My very dear Mr. D——n,

I WAS exceeding glad to find, by your laſt kind favour, that you and Mrs. *D——n* thought of deferring your embarkation for *England* till the Spring. You will then ſee the new-

comers quite settled, and I wish I could add, see also your reasons for leaving *Bethesda* but of little weight. I know your mind. Would to GOD your dear yoke-fellow was like-minded. She will certainly be so very soon after her arrival in her native country: but I would not grieve her. GOD bless you both! *Brownhill*'s situation I much approve of. Poor *Peter* often engages my thoughts. It pleases me to find that he goes on well; but I want to have him settled. If not likely to make a scholar, or be in some good station in the house, I wish he was put out to some proper business. Not one prize as yet among all the young relations I have endeavoured to provide for. Father, not my but thy sovereign will be done! I wish you could enquire what is become of ———, sent over with Mr. *Wooldridge*, Provost-Marshall at *Augustine*. You may guess that I long to see the accompts. I doubt not of their being quite compleat. Could you not send me a duplicate before your intended embarkation, it would be very acceptable for many reasons. All your dear relations on this side the water are well. My nearest relation hath been quite well above a month. Mr. *Middleton* hath soon followed after. His wife died a few weeks before him.

They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Come, LORD, come! Praying still that, if it be the divine will, you may be constrained to abide at *Bethesda*, I subscribe myself, dear and faithful friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCV.

To Mr. S—— S——.

My very dear Friend, *London, Sept.* 6, 1768.

WHY should not one invalid write to another? What if we should meet in our way to heaven unembodied, and consequently freed from every thing that at present weighs down our precious and immortal souls? But perhaps we are yet to sojourn a little longer on earth. For these two days past, I have been unable almost to write. To-day I am what they

call better, and must improve my first strength in sending a few lines to him whom I dearly love in the bowels of JESUS CHRIST. May they find you and your dear partner leaning on his bosom, who alone is able to bring out of every wilderness. Neither are forgotten before his throne. Though absent in body, I am present in spirit. Accept of love and sympathy unfeigned. I am persuaded you are not unmindful of, very dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCVI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Sir, *London, Sept.* 19, 1768.

I Approve very much of Mr. *Brookshank*'s motion, especially as dear Mr. *Middleton* is gone. His burying is fixed for *Wednesday* evening. Would you choose (with some other friends to whom I shall write) to condescend to be a pall-bearer. The conference to follow the children as mourners. The children to be sent for in my carriage, and sit with the pall-bearers in my parlour. All to be invited that have a mind to follow in mourning. The corpse to be brought privately to Tabernacle on *Tuesday* night. I must away, for fear of the evening air. I should be glad to see you at *Tottenham-Court* to-morrow afternoon. By that time, I shall know Dr *C——r*'s answer to Mr. *Middleton*'s daughter's letter. By which we shall judge the better how to act, in regard to opening the intended subscription for the benefit of his fatherless children. Blessed be GOD, I am better, but am ordered to decline preaching. GOD's will be done! Pray let Mrs. *K——n* make free at Tabernacle-house as usual. GOD bless you both! GOD give me patience to wait till my change comes! I am, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LET-

LETTER MCCCXCVII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

My very dear Friend, *London, Sept.* 26, 1768.

BLESSED be GOD for the art of writing! bleſſed be GOD for ſkill to read and underſtand what is written! Thus we underſtand each other, though at a thouſand miles diſtance; thus I underſtand, and by underſtanding learn to ſympathize with my dear fellow-ſufferer Mr. *S*——. This is my comfort, that underneath him are the almighty Redeemer's everlaſting arms. Therefore, being the beloved of the LORD, he muſt dwell in ſafety. Though prevented by the weather from uſing or drinking the *Ramſgate* waters, nothing can prevent his uſing or drinking the waters of life freely. No, no: in every true believer's heart the Holy Ghoſt is a well of water ſpringing up to life eternal. Hence it is, that though he killeth, he maketh alive; though he wounds, yet he heals. Theſe words I was enabled to feel and enlarge upon yeſterday morning from my *Tottenham-Court* throne. For ſome days the flux of blood hath ſtopped entirely. Praiſe the LORD, O my ſoul! LORD JESUS, if it be thy bleſſed will, let me hear of the recovery of my dear friend! Moſt cordial reſpects attend dear Mrs. *S*——. GOD bleſs, ſupport, and comfort her under her preſent circumſtances. Mr. *Middleton* is now made perfectly whole. He was buried from the Tabernacle laſt *Wedneſday* evening, and a ſubſcription is opened for his four orphans. In the midſt of his torturing pains, being aſked by his daughter how he was, he anſwered, "A heaven upon earth." Soon afterwards he fell aſleep in JESUS. In Him I am, my very dear dear Sir,

Yours, yours, &c. &c. in our never-failing JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Mr. K——n, *Briſtol, Nov.* 12, 1768.

THROUGH infinite mercy we arrived here in due ſeaſon. Laſt night I hope the Redeemer manifeſted forth his glory. GOD willing, I ſtay till next *Thurſday* or *Friday* morning.

morning. *Friday* evening, and the following *Sunday*, I shall preach at *Bath*. In three weeks expect to reach *London*, except called before that period to reside at the *New-Jerusalem*. The pleasing prospect lies day and night open before me. On *Monday*, I suppose, dear Mr. *H——y* sets out for *Bath*. All proper enquiry hath been made about his house. Particulars he will be acquainted with on his arrival. Pray for me. *Bethesda* lies upon my heart night and day. Something must be determined speedily. As I trust my eye is single, GOD will assuredly direct my goings in his way. Hitherto he hath helped: he will do so to the end. *Hallelujah! Hallelujah!* GOD bless you and yours! Wonted cordial christian salutations to all, who are so kind as to be concerned for, and enquire after, my dear steady friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCIX.

To Mr. A——s.

My very dear Tommy, *London, Nov.* 30, 1768.

TEN thousand thanks for your kind sympathy. Many thought I should not hold out from *Bath* to *London*. But I cannot as yet go to him whom, I trust, my soul loveth. Last *Sunday* I creeped up to my gospel throne: this evening the same honour is to be conferred upon me. Why me, LORD? why me? The prayers of GOD's people detain me here: for what end, the event only can discover. To be tried, we may be assured. Mr. *W——t* is going with his brothers to *Georgia*, in order to finish the wings of the intended college, and repair the present buildings. I suppose they will sail in about a fortnight. You will pray that *Abraham*'s GOD may be my GOD and my guide unto death. He will, he will.

I would believe thy promise, LORD;
LORD, *help my unbelief.*

Cordial, most cordial respects await your whole self, and all who are so kind as to enquire after, my very dear *Tommy*,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LET-

LETTER MCCCC.

To W—— P——, Esq;

London, Dec. 14, 1768.

HOW unexpected a letter! what a kind present! Both came safe to hand; both call for most grateful acknowledgments. My poor prayers shall follow them: may they enter into the ears of the LORD of Sabaoth! They will, they will. He is a GOD hearing prayer. You and yours know it; otherwise how would you have been translated from darkness to light! Marvellous, soul-transforming light! This, I trust, you prove by daily experience, passing from glory to glory by the Spirit of the LORD. Hence you increase in boldness; hence your readiness to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, though it should be without the camp. Blessed be his name, for this honour conferred upon ill and hell-deserving me. This may make dear Mr. *S——t* easy, should I ever be called to *Shropshire*. I love the open bracing air. Preaching within doors is apt to make us nervous, especially to crouded auditories. These, I hope, he is blessed with. GOD make him a successful fisher of men! I hope he and his are enabled to walk in all the ordinances and commandments of the LORD blameless. Blessed saving fruits of a living faith! blessed proofs of having our past sins forgiven! As for those to come, I dare not to mention their being forgiven, till committed. *Moderate Calvinism* I take to be a medium between two extremes. I should not choose to use expressions that need an apology. This seems to be a blemish in Dr. *Caisp*, and other supralapsarian writers. A word to the wise is enough. You will excuse this freedom, because it proceeds from love unfeigned in, dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCI.

My dear Friend, *London, Dec.* 15, 1768.

YOU will see the contents of my letter to Dr. *E——e.* I have considered the affair of the picture. What think you? A limner who lately drew me, and hung the picture up in the exhibition, asks forty guineas for a copy. I shall not mind him, but send a bust taken several years ago. It shall be paid for here, and presented as a token of my hearty, hearty love to the Orphan-house at *Edinburgh*, and its never-to-be-forgotten friends. Nothing but my disorder of body, GOD willing, shall prevent my engagement in the plains of *Philippi:* But, I fear, that will be an obstruction to so long a journey. You cannot tell how low my late excursion only to *Bristol* and *Bath* brought me. But I serve a GOD who killeth and maketh alive. I would leave future events to Him, and like you merchants improve the present Now: time is short; eternity is endless. The Judge hath sent this awful message, "Behold, I come quickly." That we all may be ready to go forth to meet him, earnestly prays, my dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCII.

To Mr. T—— A—— ms.

My very dear Tommy, *London, Dec.* 29, 1768.

MANY thanks for your kind sympathetic congratulatory letter. Mr. *Wright* is gone, or rather lies yet in the *Downs*. He is gone to build for Him, who shed his precious heart's-blood for ill and hell-deserving me. Whether the unworthy Founder lives or dies, *Bethesda* affair, I trust, will now be compleated. Strange, that I am now living! Fifty-four years old last *Tuesday*. GOD be merciful to me a sinner! a sinner! a sinner! Less than the least of all, must be my motto still. As such, continue to pray for me. That you and yours, and all the elect people of GOD around you, may increase with all the increase of GOD, continually prays, my very dear *Tommy*,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in our JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCIII.

My dear Sir, *London, Jan.* 13, 1769.

WITH regret I send the inclosed; but alas! they were borrowed. May the prayers put up for the writers, enter into the ears of the LORD of Sabaoth. They will, they will. And what then? What then? Why, they will turn out good soldiers of JESUS CHRIST. That this may be their happy lot, earnestly prays,

Less than the least of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCIV.

To Mr. C—— H——y.

My dear Sir, *London, Feb.* 4, 1769.

I Hope this will find you safe arrived at *Bath*, in your way to *London*. I thank GOD that matters have turned out no worse at *Plymouth*. I see more and more every day, that things and persons are only what an all-wise, almighty JESUS is pleased to make them. Happy, happy they that have their all in Him, who is indeed our All in All! This, I believe, is your happy lot. Grace! grace! This may teach us to look to JESUS in all our concerns and motions. What his will may be concerning my voyage to *Georgia*, I know not. At present the cloud doth not move that way. But you may be assured, it never entered my heart to think of embarking without settling the minutest matter to mutual satisfaction. But more of this when we meet. LORD, hasten our glorious meeting in the kingdom of heaven.

There sin and strife and sorrow cease,
And all is calm and joy and peace.

I hope all is well in *Green-street*. Hearty love to all. All here send greeting. A good time at *Mercer*'s chapel. Grace! grace! I know you will join in saying *Amen*, with, my dear Sir,

Less than the least of all,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCV.

To Mr. S——e.

My dear Mr. S——e, *London, Feb.* 27, 1769.

NOT want of love, but of leiſure, hath prevented my making proper acknowledgments for your kind letter, and late publication. I think it is well written; and I earneſtly pray, that it may be bleſſed to many. One paſſage ſeems exceptionable, where you ſay, "That all believers were originally endowed with the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghoſt." The inſtances urged to prove it, ſeem quite deficient. This is not written to find fault, but to prevent fault finding. That you may be much owned in every thing you undertake, and, with all the Chriſtian *Sheerneſs* brethren, increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD, is the hearty prayer of,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

P. S. Bleſſed be GOD, the ſhout of the King of kings is yet to be heard amongſt us. Grace! grace!

LETTER MCCCCVI.

To Mr. A——s.

My very dear Tommy, *London, March* 11, 1769.

YOUR conſciouſneſs of my ſettled friendſhip, will not permit you to interpret my ſilence to a want of love. How great that is, and on what a ſolid baſis it is founded, the great day will diſcover. Through infinite mercy, I am enabled to preach thrice a week, beſides other occaſional exerciſes; and indeed (O amazing condeſcenſion!) the ſhout of the King of kings is amongſt us. After *Eaſter*, I hope to make an elopement to *Glouceſterſhire*, and ſome weſtern parts. Could you, upon the receipt of this, go to *Briſtol?* Mr. *B——s* muſt come immediately to *London*. I feel the loſs of my right hand daily; but right hands and right eyes muſt be parted with for Him, who ordereth all things well.

I would believe thy promiſe, LORD;
O help my unbelief!

Leaving

Leaving you to add a heart-felt *Amen*, I am, my very dear *Tommy*,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCVII.

To Mr. and Mrs. D——.

My dear Friends, *London*, *March* 17, 1769.

I Hope this will find you not only at, but fixed at *Bethesda*. Your brother *James* yeſterday told me, "He thought it beſt." It is not a time to think of leaving a *happy wilderneſs now*. There's more noiſe in great cities. I am every day, every hour, almoſt every moment, thinking of and preparing for *America*. A pilgrim life to me is the ſweeteſt on this ſide eternity. I am daily expecting *Bethesda* accompts. I am daily waiting for the kingdom of GOD. GOD bleſs my poor negroes. I am always, my dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in the Friend of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCVIII.

To Mr. A——s.

My very dear Tommy, *London*, *March* 31, 1769.

YOU will be glad to hear, that frequent preaching hath prevented writing. Through infinite mercy I have been enabled to preach four days ſucceſſively. And indeed we have been favoured with a bleſſed paſſover ſeaſon. All to make us ſhout louder and louder, Grace! grace! I have ſome thoughts of making *Glouceſterſhire* my firſt excurſion: but at preſent the cloud abides over *London*. LORD JESUS, direct my goings in thy way! The books will be ſent. Mr. *S——e* hath done as deſired: I believe he goes to *Bath* next week. *B——*'s coming was, I think, of GOD. She ſeems happy in her preſent ſituation. In heaven we ſhall be perfectly ſo. Till then, ſome right hand or eye muſt be cutting off, and plucking out, and we ſhall feel the ſmart and want of both. But all is well, becauſe all will end well. *Hallelujah! Hallelujah!* Come, LORD, come! I can now

no

no more. Adieu. GOD bleſs you all! Ceaſe not to pray, my very dear *Tommy*, for

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCIX.

To the Reverend Mr. S——y.

Reverend and very dear Sir, *London, April* 1, 1769.

HOW much am I obliged to you, for your two kind letters, and more eſpecially for the repeated offers of your miniſterial aſſiſtance. They will be moſt gratefully accepted, and I humbly hope remarkably ſucceeded, by Him who hath promiſed to be with us always even to the end of the world. Bleſſed be his name, we have been favoured with delightful paſſover feaſts. The ſhout of the King of kings is ſtill heard in the midſt of our Methodiſt camps; and the ſhout of Grace, grace! reſounds from many quarters. Our almighty JESUS knows how to build his temple in troublous times. His work proſpers in the hands of the elect Counteſs, who is now gone to *Bath*, much recovered from her late indiſpoſition. Worthy Lady *F——y* propoſes ſoon to follow, in order to reſide there. Some more coronets, I hear, are likely to be laid at the Redeemer's feet. They glitter glorioufly when ſet in, and ſurrounded with a crown of thorns.

Subjects of the LORD, *be bold*;
JESUS *will his kingdom hold:*
Wheels encircling wheels muſt run,
Each in courſe to bring it on.

I know who joins in crying, *Hallelujah!* Even a *Walter*, a *Harriet*, both heirs of the grace of life. That the Spirit of CHRIST and of glory may abide and reſt upon them here, and that they may ſhine with diſtinguiſhed luſtre in his heavenly kingdom hereafter, moſt earneſtly prays,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Friend, *Bath, April* 18, 1769.

HITHERTO GOD hath helped us. A good opening at *Chippenham*. A precious season here on *Sunday* morning. This evening I am to preach again. To-morrow, GOD willing, I shall set out for *Bristol*, and return hither on *Saturday* morning. I hope to write to Mr. *W——r*, by to-morrow's or *Thursday*'s post. I thank him for his punctual sending the papers. I find by them, who is dead, and by this time buried in *Saint S——n*'s chapel. The question is, whether there will be a resurrection, or what will be the consequence? Whatever it be, this is our consolation, "the LORD reigneth. Blessed be the GOD of our salvation!" I hope this will find dear Mr. *E——s* proclaiming it with abundant success. Tender love to him and to all. Surely they will not cease to pray for,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXI.

To Mr. W——by.

My dear Mr. W——by, *Bristol, April* 28, 1769.

I Suppose you have heard, that all arrived safe at *Georgia*, *February* 26. The very moment they cast anchor, fifteen miles from *Savannah*, an opportunity offered to send a few lines. This is the reason no other letters are yet come. More may be expected daily. Be so good as to send a line of information to *Essex*. I believe an opportunity will soon present, to write by the ship bound for *Savannah*. My packet is to come up early next week. We finish at *Bath* next *Sunday*. About a week more I stay in *Bristol*, or thereabouts. Good seasons every where. What a mercy, that while the potsherds of the earth are dashing each other in pieces, the great Head of the church is building up his spiritual *Jerusalem!* That you and yours may be daily built up in the most holy faith, earnestly prays,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXII.

To Mr. R—— K——n,

My dear old Friend, *Briſtol, May* 4, 1769.

THIS evening we are to have a love feaſt; yeſterday had a good field preaching at *Kingſwood*. The night before I preached here. GOD willing, to-morrow here again. *Sunday* morning at *Bradford*. *Monday* at *Frome*. Then *Chippenham*, and other parts of *Glouceſterſhire*. I deſigned to go to *Plymouth*, but I have ſuch a cold, and the weather begins to be ſo warm, that I know not how the iſſue will be. Hitherto, bleſſed be GOD, we have had golden ſeaſons. A letter may be ſent by *Saturday*'s poſt, to Mr. *B——s*, at *Frome*. I hope all continues to go on well. Brethren, pray for us! I ſent ſome letters for *Georgia*, to the care of Mr. *W——hy*, but have heard nothing from him. I wiſh you would write one line to my humble friend, and tell him he is enquired after every where, and all are glad to hear of his ſafe arrival. Grace! grace! That all may proſper both in ſoul and body, earneſtly prays, my dear old friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXIII.

To the Same.

My dear Friend, *Frome, May* 8, 1769.

MANY thanks for your kind letter. A bleſſed day yeſterday in *Bradford* church. A bleſſed day here in the fields; thouſands attended, all more than ſolemn. Mrs. *M——re* I hope was touched at *Bath* laſt *Tueſday* ſevennight. Glorious proſpect in theſe parts. Grace! grace! I am now going to *Chippenham*, *Caſtlecomb*, *Durſley*, *Rodborough*, *Painſwick*, *Glouceſter*, *Chentlenam*, in my way to *London*. The weſt circuit muſt be deferred, on account of the opening the chapel at *Tunbridge*. I am eaſy about *London*, being ſo well ſupplied. GOD bleſs you all! All ſend cordial reſpects. *W——s*'s inadvertencies grieve me. You will be punctual. I hope to anſwer Captain *J——s* in a poſt or two. Love and thanks to Mr.

E——s.

E——s. LORD prosper the gospel plough! Adieu, I must away. Cease not to pray for, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXIV.

To Mr. J——s.

Rodborough, May 11, 1769.

EBENEZER, Ebenezer! Through infinite mercy, I just now arrived here. Blessed seasons at *Chippenham*, *Castlecomb* and *Dursley*, in our way from *Frome*. Have been enabled to preach five times this week. It is good to go into the highways and hedges. Field-preaching, field-preaching for ever! Cannot yet determine what course to steer next. At present a very heavy cold lies upon me. JESUS's warm love more than makes amends for all. GOD fill all your dear souls with it! I am easy, as you go on well in *London*. GOD bless you all. By *Saturday*'s post you may know further concerning, my dear Captain,

Less than the least of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXV.

To Mr. T—— A——ms.

My very dear old Friend, London, May 18, 1769.

ON *Monday* evening we reached *Letchlade*, on *Tuesday Maidenhead*, on *Wednesday* about noon, through infinite mercy, we got safe to town. *Ebenezer, Ebenezer!* My cold is about the same as when we parted. But who knows what the Father of mercies may do for less than the least of all his children, by next Lord's-day morning? Perhaps we may be favoured with another *Rodborough* pentecost. Never was that place so endeared to me, as at this last visit. Old friends, old gospel wine, and the great Governor ordering to fill to the brim!

O to grace what mighty debtors! &c. &c.

I suppose you will sing that hymn soon; and if we should die in singing it? What then? Why then, welcome, welcome

eternity! GOD bleſs you all! Yeſterday I ſaw your ſiſter *J——s* comforted under her trial. I ſee, whether married or ſingle, thorns in the fleſh we muſt have. But CHRIST's grace will be ſufficient for us. *Hallelujah! Hallelujah!* Brethren, pray for us. Cordial reſpects to Mrs. *A——s*; I think her name is *Phebe*. I hope to ſend a few lines to Mrs. *R——s* and Mrs. *H——r* very ſoon; in the mean while entreat them, and all like-minded, to accept moſt grateful acknowledgments, and moſt cordial reſpects, and be aſſured of being always remembered in the poor prayers of, my very dear *Tommy*,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXVI.

To Mr. S—— S——.

My very dear Friend, *London*, *May* 26, 1769.

HOW did I ſend all over *Bath*, to enquire for you and yours! How have I ſince prayed, that your preſent uſe of the baths may be bleſſed to the recovery of your valuable health, and your ſoul ſweetly refreſhed with drinking the waters of life freely! Both theſe things, I hope you do and will experience fully. However it may be on earth, glory, glory be to free grace! we are aſſured that we ſhall have a perfect conſummation of bliſs, both in body and ſoul, in heaven. JESUS, thou ſon of *David!* JESUS, thou Son of GOD! JESUS, thou GOD over all, GOD bleſſed for evermore! give us patience to wait till this wiſhed-for time ſhall come! I ſuppoſe you have heard of my hoarſeneſs, gotten, through mercy, in the highways and hedges. A delightful ſpring campaign. Many, I truſt, were compelled to come in. Such news will gladden you, becauſe it gladdens the angels which are in heaven. With regret I muſt ſhorten this. I ſhall ſend to know how you both do. GOD only knows, how you are beloved and remembered by, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. in JESUS.

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCXVII.

To the Same.

My very dear old Friend, *London, June* 10, 1769.

HOW glad was I to find, that you could write ſo long a letter! Who knows but the withered hand may be yet ſtretched out? "Abba, Father!" all things are poſſible with thee! Grant it, if it be thy bleſſed will, for JESUS CHRIST's ſake! This leaves me a little recovering from my late indiſpoſition, conſequently it leaves me ſinging, "He will not always be chiding, neither will he keep his anger for ever." How truly, how incomparably great, will theſe loving corrections make us in a future ſtate? Then ſhall we ſing without ſorrowing,

O happy, happy rod,
That brought us hither to our GOD!

In patience, therefore, may we poſſeſs our ſouls! Yet a little while, and he that cometh will come, and will not tarry. GOD be praiſed, that your dear nurſe and yoke-fellow holds out ſo well. Mr. *M——s* tells me ſhe is brave. Mr. *D——n* dines with me, at his houſe, on *Friday*; both will then be remembered. The covenant of grace was made from eternity. *Hallelujah, Hallelujah!* Come LORD, come!

Ever yours, &c. &c. in our JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *London, July* 29, 1769.

I Thank you for your intended benefaction. Our LORD will write himſelf your debtor for it. His intereſt is pretty good, "a hundred fold." A hundred fold! what can the moſt avaricious trader deſire more? It comes very opportunely; for in looking over my *Georgia* letters this morning, I find Mr. *Dixon* deſires me to purchaſe negro cloth, and oſnabrigs for the negroes, in *London*; it will be a great ſaving, and render double ſervice to my dear orphan family. In about a month or five weeks I hope to ſet ſail. I long for your return, wiſh you

could shorten your *Scarborough* expedition. I want to consult you in many things; and in particular, to have proper writings drawn up, empowering you, as my attorney, to act in all things as if I was present. O that you may have the presence of our great Advocate, to guide, guard, and protect you in journeying! May he be a wall of fire round about you, and be your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and all in all! My hearty love to Mr. *E——ds*, Mr. *G——th*, Mr. *A——ge*, &c. &c. That the LORD may richly reward you for all your disinterested labours of love, and bless you and yours in time and eternity, is the constant prayer of, my dear dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in an unchangeable JESUS,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXIX.

To Mr. B——s.

My dear Sir, *London, July* 30, 1769.

OLD friendship and love embolden me to send these few lines. Blessed be GOD! the orphan-house affairs go on well, and a lasting ample foundation is now laid, for the future support and education of both rich and poor. Perhaps providence may call me to *Georgia* this fall. Could you present the infant institution with a book or two of maps, or copies, or copper-plates, as you shall judge most proper? Sheet maps will not do in that hot climate. I should also be glad of some maps, shewing the different coastings, &c. for my own amusement when on board. Glory be to GOD, all sublunary coastings will soon be over. Yet a little while, and we shall get into an eternal harbour. JESUS is the way, JESUS is our pilot. To his almighty never-failing guidance and grace, I most earnestly commit you, and all your near and dear connections, as being, my dear old friend,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. &c. in our common LORD,
G. W.

P. S. If the motion is not approved of, silence shall serve for an answer.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCXX.

To Mr. J——s.

My dear Captain, *Tottenham-Court, Aug.* 9, 1769.

MY laſt to ——, will make you gueſs that my hands and heart are full. Laſt night I went on board the *Friendſhip*; the Captain is to dine with me to-morrow. I expect to ſail the firſt week in *September* at furtheſt. You muſt be then in town. Mr. *Brookſbanks* (if Mr. *K——n* does not come) will ſupply your place. I hope all things will be ſettled on a right plan. You may be aſſured of my having, under GOD, the greateſt confidence in you. I only wiſh ſome means may be found out to ſave the late great expence of coach hire. It hath mounted very high. But more of this when we meet. Bleſſed be GOD for ſmiling on your labours. This is the way; you need not be exhorted to continue to walk in it. GOD bleſs you! GOD bleſs you! Mr. *K——n* is expected from his *Yorkſhire* tour on *Saturday*. All is well at home. Cordial love to all. Brethren, pray for us. With regret I am obliged to haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf, my dear man,

Yours, yours, &c. &c. &c. in our never-failing JESUS,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXI.

To Mr. T—— A——ms.

My very dear Tommy *London, Aug.* 19, 1769.

TALK not of taking a perſonal leave. You know my make. *Paul* could ſtand a whipping, but not a weeping farewel. My heart and hands are full. What a letter-night laſt *Thurſday* evening! a night much to be remembered. Many thanks for your intended preſent. In ten days I expect to ſail. GOD bleſs you and yours! GOD bleſs all our never to be forgotten *Glouceſterſhire* friends! I can no more. Adieu. Ceaſe not to pray for, my very dear ſteady old friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXII.

To Mr. J—ſs.

My very dear Man, *London, Aug.* 19, 1769.

BLESSED, for ever bleſſed be the GOD and Father of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, for cauſing his word ſo to run, and ſo to be glorified in your hands. No wonder that you meet with a thorn in the fleſh. But we know who hath ſaid, "My grace is ſufficient for thee." I have no objection againſt your circuit weſtward. I believe it will be a bleſſing to many ſouls. In a few days I expect to hear that either Mr. *D——cy* or *S——y* will be in town. If ſo, you may proceed; if not, I muſt beg you to be here at the time of my departure. Ten days, and then. What then? You may gueſs. GOD bleſs you and yours. GOD bleſs all dear, chriſtian, never-to-be-forgotten *Briſtol* friends. Laſt *Thurſday* evening was a parting letter-night indeed. A night much to be remembered. Your flaming letter was read. That GOD may make you flame more and more, till you are called to be a flaming ſeraph in yonder heaven, earneſtly prays, my very dear man,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXIII.

To Mr. T—— A——ms.

On baard the Friendſhip, Capt. Ball, Sept. 5, 1769.
Six in the Morning.

My very dear Tommy,

ALTHOUGH I could not write to you whilſt aſhore, yet I muſt drop you a few lines now I am come aboard. Juſt now we have taken up the anchor: and I truſt my anchor is caſt within the veil, where the ground will never give way, otherwiſe, how ſhould I have ſtood the ſhock of parting, and put to ſea at this time, or rather at this decline of life? But our GOD can, and our GOD does renew both bodily and ſpiritual ſtrength. I have not been in better ſpirits for ſome years; and I am perſuaded this voyage will be for the Redeemer's glory, and the welfare of precious and immortal ſouls. I am aſſured I fare the better for the prayers of my dear

very

very dear *Glouceſterſhire* friends. Our parting ſolemnities have been exceedingly awful; and I thank GOD for giving me the honour of taking my leave on *Sunday* afternoon at *Graveſend* market-place. O for this rambling way of preaching till I die! If Mrs. *H——ker* gets into harbour before me, ſhe will be well off. Cordial reſpects await her, your wife, Mrs. *R——ts*, and all the friends of *Zion*. O *England! England!* GOD preſerve thee from and divert every threatening ſtorm! Follow, follow with your prayers, and aſſure yourſelves of not being forgotten by, my very dear friends,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXIV.

To Mrs. H——ge.

On board the Friendſhip, Sept. 6, 1769.

Dear Mrs. H——ge,

REPEATED labours of love demand repeated acknowledgments. GOD bleſs and reward you and your daughter! I hope you both returned home laden with the grapes of the *New-Jeruſalem*. *Graveſend Bethels*, I truſt, will not eaſily be forgotten. I am ſure you do not forget to pray for a very worthleſs worm: a worm, and no man! And yet, (O amazing love!) JESUS, a never-failing, ever-loving, altogether-lovely JESUS, careth for and comforts him on every ſide. Hitherto it ſeems like my firſt voyage. Grace! grace! What hath GOD wrought? With all thy mercies, glorious *Emmanuel*, deny not the mercy of a thankful heart! Had I more humility, I ſhould be more thankful to GOD and man. But I once more bid you and yours farewel. Salute all dear friends as they come in your way, and tell them their prayers are and will be heard in behalf of, my dear Mrs. *H——e*,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCXXV.

To Mr. and Mrs. S——n.

On board the Friendſhip, Sept. 7, 1769.

Dear Friends,

ACCEPT a line of grateful acknowledgment for all favours. I know it will find you buſy: and buſy, I believe, for the Redeemer's glory. You, therefore, ſhall and will proſper. This comforts me in my preſent goſpel enterprize. I am perſuaded it is of, from, and for Him who loved me, and gave himſelf for me, even ill and hell-deſerving me. Glory be to his great name, I am comforted on every ſide. Fine accommodations. A civil Captain and paſſengers. All willing to attend on divine worſhip, and to hear of religious things. Praiſe the LORD, O my ſoul! Faithful mother *W—d*, and all at Tabernacle, will be glad to hear of this. Pray deſire her to remember me in the kindeſt manner to Mr. *P——ts*, Mr. and Mrs. *T——r*, Mr. and Mrs. *B——s*, &c. &c. I remember parting tears. JESUS hath bottled them up. Brethren, pray and give thanks to Him, whoſe mercy endureth for ever. I am brave as to my bodily health. Grace! grace! GOD bleſs you and yours, and all who are ſo kind as to be concerned for, and enquire after, my dear old friends,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXVI.

To Mr. W——by.

On board the Friendſhip, Sept. 8, 1769.

Dear Mr. W——by,

O Theſe partings! Without a divine ſupport they would be intolerable. But with that, we can even do this and every thing beſides, which we are called to do or ſuffer. You will be glad to hear that every thing turns out beyond expectation, as to bodily health, ſhip accommodation, civility of paſſengers, &c. I only want ſomebody that hath a little more brains about me: but we muſt have our *buts* in this trying imperfect ſtate. Say what we will, without theſe things we could not have our graces kept in exerciſe. GOD preſerve

you and all my religious friends, amidſt the exerciſes that I fear await them. Nothing leſs than an almighty power can preſerve and keep them in a proper temper. Land-ſtorms are often moſt dangerous. Tell all as they come in your way, that their prayers are heard. I ſerve a GOD whoſe mercy endureth for ever. Particular reſpects to Mr. *H——s*, Mr. *B——n*, Mr. *S——s*, Mr. *W——e*, and all that accounted it their privilege to aſſiſt an unworthy worm: not forgetting poor mother *E——s*. You would all be pleaſed to ſee how well I am. Grace! grace! O the privilege and honour of leaving a little All, for a great unfailing All the ever-bleſſed GOD! May you be kept unſpotted, that are called to abide by the ſtuff. You are ſurprizingly improved as to politeneſs of behaviour: may the inward man be more than equally improved, and increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD day by day! You will not fail to pray, that this may be alſo the happy caſe of, my dear Mr. *W——y*,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXVII.

To Mrs. M——.

On board the Friendſhip, Sept. 8, 1769.

THOUGH on the mighty waters, I muſt not forget faithful friends that I have left behind. You, I am perſuaded, are one of theſe. I have tried you many years. GOD bleſs you and yours! GOD guide and keep you in your new undertaking! You are launching into a wide ſea. May JESUS be your pilot! He will, he will. He is the widow's huſband, and will therefore plead the widow's cauſe. He is good to us on board. Praiſe Him, praiſe Him whoſe mercy endureth for ever. Ceaſe not to pray for, dear Mrs. *M——*,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCXXVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

On board the Friendſhip, Sept. 8. 1769.

My dear ſteady Friend,

EBENEZER! *Ebenezer!* Hitherto the LORD helps. All things are very commodious on board, and hitherto I am comforted on every ſide. The Captain and paſſengers are civil, willing to oblige, and ready to attend on divine worſhip. We have had contrary winds in our way to the *Downs*, but not violent. The young ſoldiers not yet ſick, though the ſhip hath ſome motion. I ſeem to be now, as I was thirty years ago. Grace! grace! Praiſe the LORD, O my ſoul! The prayers of the dear *Londoners* are and will be heard. May the mercies beſtowed upon us in anſwer to their prayers, redound to thy glory, O my GOD! The care of my annual penſioners, with all money matters, I muſt beg you to take wholly into your hands. O how little can I do for Him, who hath done and ſuffered ſo much for me! GOD be merciful to me a ſinner! Tender love to all. Ceaſe not, ceaſe not to pray forwards, and to pray back again, my very dear Sir,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXIX.

To Mr. and Mrs. F——tt.

The Downs, on board the Friendſhip, Sept. 10, 1769.

My very dear Friends,

AS we are now at our firſt baiting-place, and I have been thinking of and praying for my tried, ſteady, uniform friends, no wonder that you two came ſtrongly upon my mind. Accept cordial thanks for all favours, and add to my manifold obligations by praiſing Him, whoſe mercy endureth for ever. He deals bountifully with us on board, and gives us a proſpect of bei g comfortable with all about us. You are called to ſtay by, but bleſſed be GOD you are called to live above the ſtuff. A pilgrim life is my lot. I am more than content with it. I ſhall have time enough to reſt in heaven. This heaven

is

is begun on earth. You know it, you know it. Ere long the budding flower will be full blown. Afflictions, temptations, ordinances, providences, will all concur to bring it to maturity. When this is done, death shall transplant it to a better soil where it shall never fade, but increase in fragrance and beauty through the endless ages of eternity. But I must not detain you. This is your busy day. You have been gathering manna. A little hath fallen round our floating camp. I know you wish us a trading voyage. That you may sail into harbour with a very full and choice cargo of heavenly wares, with your top-gallant sails flying, and shouting from every quarter, Grace! grace! earnestly prays, my very dear friends,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

P. S. Tell Mr. *K——n* I was in hopes of one line by *Saturday*'s post. We had a violent gale yesterday. One ship we hear is gone. Blessed be GOD we are all well.

LETTER MCCCCXXX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Deal, Sept.* 14, 1769.

IT hath really given me some concern, that notwithstanding I have written so many letters, not a single friend hath wrote at a venture, though if we had been sailed, the letter might have been returned. The Captain hath been answered; *Winter* hath been answered. But—all is well. For wise reasons we are detained in the *Downs*. Who knows but it may be to awaken some souls at *Deal?* A peculiar providence brought me here. Warm-hearted Dr. *G——ns* came on board to pay me a visit, was sick, lay in my state room, and learnt more experimentally to pray for those who occupy their business in the great waters. Mr. *B——y* of *Ramsgate*, and young Mr. *G——ner*, who was ordained here yesterday, followed after. At their request I came ashore yesterday morning. The ordination was very solemn, and I have not been more affected under any public ministrations a great while. At the request of many, I preached in the evening to a crouded auditory, and spent the remainder of the night in godly conversa-

tion. Dr. *G——ns* will acquaint you with ſome pleaſing particulars. If the wind continues contrary, perhaps I may make an elopement to *Margate*. I wiſh I could ſee my ſermon that is printed. You may at a proper ſeaſon, in a proper way, hint as from yourſelf to ———, that I have often thought he would do for *Betheſda* academy. If I die, let not the hymn book be caſhiered. I am glad to hear of the *Amens* at *Tottenham-Court*. I doubt not but it is the ſame at Taberbernacle. I deſign to write to both, and to the conference, &c. But I cannot enlarge now. The young ſailors begin to be more handy, and are attentive to oblige. This is the thirteenth time of my croſſing the *Atlantic Ocean*. GOD bleſs you all! If further detained, you will hear again from, my very dear friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

P. S. A parcel might be ſent by *Saturday*'s coach, directed to the care of ———: he would return it if we are ſailed. I ſhould have the papers and the ſermon. The ſhip that was loſt hath been taken up and brought in. The paſſengers eſcaped in the boat. What are we that we ſhould be preſerved? Grace! grace!

LETTER MCCCCXXXI.

To Mr. G——d.

The Downs, on board the Friendſhip, Sept. 15, 1769.

My dear Mr. G——d,

I Cannot forget your old readineſs to ſerve and attend upon me. I cannot forget your laſt parting converſation. Alas! alas! how little do we know of the bitter cups that await us in the decline of life! May JESUS ſweeten them with his love! He will, he will. This will make them palatable. This and this alone can make us cry from our inmoſt ſouls, "The cup which my heavenly Father hath given me to drink, ſhall I not drink it?" Though bitter, there is no death in this cup: on the contrary, nothing but life, nothing but life. Courage then, my

my dear Mr. *G——d*, courage. Yet a little while and we ſhall ſee

All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

Adieu. GOD bleſs you and yours. Hearty love to all that are ſo kind as to enquire after and pray for me. Pray go to Dr. *G——ns*, and tell him I hope he got home well. I had a pleaſant ſeaſon at *Deal* with him and ſome other ſervants of our common LORD. What will heaven be? I am loſt in contemplation of it. And therefore muſt haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Mr. *G——d*,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXXII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Deal, Sept.* 15, 1769.

YOUR letter was quite refreſhing. It found me on board. But Mr. *B——y* came, put me under an arreſt, and is carrying me away to *Ramſgate*: I hope to arreſt ſome poor run-away bankrupts for the Captain of our ſalvation. You would be glad to be here. How myſterious and yet how wiſe are his ways! Fain would I follow the Lamb whitherſoever he goes. Bleſſed be GOD that all is ſo well at *London*. I truſt all will be better and better. For CHRIST's ſake, let all means be uſed to keep up and increaſe *Tottenham-Court* and Tabernacle ſocieties. Pray be particular about church and ſtate. A ſhaking ſeaſon awaits both. Happy they who have caſt anchor within the veil. All ſend due reſpects. Cordial love to your whole ſelf, to all that ſent their love, and to all who are ſo kind as to enquire after, my very dear ſteady friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCXXXIII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Downs, Sept. 16, 1769.

My very dear ſteady Friend,

I Muſt not leave ſight of the *Downs*, without ſending you a few grateful, ſympathizing, parting lines. I know in what a ſituation they will find you, filling up the meaſure of CHRIST's ſufferings which are behind. Amazing! even bodily ſufferings, when brought on by working for Him, he accounts his own.

He knows what this temptation means,
For he hath felt the ſame.

What a mercy this, when weariſome nights and days are appointed for us! O that patience may have its perfect work in our ſouls! It will, it ſhall. Faithful is he that hath promiſed, who alſo will do it. Fine ſayings theſe for an old weather-beaten almoſt worn-out pilgrim, juſt on his entrance upon a new voyage. But *Ebenezer! Ebenezer!* He that hath helped and delivered twelve times, will not fail the thirteenth.

I would believe thy promiſe, LORD;
O help my unbelief!

Hitherto the proſpect is comfortable. Accommodations good. All on board civil, and willing to attend upon divine worſhip. Above all, JESUS is kind, yea very kind to the better part of, my very dear never-to-be-forgotten friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,
G. W.

P. S. Moſt grateful acknowledgments await your whole ſelf, and dear daughter and worthy ſon-in-law. Pray for us.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCXXXIV.

To Mr. R—— H——n.

In the Downs, on board the Friendſhip, Sept. 17, 1769.

My dear old Friend,

I Sympathize with you from my inmoſt ſoul. What prickles have our ſweeteſt roſes! How does GOD's promiſe ſeemingly croſs hands with his providence! We would fain direct him: but his anſwer is, "I know it, my ſon, I know it:" and hereafter we ſhall know it too. That *hereafter* will ſoon come. It is coming every moment. Yet a little while, and we ſhall ſee

All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

I have no doubt, but this will be the happy lot of your dear yoke-fellow. At preſent ſhe walks in darkneſs, and ſees no light. But GOD will lighten her darkneſs, and the days of her mourning ſhall be ended. Beg her to accept my moſt ſincere and ſympathetic ſalutations; and aſſure yourſelves, that neither of you are forgotten in the poor prayers of, my dear friends,

Leſs than the leaſt all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Deal, Sept.* 17, 1769.

AS I have no parcel, I am ready almoſt to think ſomebody is coming. I am juſt returned from *Ramſgate*, and going on board. Never did any creature ſhew greater civility, heartineſs, politeneſs, and generoſity than Mr. *B——ry*. His friends were hearty too. Indeed and indeed I believe ſolid good was done at *Ramſgate*. I preached on *Friday* and *Saturday*. It was hard parting this morning. I expect a long paſſage. But all is well. I am kept comfortable. I could not go to *Margate*. Friends that write, ſhould direct where the letters are to be returned. I am glad Mr. *S——y* is come. I ſhall write

to *Bath*. Is my farewel ſermon printed? That is what I meant; no packet is come. Tender love to all, to all. Never fear,

Satan thwarts and men object,
And yet the thing they thwart effect.
Hallelujah!

I wiſh this may be the laſt letter, any may receive dated at the *Downs*, from, my very dear Sir,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXXVI.

To Mr. John W——r.

The Downs, on board the Friendſhip, Sept. 18, 1769.

My dear Friend,

I Muſt not forget you and your dear yoke-fellow, whom I cannot but number amongſt my old firſt friends and children. I hope this will find bodily pain ſubſided, or grace given to make it more than tolerable. Little do we know what trials await the declines of life. But theſe are like the finiſhing ſtrokes of a limner's hand before the picture is ſent for home. Yet a little while, and it ſhall be hung up in GOD's houſe above, as a trophy of the Redeemer's blood and Spirit, to be admired for ever and ever.

O heights of grace!
O depths of love!
LORD, *fit us for*
This houſe above!

Adieu! GOD bleſs you and yours and all your connections. The poſt-boat is come. Though detained in the *Downs*, yet I hope we are ſailing to heaven. *Hallelujah!* Ceaſe not to pray for, my dear friends,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCXXXVII.

To Mr. G——, and to all in conference.

The Downs, on board the Friendſhip, Sept. 19, 1769.

Dearly beloved in the LORD,

THOUGH abſent in body, I am preſent with you in ſpirit. Not want of love, but of leiſure, prevented my holding a conference with you before my embarkation. My hands and heart were full. Ere long, we ſhall go no more out. In the mean while, may you all be pillars in the houſe of our GOD! You are engaged in a good cauſe, and in a branch of the Redeemer's work, which hath, and I am perſuaded will proſper more and more. What a mercy, that freſh inſtruments are raiſed up, to preach to poor ſinners the unſearchable riches of JESUS CHRIST. I hope that the ſound of his bleſſed feet hath been heard behind young Mr. *D*——; he ſeems to come out in the firſt, old, itinerant methodiſtical way. No way like this. Light and life muſt go together. Principles and power, principles and power conjointly, alone can ſatisfy my dear tabernacle hearers ſouls. Though dying, I ſhould live, when I find that they and you ſtand faſt in the LORD, and go on, and are terrible like an army with banners. This be your happy lot! Whatever becomes of ill and hell-deſerving me, may you increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD! Moſt cordial love awaits Mr. *C*——, Mr. *B*——, Mr. *D*——, Mr. *I*——, or as many of them as are in town. May all be helped, to give one and the ſame mighty goſpel all-powerful blaſt, till *Jericho*'s towering walls fall down before them. Outward troubles, I am perſuaded, await us. But in JESUS we ſhall have peace. To his never-failing mercy I commend you and yours, and all your near and dear connections. Brethren, pray for us; I know you do. The Redeemer, in anſwer to your prayers, deals bountifully with us. I am comforted on every ſide. Never leſs alone, than when alone with my GOD. My anchor is caſt within the veil. Though detained in the Downs, I hope we are ſailing towards our eternal haven. Still help us forwards, and pray us back. Once more, GOD bleſs you all! GOD bleſs the dear tabernacle ſociety, bands and claſſes, and all that come to hear a preached goſpel under that deſpiſed yet

highly honoured roof. I am ſure you will add, and GOD bleſs him, who from his inmoſt ſoul ſubſcribes himſelf,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXXVIII.

To Mr. J——s.

On board the Friendſhip, in the Downs,

My very dear Captain, *Sept.* 19, 1769.

I Write a few lines at a venture, uncertain whether you are in town or not. You ſee where they leave me; at our firſt baiting place. Had not our Captain loitered at *London* laſt Lord's-day, we might have been out of the channel. But then perhaps I might have loſt the ſale of ſome goſpel goods at *Graveſend* market-place. I hope you, and all my dear fellow labourers, will meet with thouſands of moneyleſs cuſtomers, who will come down to the price. Bleſſed news for bankrupts!

Surely, O CHRIST, *thy grace is free,*
For, O my GOD, *it found out me!*

He is good to us on board. All are civil and ſtudious to oblige. I am glad of the third cabin paſſenger. The ſteerage ones are old hearers, and in diſtreſs. Who knows what a trading voyage we may have. When you write to *Briſtol*, pray tell Miſs *B——ne* to acquaint Mr. *G——n*, that I am ſorry I did not know who ſent me the kind preſent in ſo genteel a manner. He hath my grateful acknowledgments. The young ſailors have been a little ſick. The Steward is very handy. I am kept comfortable in ſoul and body. Pray on, my dear friends, pray on. Remember our partings, our partings. Surely they will never be forgotten by, my dearly beloved Captain,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXXIX.

To Mr. B——s.

The Downs, on board the Friendſhip, Captain Ball.

My dear old Friend, *Sept.* 19, 1769.

THOUGH my hands and heart were too full, to come and give you perſonal thanks on ſhore, be pleaſed to accept my moſt grateful acknowledgments for your kind preſent, and yet kinder letter, now I am on board. I know your heart is formed for friendſhip, and therefore ſome kind of trials of the affectionate kind, muſt make ſuch impreſſions, as perſons of leaden ſouls and iron bodies, are utter ſtrangers to. What a mercy, that we have a compaſſionate High-Prieſt to apply to, who is moſt ſenſibly touched with a feeling of our infirmities!

He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the ſame.

Courage therefore, my dear Sir, courage. Yet a little while, and he that cometh will come, and will not tarry. In the mean while, may both of us be enabled to ſing,

O happy, happy rod,
That brought us nearer to our GOD.

I write this out of the fulneſs of my heart. Old friendſhip more than revives. GOD bleſs you, and all your near and dear connections! Through infinite mercy, this leaves me comforted on every ſide. I want a thouſand tongues to praiſe Him whoſe mercy endureth for ever, and in whom I am, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.
G. W.

P. S. I ſhould be glad if you would be pleaſed to ſend the *Atlas* to Mr. *K——n*, woollen-draper, in the *Minories*. A ſhip goes ſoon to *Georgia*.

LETTER MCCCCXL.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

On board the Friendſhip, off New-Romney,

My very dear Friend, *Sept.* 26, 1769.

MAN appoints, but an all-wiſe, all-gracious GOD diſappoints. Dear Mr. *H——y* gueſſed right. This day ſevennight we weighed anchor, and ſailed, though very ſlowly, as far as *Fair-Lee*. But for near five days we have been toſſed by violent gales, and laſt night, through infinite mercy, caſt anchor off *Dungenneſs* and *New-Romney*. The new ſailors have been quite ſick, but are now almoſt recovered. I have felt very little, comparatively ſpeaking, and have been able to read, &c. &c. Had I known of having ſuch a handy Steward, I might have ſpared one hand; but what is, is beſt. In GOD's due time, the winds will have a commiſſion to carry us on. Satan doth not like this voyage. Pray on, pray on, my very dear friends, and never fear. All ſhall work together for good to thoſe who love GOD. I wiſh you had advertiſed againſt the publiſher of my laſt ſermon. It is not *verbatim* as I delivered it. In ſome places, he makes me to ſpeak falſe concord, and even nonſenſe. In others, the ſenſe and connection are deſtroyed, by the injudicious disjointed paragraphs; and the whole is entirely unfit for the public review*. But we muſt ſuffer by the

* The very ſame cenſures are too juſtly applicable to the volume of ſermons, now publiſhed by Mr. *Gurney*, as Mr. *Whitefield*'s.——Relying on the accuracy of the ſhorthand-writer, and on the fidelity of the reverend gentleman who was to reviſe the ſermons, and on their joint regard for the memory of Mr. *Whitefield*, his executors did agree to recommend the intended publication, and promote its ſale; for which, a conſideration was to be paid by Mr. *Gurney*, to be applied by them, according to the tenor of Mr. *Whitefield*'s Will. But on their receiving nine of the ſermons, (worked off) to their great ſurpriſe, they found themſelves, after peruſal, unable to authenticate them, either as to language or ſentiments; therefore judged them utterly unfit for publication, and told Mr. *Gurney*, that on no conſideration whatever, could they recommend them to the public. The executors are extremely concerned on Mr. *Gurney*'s account, as well as for the character of their late worthy friend; and now wiſh that they had not reſted with the hearing only *one half*

the falſe zeal of profeſſing friends, as well as by the inveterate malice of public avowed enemies. If one ſentence is bleſſed to the conviction and edification of any ſingle individual, I care not what becomes of my character, though there is no occaſion of bringing ourſelves into needleſs contempt. I write this at a venture; we ſee a boat approaching, and hope it will reach us. We have put back: O that it may quicken friends to pray us forwards. We are like a man of war that hath been out on a ſhort cruiſe, and then returned into harbour. What awaits us we know not. It is not fit we ſhould. GOD bleſs you all, my dear, very dear friends. I remember your times of meeting at both ends of the town. Sea is ſea, land is land. The GOD whom we ſerve, is GOD of both. To his never-failing mercy I commend you. Continue to do the ſame for, my very dear friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,
G. W.

Off New-Romney, September 28.

STILL we are priſoners. But bleſſed be GOD, priſoners of hope! In GOD's due time, the word of command will be, *Go forward.* I am ſadly off for want of white biſcuit. But GOD will ſupply every want. The boat is going, that came off with ſome eatables. Adieu. Tender love to all. Bleſſed be GOD, all is well! Ceaſe not to pray for, my very dear friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,
G. W.

half-ſheet read to them, but had inſiſted on ſeeing the whole Manuſcript, and every ſheet from the preſs. However, though Mr. *Gurney* ought to have ſtopped the preſs when firſt applied to, and although the agreement was never ſigned by either of the parties, the executors have repeatedly offered, that, beſides chearfully renouncing all advantages, they will pay whatever expences Mr. *Gurney* hath been at in the affair, and ſo take and burn the whole impreſſion; as otherwiſe the purchaſers muſt be deceived, and the name of the deceaſed ſorely wounded.

LETTER MCCCCXLI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

On board the Friendſhip, Captain Ball, in Five-fathom Hole, about ten miles from Charles-Town, South-Carolina.

My dear Friend, *Nov.* 30, 1769.

WE have had a long, and in ſeveral reſpects a trying paſſage. Particulars expect by the packet, which the pilot ſays will ſail in two or three days. This day week we firſt ſaw land; came over the bar the 28th inſtant, and ſhould have been at *Charles-Town* that evening, but our ſhip was too light to obey the helm. We had the mortification of ſeeing ten ſailing in before us, and we ever ſince left in jeopardy. Surely Satan foreſees ſome ſignal good attending this voyage. In the midſt of all, bleſſed be GOD, we have had plenty of outward things; and I am in better health than at the end of any voyage I have made for ſome years. Mr. *Smith* hath really behaved well, and been very handy and attentive. The ſame may be ſaid of Mr. *Winter*. We have been like the three children in the fiery furnace. But the Son of GOD hath been, and is (O amazing grace!) ſtill with us. Pleaſe to remember us to all concerned. Hoping ſoon to write from on ſhore, and moſt earneſtly praying, that grace, mercy and peace, may be multiplied upon you all, I muſt haſten to ſubſcribe my old but true name, "The chief of ſinners, leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints," but

Your affectionate, obliged friend, and willing ſervant to all,

G. W.

Charles-Town, Dec. 1.

BLeſſed be GOD, a pilot-boat came yeſterday along-ſide, and brought us hither in ſafety to our unſpeakable comfort in the evening. Our reception as hearty or heartier than ever. Grace! grace! The ſhip is not yet come up. Bleſſed be GOD, I am brave and well, and am to preach this afternoon. Praiſe Him whoſe mercy endureth for ever! We have been

delivered out of great jeopardy. You will ſay ſo, when you receive further particulars from, my dear friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXLII.

To Miſs H——y.

Charles-Town, South-Carolina, Dec. 6, 1769.

Dear Madam,

SHALL I promiſe, and not perform? GOD forbid! You have one of my firſt letters ſince our arrival. The long paſſage made ſhore more agreeable. Miſs *H——y* knows how to apply ſuch an account. All we meet with here, will be ſweetly overruled to render heaven, and a ſight of JESUS in the heaven of heavens, more delightful. I am in hopes, by this laſt week's preaching, that ſome *South-Carolina* ſouls are beginning to look heavenwards. Grace! grace! In a day or two, GOD willing, we ſhall move to *Bethesda*. Mr. *W——t* is come to meet me, and tells me all is in great forwardneſs there. Ere long the top-ſtone of a building not made with hands will be brought forth. How many of your beloved family will join the ſhout, crying, Grace, grace unto it! Moſt cordial and due reſpects attend them all. GOD be praiſed, heaven is in ſight. JESUS is our pilot: he will ſteer us ſafe over every bar; even over the laſt bar, *Death*. Then will we ſing,

All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

O how good is it to bear the yoke in our youth! A glorious preparative for a comfortable old age. That you and all your dear relatives, may increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD, is the earneſt prayer of, dear Madam,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCXLIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Charles-Town, Dec.* 9, 1769.

IMMEDIATELY on our arrival, I ſent you a letter by way of *Liverpool*, and then promiſed you a particular and very explicit letter by this packet: but it muſt be deferred a few days. So much company crowds in, that together with my preaching every other day, &c. &c. I have ſcarce the leaſt leiſure. Bleſſed be GOD, I have already met with ſome fruits of my feeble labours in this place. An earneſt, I hope, of good things to come. To-morrow, I ſet off by water to *Georgia*, the roads being almoſt impaſſable by land. Mr. *Wright* is come to go with me, and acquaints me that all is in great forwardneſs at *Betheſda*. How I am directed in reſpect to that inſtitution, you ſhall know hereafter. And glory be to a never-failing GOD, an hereafter is drawing on apace, when we ſhall ſing,

All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

I hope you and yours are helped to poſſeſs your ſouls in patience. GOD bleſs and reward you! Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon you and yours! All join in ſending due and cordial reſpects. O give thanks unto the LORD, for his mercy endureth for ever. Brethren, pray for us. Tender love to all. Your letter to me by *Anderſon*, I have not yet received. Bleſſed be GOD, I am in health. Grace! grace! The packet is about to be cloſed. Other ſhips are almoſt ready to ſail. By one or all expect to hear again from, my very dear friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,
G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCXLIV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Savannah, Dec.* 24, 1769.

THE bearer *B—— F——* is the ſteward of the ſhip in which I came over: a very handy uſeful man; to whom in a great meaſure I owe the chief comfort of my voyage, as to eatables. He hath had convictions at times, and longs to live aſhore. If you can ſerve him, do. I write this at my old friends Mr. *Haberſham*'s. I am to preach here this morning, and to-morrow, and purpoſe in a few days to pay a viſit to *Charles-Town*. Bleſſed be GOD, all things are in a moſt promiſing way. But I am obliged to leave Mr. *W——t* behind, for the work's-ſake. Mr. *Smith* goes with me. He is attentive, hath behaved well, and been uſeful in the houſe. Never was I bleſſed with ſo many proper induſtrious workmen and helpers before. Grace! grace! Next *Wedneſday* I am fifty-five years old. GOD be merciful to me a ſinner, a ſinner, a ſinner! As ſuch, continue to pray, my dear ſteady friend, for,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXLV.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Dear Sir, *Bethеſda, Jan.* 11, 1770.

CAN I forget my dear, very dear old ſteady friend? rather let my right hand forget her cunning. How are you? Still afflicted? ſtill in pain? ſtill made to poſſeſs weariſome nights, and weariſome days? Well, all will be over ſoon; ſoon, yea very ſoon ſhall we ſing,

All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

This proſpect gives ſongs in the night; this makes *Georgia* and *Bethеſda* to more than ſmile: and indeed you and yours would ſmile too, were you to ſee what a laſting foundation is laying for the ſupport and education of many yet unborn. All admire the work already done. In a few months the top-

ſtone, I truſt, will be brought forth, with ſhouting, Grace! grace! In the mean while I muſt range northward. I know who will follow me with their prayers; even you and yours, whom I dearly love, and whom I ſalute much in the LORD. GOD bleſs you all, for all kindneſſes conferred upon, my very dear friends,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,
G. W.

If I thought you did not, or would not uſe your globes, I would beg them for our infant library. The increaſe of this colony is almoſt incredible. Real good, I truſt, is doing; and a bleſſed door is opening for Mr. *W*——'s uſefulneſs. Bleſſed be GOD! Bleſſed be GOD!

LETTER MCCCCXLVI.

To Mrs. H——e.

Dear Mrs. H——e, *Bethesda, Jan.* 11, 1770.

MY laſt to you left me juſt arrived at *Charles-Town*. This leaves me an old inhabitant of, or rather a worthleſs ſojourner at *Bethesda*. Both, I hope, will find the worthy Mrs. *H——e* and her daughter enjoying thriving ſouls in healthy bodies. Every thing here exceeds my moſt ſanguine expectations. I am almoſt tempted to ſay, "It is good for us to be here." But all muſt give way to goſpel ranging: Divine employ!

For this let men revile my name,
I'd ſhun no croſs, I'd fear no ſhame:
All hail, reproach——————

I hope *London* friends meet with enough of this. It is bad, more than bad, when the offence of the croſs ceaſeth. This cannot be, till we ceaſe to be crucified to the world, and the world crucified to us: and when that is the caſe, things are very bad. As Mrs. *H——s*'s heart and houſe are opened to ſo many miniſters of a deſpiſed JESUS, ſhe muſt expect a double ſhare. Not only reproach from the world, but judgings and cenſures from the narrow-hearted bigotted part of the Church. But ſhe hath counted the coſt; ſhe knows in whom ſhe hath believed, and who will be her exceeding great reward.

ward. GOD will not have us take up with any thing ſhort of himſelf. Leaving you to cry, Grace! grace! with ten thouſand thanks for all unmerited favours, I muſt haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your moſt obliged and ready ſervant,
in our common LORD,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXLVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My dear Friend, *Charles-Town, Feb.* 10, 1770.

LAST night a kind Providence brought me hither, where I received your kind letter, dated *Nov.* 2d. Bleſſed be GOD, that all things go on ſo well at *London!* You reaſon well about ———. I entirely agree with you in ſentiment concerning that matter. Through infinite mercy, this leaves me enjoying a greater ſhare of bodily health than I have known for many years. I am now enabled to preach almoſt every day, and my poor feeble labours ſeem not to be in vain in the LORD. Bleſſed be GOD, all things are in great forwardneſs at *Bethesda.* I have converſed with the G——r in the moſt explicit manner, more than once, concerning an act of aſſembly, for the eſtabliſhment of the intended Orphan-houſe College. He moſt readily conſents. I have ſhewn him a draught, which he much approves of; and all will be finiſhed at my return from the northward. In the mean while, the buildings will be carried on. As two miniſters from the *New-Jerſies*, and *Rhode-Iſland*, have been ſoliciting benefactions for their reſpective colleges, no applications of that nature can be made here: but the LORD will provide! My eyes wait upon Him, from whom all temporal and ſpiritual ſalvations come. Since my being in *Charles-Town*, I have ſhewn the draught to ſome perſons of great eminence and influence. They highly approve of it, and willingly conſent to be ſome of the wardens: near twenty are to be of *Georgia*, and about ſix of this place; one of *Philadelphia*, one of *New-York*, one of *Boſton*, three of *Edinburgh*, two of *Glaſgow*, and ſix of *London*. Thoſe of *Georgia* and *South-Carolina*, are to be qualified; the others to be only honorary correſponding wardens. I have therefore taken

taken the freedom of nominating ******; and as *my name* is to be annihilated, they may accept the truſt without expecting much trouble, or ſuffering contempt for being connected with me. This, I think, is the chief of the plan: more particulars that may occur, together with the draught of the charter, you may expect hereafter. In the mean while, ceaſe not to pray for, my dear ſteady friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXLVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Charles-Town, Feb. 22, 1770.

My very dear Friend,

NO letters by the packet, or another ſhip that hath brought in above five hundred from *London!* As I hear Capt. *Rainier* is bound for *Savannah*, I hope at my return to *Bethesda* to find a letter there. Your laſt, dated *Nov.* 2, was immediately anſwered. Mr. *B——s* will accept my moſt grateful acknowledgments for his kind preſent of maps, charts, &c. In a few months, I hope, all will be compleated. But what may theſe few months produce? LORD JESUS, prepare us for whatever thou haſt prepared for us, and give peace in our time, for thine infinite mercy's-ſake! You muſt expect another draught ſoon. GOD be praiſed for that ſaying, "It is more bleſſed to give than to receive." You would be pleaſed to ſee with what attention people hear the word preached. I have been in *Charles-Town* near a fortnight, am to preach at a neighbouring country pariſh church next *Sunday*, and hope to ſee *Georgia* the week following. Perhaps I may ſail from thence to the northward, and perhaps embark from hence. LORD JESUS, direct my goings in thy way! I am bleſſed with bodily health, and am enabled to go on my way rejoicing. Grace! grace! Join in ſhouting thoſe bleſſed words. I wrote by one Capt. *Watt*, who was to ſail from *Georgia* this week. In that, you will find ſomething concerning my late viſit to, and public entertainment at *Bethesda*. You ſee how often I peſter you with letters. I can only add, that you may tell all, I am happier than words can expreſs: which

which I take, in a great measure, to be owing to the prayers of my dear *English* friends, which are daily put up for, and I hope daily returned by, an unworthy worm. Remember me most affectionately to all, and expect to hear again very speedily from, my very dear, dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXLIX.

To Mr. B——n.

Charles-Town, Feb. 27, 1770.

My dear Mr. B——n,

I Owe you an answer to your kind letter. Blessed be GOD, I can send you good news from a far country! All things at *Bethesda* go on quite well. My bodily health is upon the advance, and the word, I trust, runs and is glorified. At present, my intended plan about returning continues the same: but all depends on news from home. Strange! that none could write a line or two by so many ships. Only one letter have I received from Mr. *K——n* since my arrival. Next week, GOD willing, I return to *Georgia*, and soon after I purpose to go to the northward. I know who will follow me with their prayers: they will avail much. The LORD JESUS be with all your spirits! I suppose you heard from *Bethesda* by Capt. *Anderson*. Mr. *Wright* is the main spring with regard to the buildings, and all the other wheels move orderly and well. Praise the LORD, O my soul! O this pilgrim way of life! To me it is life indeed. No nestling, no nestling, my dear Mr. *B——n*, on this side eternity. This is not our rest. Ere long we shall sing,

All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

Leaving you to add *Hallelujah*, and sending most hearty greetings to your whole self, and all enquiring friends, I must hasten to subscribe myself, my dear Mr. *B——n*,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

Pray

March 4.

Pray tell Mr. *K——n*, that I hope to write to him in a few days from *Georgia*. To-morrow, GOD willing, I return thither. I truſt ſubſtantial good hath been done here. Grace! grace!

LETTER MCCCCL.

To Mrs. H——e.

Charles-Town, *March* 4, 1770.

Dear Mrs. H——e,

ALTHOUGH at ſuch a diſtance, I cannot forget Mrs. *H——e* and her daughter, and all their works of faith and labours of love. I doubt not, but this will find them on the full ſtretch for heaven, and as uſual abounding in the work of the LORD. It leaves me almoſt ready to return to *Betheſda*, from a place where, I truſt, the word hath run and been glorified. Matters are now drawing near to a wiſhed-for cloſe. All things have ſucceeded beyond my moſt ſanguine expectation. I expect to come according to the appointed time. But future things belong to Him who orders all things well. Through mercy I enjoy more bodily health than for many years laſt paſt. You will join in crying, Grace! grace! Next month, I purpoſe moving to the northward. As Mr. *W——t* is the main ſpring at the Orphan-houſe, I muſt leave him behind. Mr. *Smith* is with me: he behaves well, and is diligent and attentive. You will be ſo good as to remember me to all, as they come in your way. I hope my good old Mrs. *Eades*, at *Tottenham-Court*, is well. That ſhe and all may ripen for heaven every day and every hour, is the earneſt prayer of, dear Mrs. *H——e*,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Savannah, *March* 11, 1770.

My very dear worthy Friend,

BLESSED be GOD, the good wine ſeemed to be kept till the laſt at *Charles-Town*. Laſt *Thurſday* I returned, and found all well at *Betheſda*. I am come to town to preach this

this morning, though ſomewhat fatigued with being on the water three nights: upon the whole, however, I am better in health than I have been for many years. Praiſe the LORD, O my ſoul! I have been ſadly diſappointed in receiving no letters by the *Charles-Town* packet. All knew that I was to be in theſe parts, only till the enſuing Lady-day: then I purpoſe to ſet off for the northward. I drew at *Charles-Town* for ——*l.* perhaps may draw again ſoon. Expect more particulars in a few days. This is waited for. GOD bleſs you all! Dearly beloved in the LORD, pray for us. Time is ſcarce allowed me to ſubſcribe myſelf, my very dear friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLII.

To the Same.

My very dear Sir, *Bethesda, April* 6, 1770.

I Am waiting here for a brig that is to carry me northward, and for a letter and news from *England*. Your laſt was dated, *Nov.* 2: ſeveral months have intervened. I now almoſt deſpair of hearing from you again, till my arrival at *Boſton*. But I hope that you and all remember us more frequently than you write. You are daily remembered at a throne of grace. How glad would many be to ſee our *Goſhen*, our *Bethel*, our *Bethesda!* Never did I enjoy ſuch domeſtic peace, comfort, and joy during my whole pilgrimage. It is unſpeakable, it is full of glory. Peace, peace unutterable attends our paths, and a pleaſing proſpect of increaſing, uſeful proſperity is continually riſing to our view. I have lately taken ſix poor children, and, GOD willing, purpoſe to add greatly to their number. Dear Mr. *D——n* and his wife are to ſail the beginning of next month in the *Britannia*, Captain *Dean*, bound for *Portſmouth*. We part with great reſpect. Fain would I retain ſuch an old tried diſintereſted friend in the ſervice of the ſanctuary, and near my perſon. But what ſcheme to purſue, I know not, being ſo uncertain as to the path which I ſhall be called to take. A few months will determine: perhaps a few weeks. More particulars expect by the *Britannia*. In the mean while, I can only recommend

you all to the bleſſed JESUS, and the word of his grace, and entreat the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my very dear friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLIII.

To the Same.

Bethesda, April 16, 1770.

My very dear worthy Friend,

HALLELUJAH! Praiſe the LORD! The books and letters both by *Ball* and *Sunbury*, are come ſafe. You have done quite right. Our LORD muſt chooſe his own means to bring about his own purpoſe. Mr. *Smith* (the clerk) was much rejoiced by receiving a letter. Poor Mr. *Jacob W——t*, an honeſt induſtrious creature, was as much dejected by receiving none. If Mr. *G——s* had added a line or two to his preſent, it would have been doubly acceptable. Next week, GOD willing, we ſail for *Philadelphia*. I ſhall leave letters behind me to come by Mr. *D——n*. All is well, all more than well here! Never, never did I enjoy ſuch an æra of domeſtic peace and happineſs. I have taken in about ten orphans. Prizes! prizes! *Hallelujah!* Join, my very dear friends, join in praiſing Him whoſe mercy endureth for ever. If poſſible, I ſhall write a line to the *Welch* brethren. They have ſuſtained a loſs indeed, in the death of Mr. *Howell Davies*. GOD ſanctify it! Surely my turn will come by and by. But I muſt away to *Savannah*. Real good, I truſt, is doing there. The ſhip that brings this, is expected to ſail to-morrow. I have deſired Mr. *W——r* to ſend you the particulars of our voyage. All ſend due reſpects. GOD bleſs you! GOD reward you! Ceaſe not to add to my obligations, by continuing to pray for, my very dear worthy friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCLIV.

To the Same.

My very dear Sir, *Bethesda, April* 20, 1770.

TO my very great joy, a few days ago I received your kind letters with all the papers. Give peace in our time, O LORD! We enjoy a little heaven upon earth here. With regret I go northward, as far as *Philadelphia* at least, next *Monday*. Though I am persuaded, as the house is now altered, I should be cooler here, during the summer's heat, than at any other place I know of, where I used to go. I should be glad to treat you with some of the produce of our colony, which is much earlier than yours. The audits, &c. sent with this, be pleased to communicate to all my real friends. You have certainly determined quite right in a late affair. Every thing concurs to shew me, that *Bethesda* affairs must go on as yet in their old channel. A few months may open strange scenes. O for a spirit of love and moderation on all sides, and on both sides the water! I wish some books might be procured for our infant library. But more of this in my next. Letters may now be sent by way of *Boston*, *New-York*, and *Philadelphia*. I should be glad to hear often, if it be but a line. In all probability I shall not return hither till *November*. Was ever any man blest with such a sett of skilful, peaceful, laborious helpers! *O Bethesda*, my *Bethel*, my *Peniel!* My happiness is inconceivable. A few hundreds, besides what is already devoted, would finish all. I do not in the least doubt. I have had nine or ten prizes lately. You know what I mean. Nine or ten orphans have been lately taken in. *Hallelujah! hallelujah!* Let Chapel, Tabernacle, heaven, and earth, rebound with *Hallelujah!* I can no more. My heart is too big to speak or add more, than my old name,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLV.

To Mr. and Mrs. S——n.

My dear Friends, *Bethesda, April* 21, 1770.

LONG before now, I hope you have found, that I have not forgotten you or your labours of love. This comes to inform you, that the Father of mercies hath not forgotten to be gracious to the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints. On the contrary, he daily loads us with his benefits. *Bethesda* is a place, that the LORD doth and will bless. Dear Mr. *D—n* and his wife, will inform you of particulars. Among other things, they will tell you of our new chapel. I have sent for sundries for its use and completion. O help me to praise Him, whose loving kindness is better than life! I hope your daughter grows in grace, and will become like unto one of the polished corners of the temple. That root and branch may increase with all the increase of GOD, most earnestly prays, my very dear friends,

Less than the least of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLVI.

To Mrs. H——e.

Dear Mrs. H——e, *Bethesda, April* 21, 1770.

NO such good news yet. Less than the least of all, is not drowned to this very day. Perhaps he may live to see his *London* friends in *England*, or at *Bethesda*. How would many rejoice to be in such a peaceful, commodious, and comfortable habitation! I cannot tell you half. Blessed be GOD, I was never better, at this season of the year, in bodily health; never more comfortable in my soul. Grace! grace! *Hallelujah!* Praise the LORD! Mr. *D—n*, a faithful disinterested friend, will acquaint you with particulars. He hath often heard me speak of Mrs. *H——e* and her daughter *Phebe*. Still employed in the old way. I am glad Mr. *D——cy* is under your roof. Put it all down to the old account. GOD bless you all! I am sure you pray for me at *London*. All join in sending cordial

cordial reſpects. Happy *Bethesda!* Help, help in praiſing Him, whoſe mercy ſuperaboundeth to, dear Mrs. *H——e*,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLVII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Dear Sir, *Bethesda*, *April* 21, 1770.

ALTHOUGH I have ſcarce time to turn round, being juſt ſetting off for *Philadelphia*, yet I muſt drop a few lines to my old invariable friend. As I hear nothing to the contrary, I ſuppoſe he is yet in this dying world. Well! ſo that we die daily to ourſelves and the world, all is well, and ſhall end well. This I am perſuaded is your happy caſe. In ſome degree, I truſt, it is mine. Would you think it? My bodily ſtrength ſeems to be renewed, and every thing at *Bethesda* is in a moſt promiſing way. Dear Mr. *D—n*, the bearer of this, muſt be referred to for particulars. Never did I ſpend ſuch a comfortable domeſtic winter, as the laſt. Never was a man bleſſed with a better ſet of ſkilful, peaceful, laborious helpers. All is of grace, with which, that you, your dear yoke-fellow, and other connections, may be filled brimful, is the hearty prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLVIII.

To Mr. K——n.

Savannah, *April* 24, 1770, *Five in the morning.*

My very dear Mr. K——n,

I Am juſt going into the boat, in order to embark for *Philadelphia*. I hope the good wine was kept to the laſt, on *Sunday*. Mr. *D—n* and his wife are to ſail in about a fortnight. He is an honeſt creature, and an excellent accomptant. I have written ſtrongly in his behalf. He will bring a large packet, and is to have —— pounds of you, which I have given him as a preſent. I have alſo drawn on you for £.——; perhaps ſhall draw no more for ſome time. This will prove a bleſſed year for me at the day of judgment. *Halle-*

lujah! Come LORD, come! Mr. *Robert W——t* hath herewith ſent you a power of attorney, begging you would ſettle his affairs in *Eſſex*. He is worthy, for whom you ſhould do this. A quiet, ingenious, good creature, and his wife an excellent miſtreſs of the family. Such a ſet of helpers I never met with. They will go on with the buildings, while I take my goſpel range to the northward. It is for thee, O JESUS, even for thee, thou never-failing *Bethesda*'s GOD! But I can no more at preſent. Hoping to write again ſoon from *Philadelphia*, and praying that all may increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD, I muſt haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf, my dear, dear Sir,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLIX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *Philadelphia, May* 9, 1770.

THIS leaves me a two days inhabitant of *Philadelphia*. I embarked at *Savannah*, in the *Georgia* packet, on the 24th ult. and arrived here the 6th inſtant. The evening following, I was enabled to preach to a large auditory, and am to repeat the delightful taſk this evening. Pulpits, hearts, and affections, ſeem to be as open and enlarged towards me, as ever. Praiſe the LORD, O our ſouls! Whilſt I am writing, perhaps Mr. *D—n* and his wife are ready to ſail from *Savannah*. By them you will receive a large packet concerning *Bethesda*. All is well, bleſſed be GOD, all is more than well there. As yet I have my old plan in view, to travel in theſe northern parts all ſummer, and return late in the fall to *Georgia*. All the letters and packets came ſafe. I believe you had beſt write by the *New-York* packet. But letters directed either to *New-York*, *Boſton*, or this place, will reach or be ſent to me. Through infinite mercy, I ſtill continue in good health, and more and more in love every day with a pilgrim life. GOD bleſs you, and all my dear friends and hearers in the great metropolis. I know they pray for me. They are never forgotten day or night. That all may increaſe with all the increaſe of GOD, is the continual cry of, my very dear ſteady friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER

LETTER MCCCCLX.

To the Same.

My very dear Friend, *Philadelphia, May* 24, 1770.

I wrote to you by the laſt *New-York* packet, as well as by Mr. *D—n*, who was to ſail from *Savannah* the 10th inſtant. I have now been here near three weeks, and in about a week more I purpoſe to ſet off for *New-York* in my way to *Boſton*. A wide and effectual door, I truſt, hath been opened in this city. People of all ranks flock as much as ever. Impreſſions are made on many, and I truſt they will abide. To all the epiſcopal churches, as well as moſt of the other places of worſhip, I have free acceſs. My bodily health is preſerved, and notwithſtanding I preach twice on the Lord's-day, and three or four times a week beſides, yet I am rather better than I have been for many years. This is the LORD's doing. To this long-ſuffering, never-failing LORD, be all the glory! Be pleaſed to excuſe my enlarging. Whilſt I am itinerating, little leiſure will be allowed for writing. The *New-York* packet will be the beſt opportunity for you. The particulars herein mentioned, be ſo good as to ſend by the firſt opportunity. I can no more at this time. GOD willing, you will ſoon have another line from, my very dear ſteady friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLXI.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, June 14, 1770.

My very dear ſteady Friend,

THIS leaves me juſt returned from a hundred and fifty miles circuit, in which, bleſſed be GOD! I have been enabled to preach every day. So many new as well as old doors are open, and ſo many invitations ſent from various quarters, that I know not which way to turn myſelf. However, at preſent I am bound to *New-York*, and ſo on further northward. Help me to praiſe Him whoſe mercy endureth for ever. As yet I am enabled to ride and travel chearfully; the heat not greater than yours in *England*. Expect to hear

further, as we go along. The ſhip I find is going. Tender love to all. Ceaſe not to ſtir up all to perſevere in praying for, my very dear friend,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLXII.

To the Same.

My very dear Friend, *New-York, June* 30, 1770.

I Have been here juſt a week. Have been enabled to preach four times, and am to repeat the delightful taſk this evening. Congregations are rather larger than ever. You will ſee by the incloſed packet, what numerous invitations from every quarter I am daily receiving. Bleſſed be GOD, I have been ſtrengthened to itinerate and preach daily for ſome time. Next week I purpoſe to go to *Albany*. From thence, perhaps, to the *Onoida Indians*. There is to be a very large *Indian* congreſs; Mr. *Kirkland* accompanies me. He is a truly chriſtian miniſter, and miſſionary. Every thing poſſible ſhould be done to ſtrengthen his hands and his heart. I ſhall write, GOD willing, at my return. The letters dated *February* 22, with the packet of papers, I have received here from *Charles-Town*. The *New-York* packet is the ſureſt conveyance. Perhaps I may not ſee *Georgia* till *Chriſtmas*. As yet, I keep to my intended plan, in reſpect to my returning. LORD JESUS, direct my goings in thy way! The heat begins now to be a little intenſe; but through mercy I am enabled to bear up bravely. What a GOD do we ſerve! By this time I hope Mr. *D—n* and his wife are arrived. Hearty love to them, and to all who find it in their hearts to pray for, and enquire after, my very dear Sir,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLXIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

My very dear Friend, *New-York, July* 29, 1770.

SINCE my laſt, and during this month, I have been above a five hundred miles circuit, and have been enabled to preach and travel through the heat every day. The congre-

gations have been very large, attentive, and affected, particularly at *Albany*, *Schenectady*, *Great Barrington*, *Norfolk*, *Salisbury*, *Sharon*, *Smithfield*, *Powkeepsy*, *Fishkill*, *New Rumburt*, *New Windsor*, and *Peckskill*. Last night I returned hither, and hope to set out for *Boston* in two or three days. O what a new scene of usefulness is opening in various parts of this new world! All fresh work, where I have been. The divine influence hath been as at the first. Invitations croud upon me both from ministers and people, from many, many quarters. A very peculiar providence led me lately to a place, where a horse-stealer was executed. Thousands attended. The poor criminal had sent me several letters, hearing I was in the country. The Sheriff allowed him to come and hear a sermon under an adjacent tree. Solemn, solemn! After being by himself about an hour, I walked half a mile with him to the gallows. His heart had been softened before my first visit. He seemed full of solid divine consolations. An instructive walk. I went up with him into the cart. He gave a short exhortation. I then stood upon the coffin, added, I trust, a word in season, prayed, gave the blessing, and took my leave. Effectual good, I hope, was done to the hearers and spectators. Grace! grace! But I must not enlarge. The Ship is going, and I keep at home to write this. O that you had only dropped a line by the *New-York* packet! That is convenient for all parts of the continent. My next may be from *Boston*. Pray excuse me to all; for travelling and preaching entirely prevent my writing as I would. All are continually remembered by, my very dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLXIV.

To Mr. W——t.

Dear Mr. W——t, *Boston, Sept.* 17, 1770.

I Am afraid, as Mr. *E——n* mentioned your writing, that your letter hath miscarried. But, blessed be GOD! I find all was well; only I want to know what things are wanted, that I might order them from *Philadelphia*, by Captain *Souder*. Fain would I contrive to come by him, but people are so importunate for my stay in these parts, that I fear it will be impracticable.

impracticable. LORD JESUS, direct my goings in thy way! He will, he will! My GOD will supply all my wants, according to the riches of his grace in CHRIST JESUS. By a letter, received last night from Mr. *W——y*, of *July* 5, I find that Mr. *D——n* was arrived, *Anderson* sailed, and that all orders would be immediately complied with. Two or three evenings ago, I was taken in the night with a violent lax, attended with reaching and shivering, so that I was obliged to return from *Newbury*, &c. &c.; but, through infinite mercy, I am restored, and to-morrow morning hope to begin to begin again. Never was the word received with greater eagerness than now. All opposition seems as it were for a while to cease. I find GOD's time is the best. The season is critical as to outward circumstances. But when forts are given up, the LORD JESUS can appoint salvation for walls and for bulwarks; he hath promised to be a wall of fire round about his people. This comforts me concerning *Bethesda*, though we should have a *Spanish* war. You will be pleased to hear I never was carried through the summer's heat so well; I hope it hath been so with you, and all my family. Hoping, ere long, to see you, I must hasten to subscribe myself, my dear Mr. *W——t*,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Sept. 23, 1770.

My very dear Friend,

YOUR letters, of *May* 2 and 22, came to hand. *New-York* packet is always the surest and most centrical medium of conveyance. Before I left *Boston*, on *Friday* afternoon, I left a large packet in the hands of a young man, who promised to deliver it to you safely. You and Mr. *H——y* may peruse all, and communicate what you think proper. By this time I thought to be moving southward. But never was greater importunity used to detain me longer in these northern parts. Poor *New-England* is much to be pitied; *Boston* people most of all. How falsely misrepresented! What a mercy, that our *christian charter* cannot be dissolved! Blessed

be GOD for an unchangeable JESUS! You will ſee, by the many invitations, what a door is opened for preaching his everlaſting goſpel. I was ſo ill on *Friday*, that I could not preach, though thouſands were waiting to hear. Well, the day of releaſe will ſhortly come,* but it does not ſeem yet; for, by riding ſixty miles, I am better, and hope to preach here to-morrow. I truſt, my bleſſed Maſter will accept of theſe poor efforts to ſerve him. O for a warm heart; O to ſtand faſt in the faith, to quit ourſelves like men, and be ſtrong! May this be the happy experience of you and yours! I ſuppoſe letters are gone for me, in *Anderſon*, to *Georgia*. If ſpared ſo long, I expect to ſee it about *Chriſtmas*. Still pray and praiſe. I am ſo poorly, and ſo engaged when able to preach, that this muſt apologize for not writing to more friends. It is quite impracticable. Hoping to ſee all dear friends about the time propoſed, and earneſtly deſiring a continued intereſt in all your prayers, I muſt haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf, my dear, very dear Sir,

Leſs than the leaſt of all,
G. W

* Mr. *Whitefield* died the 30th.

END *of the* LETTERS.

The

The following Letters, addreſſed by Mr. *Whitefield* to the inhabitants of *Savannah*, as they diſplay his affections to the people, among whom he went to miniſter, ſo will be no unſuitable introduction to the Account of the Orphan-houſe. It may not be improper to obſerve, that Mr. *Whitefield*'s firſt arrival at *Savannah*, was *May* 7, 1738; he laboured aſſiduouſly in that place,* and the neighbouring ſettlements, till *Auguſt* 28 following, and then went to *South Carolina*, and embarked on board the *Mary*, Captain *Cae*, for *England*, that he might receive prieſt's orders, for his further ſervice to that people, and raiſe contributions for erecting an Orphan-houſe in the new colony at *Georgia*, which he ſaw was greatly wanted.

To the Inhabitants of Savannah.

From on board the Mary, Oct. 2, 1738.

My good Friends,

AS GOD has been pleaſed to place you more eſpecially under my care; ſo whether abſent or preſent, I think it my duty to contribute my utmoſt endeavours towards promoting the ſalvation of your precious and immortal ſouls. For this end, and this only, GOD is my judge, came I amongſt you; for this end am I now parted from you for a ſeaſon; and for this end do I ſend you this general epiſtle. I love, I pray for, therefore do I write to you all without exception. But what ſhall I write to you about? Why, of our common ſalvation, of that one thing needful, of that new birth in CHRIST JESUS, that ineffable change which muſt paſs upon our hearts, before we can ſee GOD, and of which you have heard me diſcourſe ſo often. Let this, this, my dear friends, be the end of all your actions. Have this continually in view, and you will never do amiſs. The author of this bleſſed change, is the Holy Ghoſt, the third perſon in the ever-bleſſed Trinity. The Father made, the Son redeemed, and the Holy Spirit is to ſanctify, and ſo apply CHRIST's redemption to our

* See his letter from *Savannah*, dated *June* 10, 1738. Vol. I. p. 44.

hearts.

hearts. The means to attain this Holy Spirit, you know, and the way you know; *Self-denial*, and the *way of the Croſs*. "If any man will come after me (ſays JESUS CHRIST) let him deny himſelf, and take up his croſs daily, and follow me." And, I cannot but think it a particular bleſſing, which you enjoy above others; becauſe you are in a new colony, where daily croſſes muſt neceſſarily fall in your way. O then, I beſeech you by the mercies of GOD in CHRIST JESUS, make a virtue of neceſſity, and take up your daily croſſes with reſignation and thankſgiving. Another means to attain the Holy Spirit, is *public worſhip:* for CHRIST has promiſed, "where two or three are gathered together in his name, there will he, by his Spirit, be in the midſt of them." For your zeal in this particular, I have often bleſſed GOD within myſelf, and made mention of it to others. O continue like-minded, and as in my preſence, ſo in my abſence, do not forſake the aſſembling yourſelves together in the houſe of GOD; for there you will have the ſcriptures read, though not expounded; and the Holy Spirit, if you apply to him, will open your underſtandings, and guide you into all truth. Many other means there are of attaining the Holy Ghoſt, ſuch as, *reading the ſcriptures*,—*ſecret prayer*,—*ſelf-examination*, and *receiving the bleſſed Sacrament*;—all which I would inſiſt on, could they be compriſed in a letter. But this muſt be deferred till I ſee you in perſon, and am qualified to adminiſter unto you the ſacred ſymbols of CHRIST's bleſſed body and blood. In the mean while, think not that I ſhall forget you in my prayers; no, I remember my promiſe, and whilſt the winds and ſtorms are blowing over me, I make ſupplication to GOD in your behalf. Though abſent in body, I am preſent in ſpirit, and joy in hopes of hearing of your zeal for the LORD. Remember, my dear friends, that for the ſpace of near four months, I ceaſed not, day and night, warning every one of you to repent and turn to GOD, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Repent you therefore, and walk in all things as becometh the goſpel of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and then, and then only, ſhall your ſins be blotted out. Finally, my brethren, be all of one mind. Let there be no diviſions among you; for a kingdom divided againſt itſelf cannot ſtand. Be over careful for nothing, but

in

in every thing, with ſupplications and thankſgiving make your wants known unto GOD. Speak not evil one of another, brethren, but live at peace among yourſelves; and the GOD of peace ſhall in all things direct and rule your hearts. Brethren, pray for us, that GOD would proſper the works of his hands upon me, and reſtore me to you as ſoon as poſſible. In about eight months, GOD willing, I hope to ſee you; in the mean while, you ſhall not be forgotten by

Your affectionate, though unworthy
miniſter in CHRIST JESUS,
G. W.

To the Inhabitants of Savannah.

My dear Friends, *London, Jan.* 19, 1739.

THOUGH a woman may as ſoon forget her ſucking child, yet, I fear, you have before this time thought, that I have forgotten you. But GOD forbid! As I have told you often, ſo I tell you again; You are upon my heart, ſo that I am ready to live and die with you; and, GOD willing, as ſoon as my affairs are finiſhed in *England*, I ſhall return to you again. The Truſtees have now appointed me miniſter of *Savannah*, and granted all I deſired of them, ſo that I have nothing to do, but to watch over your ſouls, that I may preſent you blameleſs at the coming of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. Be ſtedfaſt therefore, my brethren, be unmoveable. Carefully attend to the words ſpoken by your preſent Paſtor, and ſtrive to enter in at the ſtrait gate. Let love be without diſſimulation. Let not ſlander ſo much as be named amongſt you, as becometh ſaints. Be not ſlothful in buſineſs; yet take heed that you are fervent in ſpirit, ſerving the LORD. Pray without ceaſing. In every thing give thanks; and aſſure yourſelves, you are continually remembered by

Your moſt affectionate Paſtor,
G. W.

P. S. My buſineſs in *England* detaining me longer than I expected, I have therefore written this to aſſure you, that I will return as ſoon as poſſible.*

* Mr. *Whitefield* embarked for *America*, the —— of *Auguſt* following.

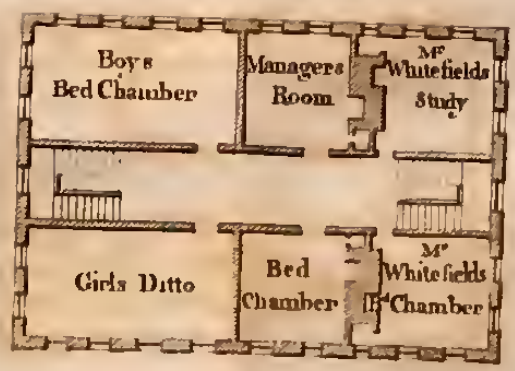
AN

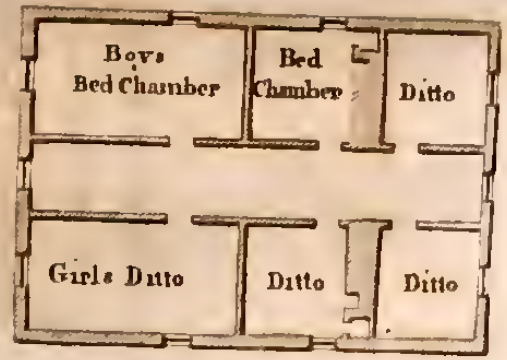
ACCOUNT of the ORPHAN-HOUSE

Mercy to the souls and bodies of many people, both old and young.

When

Cellar
Mr Whitefields Kitchen


Boys Bed Chamber
Managers Room
Mr Whitefields Study
Girls Ditto
Bed Chamber
Mr Whitefields Chamber


Boys Bed Chamber
Bed Chamber
Ditto
Girls Ditto
Ditto
Ditto

AN

ACCOUNT of the ORPHAN-HOUSE in GEORGIA.

PREFACE.

BEING now about to embark for *Georgia*, I am willing, before I go, to give the world a ſhort account of the Orphan-Houſe erected there. I have, therefore, in the following ſheets, reprinted a continuation of an account publiſhed when I was laſt at *Edinburgh*; to which I have ſubjoined ſome letters received ſince; and alſo an account of money received and diſburſed ſince the publication of that account: and in order to give the reader a view of this deſign from its beginning, I have affixed my preface to the account I firſt publiſhed about two years ago. I commend it to GOD. May he give it his bleſſing!

G. W.

London, Jan. 14, 1743.

Bethesda, Dec. 23, 1741.

THE following ſheets, to the beſt of my knowledge, contain a faithful account of what money I have received, as alſo how I have diſburſed it, for the uſe of the Orphan-Houſe in *Georgia*.

I think, with a full aſſurance of faith I may affirm, the LORD put it into my heart to build that houſe. It has proſpered beyond expectation. It has already, and I hope will more and more anſwer its name, *Bethesda*, and be a Houſe of Mercy to the ſouls and bodies of many people, both old and young.

When

When I left *England*, I propoſed to take in only twenty children; but when I arrived at *Georgia*, I found ſo many objects of charity, beſides the orphans, among poor people's children, that I reſolved in this, as well as in all other reſpects, to imitate Profeſſor *Franck*, and make a proviſion for *their* maintenance alſo.

Two of the orphan boys were put out apprentices juſt before I laſt left *Savannah*; one to a bricklayer, the other was bound to a carpenter; a third is to be bound to the ſurgeon belonging to the Orphan-Houſe; one weaves in a loom at home; two I have put to a taylor I brought over, and the reſt are now fitting themſelves to be uſeful to the commonwealth. Whoever among them appear to be ſanctified, and have a good natural capacity, theſe, under GOD, I intend for the miniſtry.

None of the girls are put out as yet, but are taught ſuch things as may make them ſerviceable whenever they go abroad. Two or three of them ſpin very well. Some of them knit, waſh, clean the houſe, get up the linen, and are taught houſewifery. All that are capable, are taught to ſew. And the little girls, as well as the boys, are employed in picking cotton. I think I have no leſs than three hundred and eighty-two yards of cloth already in the houſe, and as much yarn ſpun as will make near the ſame quantity: a thing not known before in *Georgia*.

I have now forty-nine children under my care, twenty-three *Engliſh*, ten *Scots*, four *Dutch*, five *French*, ſeven *Americans*. Twenty-two of theſe are fatherleſs and motherleſs, ſixteen of them boys, and ſix girls. The others are ſome fatherleſs, and ſome without mothers; all objects of charity except three, whoſe friends recompenſe the Orphan-Houſe for their maintenance. One of the orphans is an infant; I pay four ſhillings *per* week for nurſing it. Since *December* laſt, we have had above eighteen more children that have been maintained occaſionally, to aſſiſt their parents, but were diſmiſſed when they were wanted at home.

The account which I find Mr. *Seward* has given of our œconomy, has in a great meaſure prevented my doing it as I intended. Let it ſuffice to inform our benefactors, that though the children are taught to labour for the meat which periſheth, yet they are continually reminded to ſeek *firſt* the kingdom of

GOD

God and his righteouſneſs, and then to depend upon God's bleſſing on their honeſt endeavours, for having food and raiment added unto them. This precept of our Lord, I intend, when the houſe is finiſhed, to have written over againſt the entrance in at the great door.

As my deſign in founding the Orphan-Houſe was to build up ſouls for God, I endeavour to preach chiefly to the children's hearts. But that they may be able to give a reaſon of the hope that is in them, I conſtantly inſtruct them by the Church of *England*'s Articles, which I turn into catechetical queſtions. I am often pleaſed to hear how judiciouſly ſome will anſwer the queſtions put to them. The power of God has been frequently viſible among the children. Many of the girls ſeem to be tender-hearted; ſeveral of the boys have been under ſtrong convictions. And though it ſometimes ſeems buried, yet I cannot but think the ſeed of grace is ſown in ſome of their hearts.

We are now all removed to *Bethesda*. We live in the out-houſes at preſent; but in leſs than two months, the great houſe will be finiſhed ſo as to receive the whole family.

It is now weather-boarded and ſhingled, and a piazza of ten feet wide built all around it: which will be wonderfully convenient in the heat of ſummer. One part of the houſe would have been entirely finiſhed, had not the *Spaniards* lately taken from us a ſchooner loaded with ten thouſands bricks, and a great deal of proviſion, with one of our family. And therefore, I could not till very lately procure another boat to fetch brick from *Charles-Town*.

Notwithſtanding this, and many other hindrances, the work has been carried on with great ſucceſs and ſpeed. There are no leſs than four framed houſes, a large ſtable and cart-houſe, beſide the great houſe. In that there will be ſixteen commodious rooms, beſides a large cellar of ſixty feet long and forty wide. Near twenty acres of land are cleared round about it, and a large road is made from *Savannah* to the Orphan-houſe, twelve miles in length: a thing, ever ſince the province has been ſettled, without a precedent.

None but thoſe upon the ſpot can tell the expence, as well as inconvenience that attends building in *Georgia*. Moſt of the bricks already uſed, coſt 40*s*. ſterling *per* thouſand, when

landed at the plantation. Common labourers, beſides their proviſions, have 25*s.* ſterling a month. And, after all, the the produce of the land cultivated by white ſervants, will ſcarcely furniſh them with ordinary food and raiment, excluſive of the expences of ſickneſs and wages. I cannot ſee how it is poſſible for the Colony to ſubſiſt on its preſent footing. And in a late memorial given in to the Honourable Truſtees, unknown to me, the people have declared, that if it were not for the money that has been expended on account of the Orphan-houſe, the poor inhabitants of the northern parts of the colony muſt have been obliged to move to ſome other place. Never did a country ſtand more in need of a charity-ſchool.

We have often been in ſome difficulties, but the LORD as often hath relieved us out of them. When the ſchooner was loſt, a perſon lately converted, ſent us eleven barrels of rice, and five barrels of beef. And in my abſence, when my family had little or no proviſions, the *Indians* brought in plenty of deer, till they were ſupplied with food ſome other way. The contributions in *Charles-Town*, *New-England*, *New-York*, and *Penſilvania*, I think have been extraordinary.

The infirmary, which has likewiſe been ſupported by this inſtitution, has been of great ſervice. The ſurgeon informs me, that if every one had been forced to pay for their nurſing and medicines, it would have coſt them two hundred pounds, ſterling. I have now three or four ſick: I keep a woman to attend them conſtantly.

GOD has much bleſſed our family with health. Only two have died out of ſo large a number, ſince my arrival; and theſe were two that came with me from *England:* a taylor, and one of the women: I believe they are now with GOD.

I have left behind me, as my aſſiſtants, (who have no other gratuity than food and raiment) two ſchool-maſters and their wives who are ſchool-miſtreſſes. One young man, who is alſo married to a young maiden, lately brought home to GOD, I have left at the Orphan-houſe, as ſuperintendent, and chief manager of the outward things. There are alſo the ſurgeon and his wife, a ſhoemaker and ſpinſtreſs; beſides labourers and monthly hired ſervants: I think, in all, I have upwards of eighty. The LORD, I am perſuaded, is able and willing to provide for them.

I think

I think we have near two hundred hogs, and one hundred head of cattle. I give a man forty pounds ſterling, *per annum*, to take care of them; he providing himſelf with proviſion, horſes, and a ſervant. As yet we have had no advantage from our ſtock, it being a very dry ſeaſon laſt ſummer; ſo that our cattle of all kinds have ſcarcely food to eat. But in a year or two, we hope, by the divine bleſſing, to have a conſiderable quantity of freſh proviſions for our family.

As for manuring more land than the hired ſervants and great boys can manage, it is impracticable without a few negroes. It will in no wiſe anſwer the expence.

I am now upwards of eight hundred pounds in debt, on the Orphan-houſe account. Some particular friends have been pleaſed to aſſiſt me. I doubt not but our LORD will enable me to pay them, and alſo raiſe up freſh ſupplies for the maintenance of my large family.

I much rejoice in the inſtitution: it has been very beneficial, not only to the bodies, but alſo to the ſouls of the labourers. One woman received CHRIST very lately at *Bethesda:* and I have great reaſon to believe, that three or four ſtrangers, who came to ſee us, have been effectually brought home to GOD.

Great calumnies have been ſpread abroad concerning our management of the children: people ſhoot out their bitter arrows in *America*, as well as in *England*. One poor man was filled with ſuch reſentment, at the reports he had heard of our cruelty to the children, that he came on purpoſe from *South-Carolina*, to take away his two boys, whom out of compaſſion, I had taken into the Orphan-Houſe: but, when he came and ſaw the manner in which they were educated, he was ſo far from taking his children away, that he deſired to come and live at the Orphan-houſe himſelf.

I ſpeak not this by way of boaſting, or to wipe off reproach; for I know, let me do what I will, I ſhall never pleaſe ſome men. I thought proper to give this ſhort account, for the ſatisfaction of thoſe who have already contributed, and of others who may be ſtirred up by our good GOD, to contribute hereafter towards carrying on this good deſign.

That the children may learn to be grateful, they frequently ſing the following hymn for their benefactors;

I.

Father of Mercies, hear our prayers,
For thoſe that do us good;
Whoſe love for us a place prepares,
And gives the orphans food.

II.

Their mites, in bleſſings on their heads,
A thouſand fold reſtore;
O feed their ſouls with living bread,
And let their cup run o'er.

III.

Thy bounty, LORD, *in* CHRIST *built up,*
Let them for ever prove:
Stedfaſt in faith, joyful thro' hope,
And rooted deep in love.

IV.

For thoſe, who kindly this ſupport,
A better houſe prepare:
And when remov'd to thy bleſs'd courts,
O let us meet them there.

That they may always look to the rock from whence they are hewn, they ſing daily this hymn.

I.

Come let us join our GOD *to bleſs,*
And praiſe him evermore;
That Father of the fatherleſs,
That helper of the poor.

II.

Our dying parents us forſake,
His mercy takes us up,
Kindly vouchſafes his own to make,
And he becomes our hope.

III.

For us, He, in the wilderneſs,
A table has prepar'd;
Us, whom his love delights to bleſs,
His providence to guard.

Known

IV.

Known unto him are all our wants,
And when we seek his face,
His open hand our bodies feeds,
He feeds our souls with grace.

V.

Then let us in his service spend,
What we from Him receive;
And back to Him what he shall lend,
In thanks and praises give.

That they may learn to labour truly to get their own living, they sing as follows, before they go to work,

I.

Let us go forth, 'tis GOD's *command;*
Let us make haste away,
Offer to CHRIST *our hearts and hands,*
We work for CHRIST *to-day.*

II.

When he vouchsafes our hands to use,
It makes our labour sweet.
If any now to work refuse,
Let not that sluggard eat.

III.

Who would not do what GOD *ordains,*
And promises to bless?
Who would not 'scape the toils and pains
Of sinful idleness?

IV.

In vain to CHRIST *the slothful pray;*
We have not learn'd him so.
No: for he calls himself the way,
And work'd himself below.

V.

Then let us in his footsteps tread,
And gladly act our part;
On earth employ our hands and head,
But fix on heaven our heart.

The following hymn was compoſed to be ſung at the admiſſion of a new child or children.

I.

Welcome, dear brethren, whom we love;
Bethesda *this we call.*
A houſe of mercy may it prove
To you, to us, to all!

II.

What tho' our parents dear are dead,
Yet our great GOD *provides.*
Our bodies here are cloth'd and fed;
Our ſouls have chriſtian guides.

III.

The heavenly manna, day by day,
They freely do impart;
Let us not trifle time away!
But lay it in our heart.

IV.

O let the love of CHRIST *conſtrain!*
Why ſhould we need a rod?
Few e'er ſuch bleſſed means obtain
Of leading them to GOD.

Beſides theſe hymns, they generally ſing a grace before and after meat, and are taught ſo to vary their exerciſes, that they may not be cloyed by a too frequent repetition of the ſame things on the one hand, and yet are kept in ſuch a general method, that they may not learn to be deſultory and fickle on the other.

GOD only knows the concern that lies upon me on account of this family, not only in reſpect to their bodily, but their ſpiritual proviſion. And therefore I hope all that wiſh well to *Zion*, will help me with prayers, as well as their alms, that it may grow up a holy temple to the LORD, and be bleſſed; that it may rightly be ſtiled *Pietas Georgienſis*, and like the *Pietas Hallenſis*, or Profeſſor *Franck*'s Orphan-Houſe at *Glaucha*, near *Hall*, become the joy of the whole earth. Even ſo, LORD JESUS, *Amen*, and *Amen*.

G. W.

A

CONTINUATION of the ACCOUNT of the ORPHAN-HOUSE in GEORGIA.

Edinburgh, Sept. 14, 1742.

EVER since the LORD has been pleased to put me into the ministry, it has been my constant prayer to GOD, that I might *provide things honest in the sight of all men.* Not one part of my outward conduct, as I know of, hath passed unobserved and uncensured by some wicked unreasonable men: but what seems to have given the greatest offence, and caused the loudest outcry, has been my making public collections for an Orphan-House in *Georgia.*

Some indeed affirm that there is no such thing. But how it could enter into the heart of any to say so, I should not have conceived, unless the scripture had said, *the heart of man is desperately wicked.*

Somewhat more than a twelve-month ago, I printed an account of the situation and oeconomy of the Orphan-House, and what I was in arrears when I left *Georgia, January* 1741. My chief design now, is, to give a short account of the progress of the work since, both as to our temporal and spiritual concerns, so far as lies in my power.

The salvation of souls is the chief thing I had in view, when GOD put it into my heart to build this house. I would then begin with that first.

And here I would pause a while, and acknowledge that I am much indebted to the divine goodness, for what he has already done for many souls, since its first institution. I must confess, to the glory of GOD, it has far exceeded my expectations.

During the time I was among them, before my going to, and after my return from, *Philadelphia, Boston,* &c. there were several remarkable awakenings amongst the children, and others, belonging to the house, much resembling the blessed awakening now at *Cambuslang,* and other places in these king-

doms; as will appear from conſulting ſome of my lateſt Journals. Juſt before I came laſt away, the LORD was much amongſt us; at which time, a young man, about twenty-one years of age, was converted, who ſince has been made a bleſſed inſtrument of converting many poor negroes in *South-Carolina*. Several others alſo, that came to pay us a viſit at the Orphan-Houſe, were really brought home to GOD, and now bring forth the fruits of the ſpirit in their lives and converſations. How it has been with my family ſince my departure, will beſt appear by publiſhing ſome extracts from the letters which have been ſent me from time to time, ſince my departure.

Mr. Haberſham, ſuperintendent of the outward affairs in the Orphan-Houſe, and who, I am perſuaded, loves the LORD JESUS in ſincerity, writes me thus:

Bethesda, March 24, 1741.

My dearest Friend and Brother,

——THE ſpirit of the LORD ſeems to be moving upon the faces of many ſouls here; moſt, if not all the boys, ſeem to be under ſome concern; little as well as great boys, cry mightily to JESUS the ſon of *David*, to have mercy upon them. About fourteen days ago, at brother *Barber*'s requeſt, I ſpoke to the children at evening prayer. My ſoul at that time was bowed down with a ſenſe of my own, and eſpecially of your poor lambs deadneſs to GOD; but our gracious Redeemer, who is always ready to help in time of need, was pleaſed to give me power to ſpeak to their conſciences. I think I could and did juſtly appeal to their hearts, that they wanted neither bodily or ſpiritual food: I told them, that they, as well as myſelf, could not be inſenſible what little care was taken of them before they came to us, and conſequently how ungrateful they were not to improve ſuch means as they now enjoyed: I beſeeched them, by the mercies of GOD, that they would improve this their day of ſalvation, that we and our benefactors might rejoice; we in the work of our hands, they in the fruit of their bounty. An impreſſion was made on ſome; I obſerved them the next day retire into the woods, to ſing and pray together. Two nights afterwards, I ſpoke to them again, and as I promiſed, ſo I returned them my public thanks for their

their little amendment, with tears of love and joy: I felt the LORD powerfully on my own soul, and it seemed to reach the children, and put them under a visible concern. Ever since, brother *Barber* has put the great boys into two companies, and they constantly meet together every day to sing and pray. *Saturday*, the 21st instant, the presence of the LORD came down among the children, little and great, as they were talking among themselves about eternity; and they cried so much to JESUS of *Nazareth*, to have mercy upon them, that the family soon heard them. We all went, saw, and wept over about twenty-five or thirty dear lambs, upon their knees before GOD, some pleading the promises, and others calling on JESUS. O how did my hard heart rejoice! Blessed be GOD, many of them seem to retain their convictions, and all are serious. Does not your soul leap for joy, and say, Bless the LORD, O my friends, and let us magnify his name together! Indeed, my dear brother, all the glory is due to him. Whilst I am writing, I blush, that I should mention any thing about what I was only in a little measure an instrument. Methinks I could wish to disappear, that the creature might be abased, and GOD be all in all. I have great hopes that GOD will bring some effectually to himself. The work seems to be more solid among them, and more the effect of consideration, than that of last summer. I rejoice much, that the LORD sent brother *Barber* among us; for I have neither leisure nor ability to speak much to the children, and he seems to delight to watch over their souls: I trust the LORD will make him a blessing to us all; I think it will be our own fault if he is not. One or two of the labourers, I hope, have closed with JESUS for salvation; and one or two more are in a fair way to do so.

Mr. *Habersham*, in another Letter, writes thus from *Charles-Town*.

June 11, 1741.

—SATAN rages furiously against our Orphan-House in this province: such lies and calumnies are raised against us, that our few dear friends think it necessary for me to represent the present state of the house. I have since been much in prayer, and believe GOD will direct me how to act. Some here, since you went away, have gone great lengths in asserting

aſſerting calumnies, even ſo as to offer to take oaths for the truth of them. Since I came, I went to them, to enquire what foundation they had for ſuch reports; and it would ſurpriſe you to ſee their behaviour: they are aſhamed to lift up their faces. Thus ſhall the wicked ſtand dumb at the bar of GOD. I think I can ſay, to the glory of GOD, that our family never was in a better condition. The children, the *eſſence of our conſtitution*, are well taken care of, and watched over. We all live in love. GOD has been viſibly among us, eſpecially with the children. *Bethesda*, as to its outward circumſtances, is ſo much for the better, that you would be ſurpriſed to ſee it. GOD enables us to keep up much order. He likewiſe (bleſſed be his name) has given us the appearance of a plentiful crop. The garden and plantation now afford us many comfortable things, and in great plenty. Our ſtores are yet well ſtocked with flour and beef, &c. Mr. *W*—— behaves with great integrity, and is faithful in his work. The houſe would be ſoon finiſhed, if we could get bricks. *J. S.* is ready to do all our bricklayers work *gratis*. Brother *W*—— is a great bleſſing to the family. If you come by way of *Philadelphia*, pray bring ſome hemp and coarſe flax. He has weaved and ſpun a great deal for us. All the boys now lye in the great houſe. They have alſo coats, and lye in ſheets of their own making: by this means they are kept ſweet and clean. We have a fine growing ſtock of cattle; and if GOD ſhould ſo order it, that we ſhould have a plantation in *Carolina*, as I believe he will bring to paſs, we ſhall need but little, if any, aſſiſtance from abroad. If our building were now done, our expences would be but trifling to what they have been.

Mr. *Barber* writes me thus.

My dearly beloved Brother, *Bethesda*, *Sept.* 4, 1741.

NOT knowing but our LORD may have buſineſs for you at the northward, and ſend you thither before you return to us; I have ſent you a few lines, to acquaint you with the preſent ſtate of your family. Many of us have been ſick; but, bleſſed be GOD, our ſickneſs has not been unto death. O that it may be for the glory of GOD's name! All of us are in good health at preſent, except *James M*——*h*, who was taken with the flux a few days ago, and *B. Haverſham*, who is much troubled

troubled with the worms. I wish I could say our souls were in as good health as our bodies are; but you may give thanks to the LORD, that he has made your house a house of mercy indeed to some. A few weeks ago, the LORD was pleased effectually to call *Thomas W—b*; his conversion was very clear, and much to the satisfaction of some, especially to his good old father. Mr. *K——y*, our taylor, and his wife, have been wrought upon, I hope savingly, since they have been here: I am not without hope that some of the children are likewise, and that the LORD in due time will convert more of them. I hope he is now shewing us that the work is wholly of him; that when the day of his power, the time, the appointed time of his love is come, we may be better prepared to give all the glory thereof to him. As to myself, I must confess that I am a poor worthless instrument, to be employed in the work of the LORD; but what shall we say, if the LORD is pleased to make use of the foolish to confound the wise? I have, blessed be GOD, had a little freedom given me lately to speak to your family; but I want to have my heart more and more enlarged towards them, and to speak to them more and more in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power. Who knows? perhaps GOD designs you should have the honour and happiness of being the spiritual father of many more in your family. May the LORD's will be done!

I have also some letters of a later date, which give an account of the continuance of the LORD's presence amongst them.

As for the temporal affairs, blessed be GOD, considering the great difficulties we have laboured under, they also have succeeded far beyond expectation.

Mr. *Habersham*, in a Letter dated *March* 24, 1741, writes thus:

AS we have got so much land cleared, I intend to try to plant it: accordingly I have four or five hands, which, with our own household, will be sufficient to plant twenty acres or upwards with potatoes and rice for fodder next winter, having greatly suffered this, for want of it; likewise

corn and peaſe, and other neceſſaries. Our garden is in great forwardneſs: we are like to have a crop of *Engliſh* peaſe. GOD viſibly bleſſes us, ſo that people are amazed.

In a Letter, dated *September* 1, 1741, he writes thus to a Gentleman in *New-England:* of which Letter I had a copy.

—OUR affairs, bleſſed be GOD, have proſpered far beyond our expectation. We have ſeen, and do daily ſee, much of GOD's fatherly care, in providing for and protecting us; and though *we have no viſible fund*, yet we doubt not, but he that has begun, will carry on and perfect his work againſt every oppoſition. We have been plentifully ſupplied all the ſummer, while many about us lacked. Our building and neceſſary conveniences, are now compleated. Our family now conſiſts of eighty-four perſons, men, women, and children, and nineteen more are employed about us, and five in the Infirmary: the latter have a doctor and nurſe, and all other neceſſaries found them at the Orphan-houſe expence. We have fifty-eight children: thirty-two of them belong to the colony; ſix to *Puriſburgh*, who are, I think, as great objects of charity as any in *Georgia*; and the reſt belong to the neighbouring provinces, who are orphans and objects of charity, except a few who are maintained at their friends and parents charge. We have a taylor and ſhoemaker: likewiſe two weavers; each of them have got a loom, but we can employ but one, ſpinning here being extravagantly dear; though we hope in a ſhort time to ſpin as much *within ourſelves*, as will greatly aſſiſt in cloathing the family. GOD bleſſes our cattle; we have upwards of an hundred head, ſmall and great, and ſhall be able in a year or two to kill a great quantity. Negroes not being allowed, and labour among us ſo expenſive, we can make but little improvement in farming. This year we have planted upwards of twenty acres, and have cleared twenty acres more for to enjoy the conveniency of the air: and, bleſſed be GOD, though we have had a very dry ſeaſon, yet we cannot complain, like many others, of a bad crop. Honoured Sir, you may now judge whether our deſign be drawing near a period. What I have written is a plain impartial narrative of our affairs, which our bittereſt enemies

will not pretend to gainſay. If any doubt it, I anſwer, as *Philip* did to *Nathaniel*, *Come and ſee.*

In a Letter, dated *October* 2, 1741, he writes thus:

—MR. *Wardrop* and I have ſettled, his contract being finiſhed: he is about ſome neceſſary jobs now, and will leave us in a few days. Meſſrs. *Trip*, *Anderſon*, &c. are already gone: I owe them and Mr. *Wardrop* about ſeventy or eighty pounds. We are very quiet, and live at an eaſy expence. We have had no ſupplies ſince you left us, of fleſh or bread kind from abroad, except ſome pork from Mr. *B*——. No *New-York* veſſels have come to this province of late. *We live entirely within ourſelves*, except a few neceſſaries which we cannot do without, that we are obliged to purchaſe elſewhere. Twice a day we eat *hominy* * of our own raiſing, and at preſent without molaſſes. For dinner, we eat beef of our own ſtock, and peaſe for bread, of all which we have plenty, and ſhall have for three months to come. Our garden is very fruitful of greens, turneps, &c. and we expect a good crop of potatoes. In ſhort, we have a ſufficiency of wholeſome food. Glory be to GOD, we daily ſee our heavenly Father's hand ſupplying us in this wilderneſs-land. O that we were more thankful! I muſt have caſh, not only to pay debts, but alſo to buy clothing and many other neceſſaries; and I believe our GOD will give it to me. He is our ſhepherd, therefore ſhall we lack nothing. I truſt he has enabled us to pray in faith, nothing doubting but he will ſupply our every want. All here at preſent enjoy pretty good health. How thankful ought we to be! The LORD ſeems to be ſending his judgments abroad upon the earth. In *Carolina* and *Savannah* a murrain is among the cattle, which takes off great numbers: ours as yet have eſcaped. Thanks be to GOD! Indeed we are obliged to kill ſome of them for immediate ſupply. But what are all outward calamities, where GOD is?

* *Indian* corn boiled up thick with water.

A young

A young Gentleman of *Boſton*, having made a viſit to the Orphan-Houſe, ſent the following account of it to his father, which many have deſired may be printed, for the ſatisfaction of thoſe who have already contributed to its ſupport.

Honoured Sir, *Bethesda*, *Jan.* 1, 1742.

BEING ſenſible of the many and falſe accounts induſtriouſly ſpread abroad concerning this houſe in many places, eſpecially in *New-England*, by thoſe who are enemies to its Founder, and the cauſe he is engaged in, which has certainly been a great hindrance to this worthy undertaking, as it has created even in its friends ſome prejudices, which has hindered their contributing with that pleaſure and freedom they otherwiſe would have done; and as I am now upon the ſpot, I think a few moments will not be ill ſpent, in giving you a particular account of its preſent ſituation, which I ſhall endeavour to do in the moſt juſt and impartial manner, that you may have an opportunity of ſerving the intereſt in which your heart is ſo much engaged.

The Orphan-Houſe is pleaſantly ſituated, and, with the buildings belonging to it, preſents a much handſomer proſpect than is given by the draught annexed to the public accounts. The great houſe is now almoſt quite finiſhed, and nothing has hindered but the want of glaſs, which they daily expect from *Briſtol*, and ſome bricks that are already at *Savannah*, and are to carry up another ſtack of chimnies, which would have been done before, if a veſſel that was bringing brick and other ſtores, had not been taken by the *Spaniards*, which was a great loſs. It is ſurprizing to ſee in what forwardneſs things are, conſidering what hindrances they have had, and the ſcarcity of labourers in this province. They have cut a fine road to *Savannah* of twelve miles length, through a thicket of woods; and, that it might be paſſable, were obliged to make ten bridges and croſs-ways; which was done at no little charge. They have alſo cleared forty acres of land, twenty of which were planted the laſt year, and brought them a tolerable crop: the other twenty was for the benefit of the air. They have alſo a large garden at the front of the houſe, brought into pretty good order.

The

The family now conſiſts of eighty perſons beſides labourers, who all contradict the wicked and falſe accounts of their being ſtarved and cruelly treated, by the lively and hearty countenances they ſhew. I have ſeldom ſeen ſuch a goodly number of youths together. Twenty-three of them are orphans; others, that have loſt one of their parents; one was born in the houſe; and the reſt are fit objects for chriſtian charity. There are in all thirty-nine boys, and fifteeen girls. The number was larger ſome time paſt: but ſeveral of the boys, that were well inſtructed, have been put to ſuch trades as they inclined to; and others, who were put here for their learning, are returned to their parents, who have handſomely paid the Houſe for their education.

The care of this ſociety at preſent is in the hands of a young gentleman from *London*, who manages the ſecular affairs thereof; and one from *New-England*, who has the care of ſouls as his particular charge. There are two ſchool-maſters, who inſtruct the boys in reading and writing: and thoſe that appear ſerious, and of good capacities, are taught *Latin*, with a deſign of fitting them for the miniſtry, if they incline to it. Two ſchool-miſtreſſes, that teach the girls; a ſurgeon and nurſe to attend the infirmary, in which many ſick perſons, from divers parts, have been received, and always been cured *gratis*. Here are alſo ſeveral tradeſmen; a taylor, a joiner, a weaver, and a ſhoemaker. The taylor has three boys to inſtruct in his buſineſs. It is expected that Mr. *Whitefield* will increaſe the number of craftſmen, when he returns from *England*. The œconomy obſerved here is as follows: The bell rings in the morning at ſun-riſe, to wake the family. When the children ariſe, they ſing a ſhort hymn, and pray by themſelves: then they go down and waſh; and by the time they have done that, the bell calls to public worſhip, when a portion of ſcripture is read and expounded, a pſalm ſung, and the exerciſe begun and ended with prayer. Then they breakfaſt, and afterwards go ſome to their trades, and the reſt to their prayers and ſchools. At noon, they all dine in the ſame room, and have comfortable and wholeſome diet provided. A hymn is ſung before and after dinner: then, in about half an hour, to ſchool again; and between whiles find time enough for recreation. A little after ſun-ſet the bell calls to public duty again, which

which is performed in the ſame manner as in the morning. After that they ſup, and are attended to bed by one of their maſters, who then pray with them, as they often do privately. On the ſabbath-day they all dine on cold meat provided the day before, that none may be kept from public worſhip, which is attended four times a day in ſummer, and three in the winter. The children are kept to reading between whiles. Many have reported, that the place is very unhealthy: which I believe is quite otherwiſe, conſidering it is a new ſettlement: a remarkable proof of which is, that not one have died out of the family, (into which many ſick and almoſt ſtarved children have been received, who have in a ſhort time recovered) and but three or four out of the hoſpital, where many miſerable objects have been taken in. I believe many, who now think the erecting an Orphan-houſe in that colony a mad ſcheme, would alter their ſentiments were they here. Innumerable difficulties have certainly been overcome; but their affairs now look with a pleaſant aſpect. If the colony is allowed negroes, as it is thought it muſt and will be, they can, with about twenty negroes to manure the plantation, which contains five hundred acres of land, raiſe much more proviſion than a larger family than this can expend, having already a fine live ſtock, which is daily increaſing; ſo that in a few years, it is to be hoped, they will be able to ſupport themſelves. As to the ſtate of religion here, particularly among the children, the power of GOD has, at times, been viſible among them; and many of them have been brought under conviction, which ſeems laſting in ſome of the boys, and ſeveral of the girls: but moſt of the grown folks appear to be truly converted; and many, who have come as viſitors, have been met with by the ſovereign grace of GOD, and not ſent empty away: may GOD grant I may make one of that number! Upon the whole, I think the inſtitution to be of GOD: therefore it doth and will proſper.

Since this came to my hand, I have received more letters from *Georgia*, dated in *May* and *June* laſt, which alſo give me an account of the continuation of GOD's goodneſs to my dear family.

The

The Reverend Dr. *Colman*, in a letter he ſent to a miniſter near *Glaſgow*, part of which I find printed in a pamphlet entituled, *The State of Religion in New-England*, writes thus:

" Mr. *Whitefield* viſited us in the right time, and found " large contributions here: I doubt not but he will faithfully " apply what he collected for his Orphan-houſe: but I have " ſaid to him, It will appear to me a greater wonder, if his " faith is anſwered in that foundation, than that of Monſieur " *Franck*'s, at *Hall*, in *Pruſſia*, was: the one being in the " midſt of *Europe*, the other on the confines of *America*. But " the order and piety of the houſe is admirable, and ſo the " progreſs of the ſettlement, alone as it is in the world, by " the report of all that have viſited it: but how it can ſubſiſt " and flouriſh, and anſwer the Founder's end, is the enquiry " here, and will be a marvel in the providence of GOD, if " it do ſo."

The Reader may ſee, by this, the Doctor's opinion of the Orphan-houſe, and the teſtimony given concerning it by perſons who have viſited it, and who therefore cannot be unacquainted with its ſituation. They profeſs, " The order of the houſe is admirable, and ſo the progreſs of the ſettlement, alone as it is in the world." How it can ſubſiſt and flouriſh for the future, I am not ſolicitous about: GOD can help us in *Georgia*, as well as he helped Profeſſor *Franck* in *Germany*. *The earth is the* LORD'*s, and the fulneſs thereof.* I acknowledge him to be the founder of that houſe: he put it into my heart to build it: it has in a great meaſure already anſwered the end of its inſtitution, and I am perſuaded will do ſo more and more. The greateſt outward difficulties, I humbly hope, are now ſurmounted. The workmen are all diſcharged, having fulfilled their contract, and carried on the work ſo far as to make every part of the houſe habitable. Our ſtock of cattle is pretty conſiderable, and appear to be in a flouriſhing condition. And, when once I am clear from all arrears, the Orphan-houſe will be ſupported at a very eaſy expence. The laſt parliament reſolved to ſupport the colony of *Georgia:* they have altered the conſtitution in two material points; they have allowed the importation of rum, and free titles to the lands. And if they ſhould ſee good hereafter to grant a limited uſe of negroes, it muſt certainly, in all outward appearance, be as

flouriſhing a colony as *South-Carolina*. Not that we are without hopes, as Mr. *Haberſham* writes me word in his laſt letter, of making a tolerable ſhift with white ſervants: the *Saltzburghers* do ſo already. There is a freſh body of them lately gone over, and ſome freſh troops to guard the frontiers of the colony. Not that I put any confidence in man, knowing that *the race is not to the ſwift, nor the battle to the ſtrong*, but Providence ruleth all things: but, at the ſame time, I would act with the greateſt caution and circumſpection, and not tempt God by preſuming on him without a cauſe. His having helped me and mine ſo often, encourages me to truſt him again. He has put it into the hearts of ſome dear friends to give Mr. *Haberſham* credit for caſh during my abſence; and his Excellency General *Oglethorpe* has been very friendly, having lent Mr. *Haberſham* fifty pounds, and given the orphans nine barrels of flour: *the* LORD *return him, and their other benefactors, ten thouſand fold into their boſom!*

But all this while, ſome will ſay, you give us no account of your collections in *Scotland* and elſewhere for near this year and an half. I will now do that to the beſt of my power, and likewiſe add an account of my diſburſements; I ſay, *my diſburſements:* for, having had no particular account of what Mr. *Haberſham* has expended and borrowed ſince I have been from *Georgia*, I cannot poſſibly give an exact account of the whole; but I ſhall do it, God willing, immediately after my arrival at the Orphan-houſe, beginning where the former account left off. From that it appears, I was then upwards of eight hundred pounds upon arrears. Since that I have been abſent near two years: and conſidering a family of eighty perſons, or upwards, have been maintained, an infirmary kept up, the expence of further work done to the houſe, &c. it will not appear unreaſonable that I ſhould be ſtill upwards of ſix hundred pounds on arrears; as I judge I am, from Mr. *Haberſham*'s general intimations of caſh he had borrowed in *America*, and what I have ſtill to pay in *England*. But this will appear clear in the next account. In the mean while, the following accounts, I believe, will be ſatisfying to all the contributors *: as for others, I do not think myſelf obliged

* The accounts of particular receipts and diſburſements are omitted, by reaſon of their vaſt length; and likewiſe, as the public have already examined them, and received full ſatisfaction.

to

to give them any account at all, any further than that I am commanded to *provide things honeſt in the ſight of all men.* Neither do I believe, that this, or any account I can give, will ſatisfy captious men that are reſolved to find fault: our Saviour himſelf could not pleaſe ſuch. And if even good men can be ſo far prejudiced as to ſay, "The late glorious work at *Cambuſlang*, is all deluſion, and a work of the devil," I do not wonder if ſome of his profeſſed children ſpeak all manner of evil of this undertaking: neither ſhould I wonder after this, if they ſhould affirm there was no ſuch thing as an Orphan-houſe in being, though it was built but a few miles off them.

As for the aſperſions that have been caſt upon me, as though I collected money to enrich myſelf, it gives me little or no concern; the apoſtle *Paul* was branded as one that made a gain of people; but GOD knows the heart: at the day of judgment I will prove thoſe perſons liars. Profeſſor *Franck* met with unſpeakably more contempt and calumny, whilſt he was building the Orphan-houſe in *Germany:* he began very low, and left behind him an Orphan-houſe which contains now, if I miſtake not, two or three thouſand ſtudents, notwithſtanding the erecting it, was attended with as many improbabilities as this in *Georgia:* he has been dead about fourteen or ſixteen years. His ſon now ſucceeds him in the care of the Orphan-houſe: I have had the pleaſure of correſponding with him. An account of this Orphan-houſe was printed in his life-time, and it has been very ſtrengthening and beneficial to my ſoul.

If any, by reading this, ſhall be inclined to contribute any thing, either in money or goods, I truſt GOD will give me grace to apply it faithfully.

I am not aſhamed to beg for GOD on this occaſion; becauſe my going to *Georgia*, and erecting the Orphan-houſe, was one great means in his hand, of bringing me out to preach the everlaſting goſpel in ſo many places, and to many thouſands of poor periſhing ſouls, who I doubt not (be it ſpoken with all humility) will evidence my commiſſion thereto, by being my joy and crown of rejoicing in the laſt day. Bleſſed be his holy name, he has not left himſelf, nor me his ſervant, without witneſſes of this ſort in *Scotland!* Many, I truſt, ſince this time twelvemonth, have been made to *taſte that the*

LORD *is gracious*, and have in an effectual manner *felt the powers of the world to come:* ſuch in particular, I truſt, will lift up holy hands in prayer for me, and for the proſperity of the Orphan-houſe, that the enemies of our holy religion may never have cauſe to triumph over its ruins, ſaying, *There, there, ſo would we have it.* I look upon the Orphan-houſe as a great part of my charge; a family given me by GOD, to be ſupported and taken care of, for himſelf. Its very beginnings are not ſmall; its latter end, I believe, will greatly increaſe. He that believeth, ſhould not make haſte to contemn the undertaking, or my conduct in carrying it on, ſeeing it has already evidently appeared to be of GOD, by the countenance and ſucceſs he has given to both. And ſince the LORD, by his providence, has connected the care of this family with my preaching the goſpel, by making it a means of firſt bringing me out, and ever ſince has been pleaſed to continue the care of it upon me; I think myſelf bound in duty, to recommend it in the ſtrongeſt manner to all people amongſt whom I am called to preach the kingdom of GOD. Neither do I think myſelf juſtly blameable for running ſo much in arrears on its account, ſince the LORD, in all places where he has been pleaſed to ſend me, has inclined the hearts of people to be ready to diſtribute, and willing to communicate on this occaſion: and, I doubt not, will yet diſpoſe the hearts of his people here and elſewhere, to be my farther aſſiſtants by their charitable contributions, ſeeing I am ſo neceſſarily engaged in the affair. *He that giveth to theſe* poor orphans, *lendeth to the* LORD: and look, *Whatſoever he layeth out, it ſhall be repaid him again.*

Thoſe who, notwithſtanding what has been ſaid, ſtill continue in ſuſpenſe, I would entreat them at leaſt to pray for me, that in this, and all my undertakings for the church of CHRIST, I may go on with an even, humble, reſigned, chearful mind, and ſingle eye to GOD's glory; and then, I doubt not but they will ſee a happy iſſue of this work, and future ages have reaſon to bleſs GOD, for ever putting it into my heart to build an Orphan-houſe in *Georgia.*

Since

Sept. 22, 1742.

Since the writing of this, I have heard of the *Spaniards* making a deſcent upon *Georgia*. I cannot ſay the news of it damped me at all; becauſe, I humbly hope, the LORD will not give that colony over as a prey into the enemy's hand. The place where they landed, is about one hundred miles to the ſouthward of the Orphan-houſe: and, ſuppoſing it ſhould be taken, I do not repent the erecting it, becauſe the advantages that have flowed already from it, as appears from my accounts, have abundantly anſwered the pains and expence it has coſt. What is due upon arrears, as it has been already laid out, and is a debt contracted for GOD, I doubt not but he will incline the hearts of his ſervants to help me by their contributions to diſcharge it. At the ſame time, I am not without expectations, that this very attack of the *Spaniards* will be over-ruled for the good of the Orphan-houſe, and be made a means of freeing the colony from their future inſults: for as *Georgia* is a frontier colony, and ſtands as a barrier to all the other *Engliſh* provinces, it is reaſonable to believe, they will all unite in its defence and protection. But my truſt is in the LORD; and, through the mercies of the Moſt High, I humbly hope this undertaking will not ſink, but become more and more beneficial to *Georgia* and the neighbouring provinces day by day. *Let all that love the* LORD JESUS *ſay*, Amen!

Sept. 27, 1742.

Since the foregoing papers have been in the preſs, I have received a letter from Mr. *Haberſham*, ſuperintendant of the Orphan-houſe affairs, in which he writes as follows:

Savannah, July 14, 1742.

My deareſt Brother and Friend,

ABOUT four days ago I wrote you very fully in relation to our preſent ſtate and circumſtances, from Mr. *John Bryan*'s. I hope our dear family are well there. When my laſt comes to hand, you will find we removed there for fear of the *Spaniards*, who came in upon *Georgia* like a flood. I hope the General will yet ſtand his ground, though the enemy is ſo numerous. I hear he deſtroyed and took one hundred and ſeventy of the enemy laſt *Thurſday*. GOD only knows what

he is about to do with us. Brother *Grant* and I are here, to take care of our houſe and goods. I hope GOD will direct us in our diſtreſs. Surely you will now, if poſſible, come over. I believe the bearer is gone; I muſt have done. Farewel, Farewel. Brother *Grant* gives his love. I muſt conclude by broken lines.

Yours,

J. H.

P. S. Abſolute hurry and neceſſity obliges me to write thus.

This letter gave me much comfort, as it brought me the welcome news that my dear family was ſafe. This Mr. *Bryan* was converted at the Orphan-houſe, and is a wealthy planter in *South-Carolina*. I admire the providence of GOD, in raiſing him up to take care of the little lambs in this time of their diſtreſs. I hope ere now they are returned to their *Bethefda* in peace.

Bleſſed be GOD I have not been diſappointed of my hope. For ſince my return to *London*, I have received the following letters, which give a more particular account both of their tryal and deliverance, and for which I deſire to praiſe our great and gracious GOD.

From Mr. *Haberſham*, at Mr. *Jonathan Bryan*'s Plantation in *South-Carolina*, *July*, 11, 1742.

My deareſt Friend and Brother,

GOD's ways are in the deep; the LORD only knows what he is about to do with your dear family. Here at Mr. *Bull*'s and at Mr. *Hugh Bryan*'s they ſojourn at preſent, and all, bleſſed be our gracious JESUS, in pretty good bodily health. Diſtreſs from the hands of the *Spaniards* (under GOD) ſeems to be coming upon poor *Georgia*, and perhaps upon this colony alſo. Our afflictions have been heavy: the LORD only enabled us to bear up under them; but I really believe we have taſted but the firſt fruits of our trials. Was it not for a perſuaſion that GOD can, yea, will help us, we muſt ſink under a proſpect of impending difficulties. About the 25th of laſt month ſeveral *Spaniſh* galleys came into *Cumberland* ſound, a little to the South of St. *Simon*'s, where the General's forces

are

are encamped. The General himſelf in a deal cutter, accompanied with two boats, was attacked by them, and had a very wonderful eſcape. The gallies went off as though they would go to *Auguſtine*; but a day or two after returned, attended with ſeveral ſchooners, ſloops, and ſhips of force to St. *Simon*'s. Several days they lay within ſight of the General's camp. When we heard this, we kept a day of faſting, prayer, and humiliation, to aſk direction of our great ſhepherd what we ſhould do. As the *Spaniſh* fleet had then made no inroad upon the General, we concluded to *ſtand ſtill* and wait upon GOD. The 5th inſtant the *Spaniſh* fleet run into St. *Simon*'s *Sound*, up the river that leads to *Frederica*. The fleet, I hear, conſiſted of thirty-five or thirty-ſeven veſſels; and notwithſtanding the General fired upon them from his battery, and two privateers, and other veſſels did the ſame, they paſſed without ſeeming to regard them, and landed a great number of people at *Caſcoign's Bluff* on St. *Simon*'s. The General ſeeing himſelf encompaſſed about with enemies, ordered ſeveral ſloops, *New-Yorkers*, laden with proviſion to be ſunk; his privateer ſloop was burnt, and Capt. *Thomſon* and the ſcooner made the beſt of their way to the North. The General is now ſurrounded by the *Spaniards* upon an iſland, without having one veſſel of any bigneſs to carry him and his army off. He retreated from St. *Simon*'s (burnt all the hutts, houſes, *&c.* there) to *Frederica*, and gave leave for the women and children, and I think all except his fighting people, to make their eſcape.

The 17th inſtant ſeveral boats full of people paſſed by our houſe, and informed us of the above, and that it was thought the General's army would be entirely cut off, unleſs great aſſiſtance was immediately ſent them, which it is likely could not be done ſoon enough. We all met together, and prayed to our dear Father, and afterward deſired every one to ſpeak their mind freely, what was neceſſary to be done in this emergency. We conſidered it would be impoſſible to move ſo many children, weak women, and babes in their arms away upon a ſudden approach of the enemy; that we were ſo locked in, that we could not get through the *Narrows* with our boats but four hours in twenty-four, and unanimouſly agreed to move them away directly. But we had one great objection

to get over, the glory of GOD; we thought the providence of GOD plainly pointed out our removal; and if the *Spaniards* ſhould be permitted to take and burn all before them, we ſhould be acceſſary to the death of eighty-five poor creatures, and likewiſe bring a reproach upon religion, through our diſregard of uſing means for our preſervation. Our friends thought things might not be *ſo bad* as reported, and concluded to ſtay that evening at the Orphan-houſe, while I ſhould go to *Savannah* to aſk the advice of friends, and likewiſe be better informed about it. Accordingly I went about nine that evening, and returned at three in the morning. The news I had confirmed from the perſons who had fled from *Frederica*; and our friends at *Savannah* adviſed us to move. Mr. *Jones* offered to lend me any aſſiſtance to do it. The next morning, as delays might be dangerous, we took as many goods out of the houſe as the boats would conveniently carry with the people. We had none about us but Mr. *K*——'s and *G*——'s family, and two ſick men in the infirmary, and in all made about eighty-five or eighty-ſix perſons. Then we had another difficulty to grapple with: we knew not where to go. If we went to *Ebenezer*, we had no opportunity of providing ſo large a body of people with proviſions, and might be in as much danger there as at *Bethesda*. If we went to *Carolina*, we conſidered that it was there, in all probability, the enemy wanted to be; and were deſtroying *Georgia* in order to get there with the more ſafety. But believing we ſhould be better able to make our retreat to the Northward from *Carolina*, if neceſſity ſhould oblige us, and alſo ſhould be better able to ſupply the family with victuals, we came here laſt night about twelve o'clock, and were received kindly by our dear friends, who think we have done right in moving.

Mr. *Barber* who ſuperintends the ſpiritual affairs of the family, in a letter dated near the ſame time writes,—"That as they were on their paſſage, they heard guns firing all round them, which occaſioned them to think they were in the midſt of their enemies.—This brought them into ſtraits, not knowing which way to take to avoid falling into their hands.—But the LORD giving them to ſtrengthen themſelves in him, they ventured on, and got ſafe to the ſhore; where they were informed, that the guns they had heard, where in *Carolina*, firing to alarm the province

province of the danger they apprehended they were in from the *Spaniards*. What thoſe guns were that they heard firing from other quarters they did not know; moſt probably their enemies, whom the LORD directed them to ſhun by taking the way they did."

Mr. *Haberſham*, again ſays,—How it is with *Georgia*, I have not heard theſe three days; but as we left a great quantity of goods at the Orphan-houſe, and fearing that it might be plundered, brother *Grant* and I, with four hands, are in a few minutes to go there. I think, as we have moved away the helpleſs people, if the enemy ſhould come, we can the better make our eſcape. O my brother, I hope you will not blame us. —A ſenſe of ſo many ſouls being liable to be deſtroyed, was very burdenſome, and called for ſpeedy acting. I know not whether I ſhall be ever able to write to you again. Perhaps ſome friends that I leave behind me here may, and then they will tell you of all our difficulties. It is hard to leave my dear friends and children, my wife and little babe; but duty obliges me to go; I have no time to ſay any more; what I have written has been in great hurry. Pray pardon my abruptneſs. If I never ſee you, or write more, let me aſſure *you of my love*. I hope I need not now uſe any arguments to perſuade you to come over. Farewel, farewel, farewel.

Yours, for ever,

'Tis paſt one in the morning. *James Haberſham.*

From Mr. *Haberſham*, at Mr. *Bull*'s plantation in *South-Carolina*, *July* 27, 1742.

My dear Friend and Brother,

I Wrote you the 4th, 11th, and 14th inſtant. Doubtleſs the contents of my letters will give you ſome concern, and will be a means of haſtening you over to us. I hope you will find us at our deſired habitation. Hitherto the LORD ſeems to be on our ſide, and fights our battles. News is lately come from the General, that the *Spaniards* have moved off in great confuſion; but it is not ſufficiently confirmed; when it is, we purpoſe moving to *Bethesda*. In mine of the 11th inſtant, I informed you, according to my knowledge of the ſtate of your family, and the colony till that time. I told you

you brother *Grant* and ſelf were juſt returning to *Georgia*. We ſoon got there, and found our goods and houſe ſafe. *John Goldwire*, I, and a boy, ſtaid at *Bethefda* while brother *Grant* went to *Carolina*, and returned with two boats. In the mean time we heard the General had engaged twice with a party of the *Spaniards*, and killed and taken one hundred and fifty of them, and that the enemy was ſo intimidated, and the General's army ſo encouraged, that there was great expectations that the *Spaniards* would ſoon be drove off the iſland. GOD was pleaſed at this time to bring me very low by bodily illneſs, ſo that I was almoſt incapable of making any eſcape, if the enemy had been ſuffered to come upon us, having a hundred miles to ride through bad ſwamps, to my friends in *Carolina*. Likewiſe there was no one there, nor at *Savannah*, to give me any relief.

The 20th inſtant, having left three people at *Bethefda*, and our family wanting neceſſaries at *Carolina*, brother *Grant* and I returned with moſt of our goods. When we now left *Bethefda*, we were not very apprehenſive of any danger of ſtaying ourſelves, or leaving the goods there; but as I was obliged to ſeek for ſome aſſiſtance, and our dear people wanted things we had there, we thought it was but a very little more trouble to load the boats. I have many times intended to write to you ſince I came here, but was not able conveniently till to day, but I bleſs GOD I feel myſelf much better in health. As far as I can learn, the General has behaved himſelf exceeding well, and the LORD has wonderfully ordered things for him, contrary, I believe, to his own and others expectations. His clemency to the *Spaniſh* priſoners, his confidence, prudence, and courage throughout the whole affair is ſo conſpicuous, that his greateſt enemies cannot impeach his conduct. I don't as yet hear, that he has loſt (except by accident) above three or four men. Indeed the hand of GOD has been evidently againſt the boaſting enemy. Some ſay near fifty veſſels ſet out at firſt to invade us, but in their paſſage, which is uſually run in a week or ten days, they were fifty days, and by ſome means fifteen of them were ſeparated from the reſt, and did not come up to them at St. *Simon*'s. They firſt propoſed to land in *Carolina*, and cauſe an inſurrection among the negroes; to that end they brought a number of negroes, to head and perſuade

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our negroes (I ſuppoſe) to revolt. But being ſo long on their paſſage, they wanted water, and were obliged to put in at St. *Simon*'s. In their council of war there, they ſaid they would ſoon cut off the General and his few men, and did not doubt but to ſettle and regain King *Philip*'s dominions, yea, even as far as the Capes of *Virginia*. I ſhould have wiſhed you had been preſent when we conſulted about fleeing for our lives; it would have been great ſatisfaction to us all; but I am of opinion, you would not have ſtaid with the great troop of little ones, under the apprehenſion of ſo much danger. I have met with none but what have approved of what we did.

Every one, I believe, are willing to contract expences.—I hope, nay I am aſſured, that all things ſhall work together for good; and I am of opinion, we ſhall all have reaſon to bleſs GOD for every, yea, eſpecially for his late awful diſpenſation. —The deliverances we have had are many and wonderful, and he that has done much can do more. In regard to the *Spaniards*, they came like a flood, but the LORD can ſave by few as well as by many.

From Mr. *Haberſham*.

Betheſda, Auguſt, 19, 1742.

My deareſt Friend and Brother,

I Hope ere this reaches you, you have received mine of the 4th, 11th, 14th, and 27th of *July* laſt, and that you ſee your way clear to come to us. Bleſſed be GOD we have reaſon to conclude the *Spaniards* have entirely left the colony, and we are now very comfortably ſettled again. The deliverance the LORD has wrought for us by the General, I think is the moſt remarkable I ever heard or read of, except ſome inſtances recorded in the Old Teſtament. It is ſo manifeſt, that "Surely GOD has fought our battles," is in the mouth of every one, whatever may be in their hearts. I cannot now mention particulars, being much ſtreightened for time; at *Savannah* the poor people are almoſt all ſick; four have been cut off. At *Frederica* likewiſe, and at Mr. *Bryan*'s, and other neighbours, they are in the ſame condition. We have alſo many down. GOD has been chaſtiſing us with whips, but now ſeems to be ſcourging us with ſcorpions. O that the

goodneſs and patience of GOD may lead us to repentance! We have a good crop on the ground, and have none to gather it in but the few boys. Brother *Hunter* has his hands full, and is chiefly at *Savannah*. It is but little we buy abroad. —We hunt and kill our own ſtock, and have potatoes and corn enough of our own. I am but poorly, as is dear brother *Barber*, who is ſingularly uſeful at this trying time.—What ſhould I have done without him? I have much to ſay to you. Indeed I hope you are now in your paſſage to us. We cannot but expect you. *B. Grant* hurries me to conclude. Pleaſe to give my tender love to your wife, and all with you, and believe me to be

Your affectionate ſervant in our LORD,

J. Haberſham.

I.

How are thy ſervants bleſs'd, O LORD!
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal wiſdom is their guard,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In all their various griefs, O LORD!
Thy mercy ſets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their ſouls lay hold on thee.

III.

In midſt of dangers, fears and deaths
Thy goodneſs we'll adore,
And praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

January, 14, 1743.

SINCE the foregoing papers were ſent to the preſs, I have received letters from Mr. *B — r* and Mr. *H — m*, the perſons who ſuperintend the ſpiritual and temporal affairs of the Orphan-houſe, dated in *October* laſt; by which I am informed that all was well, and that the family was mercifully ſupplied with things convenient for them. I don't hear that any of the family have been taken off by the late ſickneſs; but am informed of the death of one Mrs. *Dudding*, (a perſon converted at the Orphan-houſe ſome time ago): ſhe went with the

the family into *Carolina*, where ſhe ſtaid after they returned, and there died triumphantly.

Mr. *Bolzius*, one of the *Saltzburghers* miniſters, writes to me thus,

Ebenezer in *Georgia*, *Sept.* 22, 1742.

Reverend and dear Sir,

IT was with great ſatisfaction that I received the favour of your letter, dated *M*—— the 5th of *October* laſt, in which you acquainted me with the joyful news, that the LORD has been pleaſed to bleſs your kind endeavours of collecting twenty pounds for our poor people, on which our mill, and eſpecially our Orphan-houſe had its ſhare according to your intention and order. This great bleſſing is delivered into my hand by Mr. *H*——*m*, our dear friend and favourer, and is laid out in ſuch a manner, that I hope, to have obtained the end, at which you aim in all your actions, and in this act of love too, *viz.* to promote the great giver's, our heavenly father's glory and our people's welfare. May it pleaſe an almighty and merciful GOD to reward you and all our benefactors many-fold for this and many more teſtimonies of your and their real favours, and let deſcend upon your worthy perſon and holy miniſtry as many bleſſings to your ſpiritual and temporal welfare, as prayers and hearty wiſhes do aſcend to the throne of grace from our hearts and lips in publick and private.

GOD has been pleaſed to viſit me and my fellow-labourer with dangerous ſickneſs, but has graciouſly reſtored our health for our better being prepared to the heavenly and bleſſed regions, and for being in ſome meaſure, by the operation of the Holy Ghoſt, uſeful to ſhew our hearers the way through CHRIST to the Father, and their eternal happineſs. Many in our congregation have been dangerouſly ſick, and ſome died in peace; the reſt begin to recover by degrees. Good * Dr. *Hunter* has been mighty uſeful and aſſiſtive to the inhabitants of *Savannah* in their long and dangerous ſickneſſes; and GOD has bleſſed his cures with very good effects; and I am in hopes ſome people there will begin to be ſenſible of the many bleſſings that flow from *Bethesda* upon them, and praiſe with us the LORD for his great kindneſs and mercy in having raiſed this houſe of mercy to many grown people's and chil-

* The Surgeon belonging to the Orphan-houſe.

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dren's ſpiritual and temporal welfare. If GOD ſhould give me the pleaſure of ſeeing you here again, and being edify'd by your converſation, I would humbly thank him for it; but if he is pleaſed to carry either of us from this to a better world, then we will ſee not only one another happily, but our glorious Redeemer alſo face to face for ever, to his infinite praiſe and our eternal happineſs, at which my brother *Gronau*, myſelf, our families, and ſeveral of our congregation aim by all means and ſtrength, which GOD gives us from the merits of his beloved ſon, our dear Saviour. To his infinite mercy and gracious conduct I commit you, and me with our people, Orphan-houſe, my fellow-labourer Mr. *Gronau*, and our families, who all ſalute you very heartily, to the continuance of your favour and kind remembrance before GOD and men, remaining ſincerely,

Reverend and dear Sir, your unworthy brother,
and humble ſervant in CHRIST,
John Martin Bolzius.

Continuation

Continuation of the ACCOUNT and PROGRESS, &c. of the ORPHAN-HOUSE.

Sir, *Bethesda*, *March* 21, 1746.

SOME months have I been here, and now think it high time, according to my promise, to send you as explicit an account, as I well can, of the *progress*, and *present situation* of the Orphan-house. Some have thought, that the erecting such a building was only the produce of my own brain; but they are much mistaken. It was first proposed to me by my dear friend the reverend Mr. *Charles Wesley*, who, with his excellency General *Oglethorp*, had concerted a scheme for carrying on such a design, before I had any thoughts of going abroad myself. It was natural to think, that as the government intended this province for the refuge and support of many of our poor countrymen, that numbers of such adventurers must necessarily be taken off, by being exposed to the hardships which unavoidably attend a new settlement. I thought it therefore a noble design in general, to erect a house for fatherless children. And believing such a provision for orphans would be some inducement with many to come over, I fell in with the design, when mentioned to me by my friend, and was resolved, in the strength of GOD, to prosecute it with all my might. This was mentioned to the honourable the trustees. They took it kindly at my hands; and as I then began to be pretty popular at *Bristol*, and elsewhere, they wrote to the *Bishop* of *Bath* and *Wells*, for leave for me to preach a charity-sermon on this occasion in the abbey-church. This was granted, and I accordingly began immediately to compose a suitable discourse: but knowing my first stay at *Georgia* would be but short, on account of my returning again to take priests orders, I thought it most prudent, first to go and see for myself, and defer prosecuting the scheme till I came home: because I could then be better able to judge, whether the scheme was practicable, and consequently could

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be able to recommend it with the greater earneſtneſs. When I came to *Georgia*, I found many poor orphans, who though taken notice of by the honourable truſtees, yet through the neglect of perſons that acted under them, were in miſerable circumſtances. For want of a houſe to breed them up in, the poor little ones were tabled out here and there, and beſides the hurt they received by bad examples, forgot at home what they learnt at ſchool. Others were at hard ſervices, and likely to have no education at all. Upon ſeeing this, and finding that his majeſty and parliament had the intereſt of this colony much at heart, I thought I could not better ſhew my regard to GOD and my country, than by getting a houſe and land for theſe children, where they might learn to labour, read, and write, and at the ſame time be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the LORD. Accordingly, at my return to *England* in the year 1738, to take prieſt orders, I applied to the honourable ſociety for a grant of five-hundred acres of land, and laid myſelf under an obligation to build a houſe upon it, and to receive from time to time, as many orphans as the land and ſtock would maintain. As I had always acted like a clergyman of the church of *England*, having preached in many of the *London* churches, and as I had but a few months before collected near a thouſand pounds *Sterling*, for the children belonging to the charity-ſchools in *London* and *Weſtminſter*; it was natural to think, that I might now have the uſe at leaſt of ſome of theſe churches to preach in, for the orphans hereafter more immediately to be committed to my care. But by the time I had taken prieſts orders, the ſpirit of the clergy began to be much imbittered: Churches were gradually denied to me. And I muſt let this good deſign drop, and thouſands (I might add ten thouſands) go without hearing the word of GOD, or preach in the fields. Indeed two churches, one in *London (Spittle-fields)* and one in *Briſtol* (St. *Philip's* and *Jacob)* were lent me upon this occaſion; but thoſe were all. However, GOD kept me from being diſcouraged. I collected for the Orphan-houſe in *Moorfields*, two and fifty pounds one ſabbath-day morning; twenty-two pounds of which was in copper. It would have rejoiced your heart to ſee the people give; they offered willingly, and took more pains to come through the crowd and put their contri-

butions into my hat, than ſome would to have gotten them. Thouſands of prayers were put up with the alms that were given, and I truſt both went up as a memorial before GOD. In the afternoon I collected again at *Kennington-Common*, and continued to do ſo at moſt of the places where I preached. Beſides this, two or three of the *Biſhops*, and ſeveral perſons of diſtinction contributed; till at length, having about a thouſand and ten pounds, I gave over collecting, and went with what I had to *Georgia*. At that time multitudes offered to accompany me; but I choſe to take over only a ſurgeon, and a few more of both ſexes, that I thought would be uſeful in carrying on my deſign. Theſe chearfully embarked with me, deſiring nothing for their pains, but food and raiment. My dear fellow-traveller, *William Seward*, Eſq; alſo joined with them, and was particularly uſeful to me on this occaſion. Our firſt voyage was to *Philadelphia*, where I was willing to go for the ſake of laying in proviſion. Having a Captain of a ſhip with me, who had been my ſpiritual child, by his advice, I laid out in *London* a good part of the thouſand pounds for goods; and by his care and that of my other fellow-travellers, without any trouble to myſelf, got as much by them at *Philadelphia* as nearly defrayed the family's expence of coming over. Here GOD bleſſed my miniſtry daily, and begun that work in *Philadelphia*, which, I am perſuaded, will be remembered through the ages of eternity. *January* following, 1739, I met my family at *Georgia*, and being unwilling to loſe any time, I hired a large houſe, and took in all the Orphans I could find in the colony. A great many alſo of the town's children came to ſchool *gratis*, and many poor people who could not maintain their children, upon application, had leave given them to ſend their little ones for a month or two, or more, as they could ſpare them, till at length my family conſiſted of between ſixty and ſeventy. Moſt of the orphans were in poor caſe; and three or four almoſt eaten up with lice. I likewiſe erected an *Infirmary*, in which many ſick people were cured and taken care of *gratis*. I have now by me a liſt of upwards of a hundred and thirty patients, who were under the Surgeon's hands, excluſive of my own private family. This Surgeon I furniſhed with all proper drugs and utenſils, which put me to no ſmall expence; and this was ſtill increaſed

by clearing land, buying ſtock, and building a large dwelling-houſe, ſixty-feet by forty, and out-houſes, commodious for a large family to live in. Sometimes (labourers and all) I have had a hundred and twenty to provide for daily. My friends, as well as myſelf, ſeemed to have particular courage and faith given us for the ſeaſon; and we went on chearfully, believing that He for whoſe ſake we began, would enable us to finiſh this good work. About *March* I began the great houſe, having only about one hundred and fifty pounds in caſh. I called it *Bethesda*, becauſe I hoped it would be a houſe of mercy to many ſouls. Bleſſed be GOD, we have not been diſappointed of our hope; it has proved a houſe of mercy indeed to many. Several of our labourers, as well as viſitors, have (in a judgment of charity) been born of GOD here, and given evident proofs of it, by bringing forth the fruits of the ſpirit. Many boys have been put out to trades, and many girls put out to ſervice. I had the pleaſure the other day, of ſeeing three boys work at the houſe in which they were bred, one of them out of his time, a journeyman, and the others ſerving under their maſters. One that I brought from *New-England* is handſomely ſettled in *Carolina*; and another from *Philadelphia* is married, and lives very comfortably at *Savannah*. How ſo large a family has been ſupported in ſuch a colony, without any viſible fund, is wonderful! I am ſurprized when I look back, and ſee, how for theſe ſix years laſt paſt, GOD has ſpread a table in the wilderneſs for ſo many perſons. Were all the particular providences that have attended this work recorded, perhaps they would be found not inferior to thoſe mentioned by Profeſſor *Franck*, in his *Pietas Hallenſis*, whoſe memory is very precious to me, and whoſe example has a thouſand times been bleſſed to ſtrengthen and encourage me in the carrying on this enterprize. My being detained ſo long in *England*, has been a little detrimental to me, my friends not knowing ſo well how to act, becauſe they expected to ſee me daily. And I cannot yet ſay that I have ſurmounted the firſt year's expence, which indeed was very great, and greater no doubt than it would be now, after my friends have had ſo many years experience in the colony. However, I doubt not, but by the bleſſing of GOD, in a ſhort time to pay off my arrears, and then the family will be maintained at a ſmall expence. My ſtanding annual

annual charges are now but trifling to what they have been; and my friends have raiſed an annual ſubſcription ſufficient for diſcharging it, till the family may be able to provide for itſelf. This, GOD willing, I hope will be, in a good meaſure, ſpeedily effected. We have lately begun to uſe the plow; and next year I hope to have many acres of good oats and barley. We have near twenty ſheep and lambs, fifty head of cattle, and ſeven horſes. We hope to kill a thouſand weight of pork this ſeaſon. Our garden, which is very beautiful, furniſhes us with all ſorts of greens, &c. We have plenty of milk, eggs, poultry, and make a good deal of butter weekly. A great quantity of wool and cotton has been given me, and we hope to have ſufficient ſpun and wove for the next winter's cloathing. If the vines hit, we may expect two or three hogſheads of wine out of the vineyard. The family now conſiſts of twenty-ſix perſons. Two of the orphan boys are blind, one is little better than an idiot. But notwithſtanding, they are uſeful in the family, one in the field, and the other in the kitchen. I have two women to take care of the houſhold work, and three men and two boys employed about the plantation and cattle. A ſett of *Dutch* ſervants has been lately ſent over: the magiſtrates were pleaſed to give me two; and I took in a poor old widow, aged near ſeventy, whom no body elſe cared to have. A valuable young man from *New-England* is my ſchool-maſter, and in my abſence performs duty in the family. Sabbath-days the grown people attend public worſhip at *Savannah*, or at *White-bluff*, a village near *Betheſda*, where a *Dutch* miniſter officiates. My dear friends who have hitherto been my aſſiſtants, being married and having three or four children, thought it beſt, as moſt ſuitable to the inſtitution, to remove: GOD has mercifully provided for them, and they are comfortably ſettled at *Savannah* and elſewhere: we frequently write to and hear from one another. I need not trouble you with the order of our family. It is pretty near the ſame as uſual, and I do not think to make any material alteration for ſome time. Many have applied to me to take in their children as boarders, and erect a public ſchool: but I have not yet determined. It is certain ſuch a ſchool would be exceedingly uſeful in this part of the world, if there ſhould be a peace, not only for theſe northern parts of the colony, but alſo for

the more ſouthern parts of *Carolina*, *Puriſburgh*, and *Frederica*, where are many fine youths. I have been prevailed on to take one from *Frederica*, and another from *Puriſburgh*, and it may be ſhall admit more. For the preſent, conſidering the ſituation of affairs, I think it moſt prudent to go on making what improvements I can on the plantation, and ſhall bring a tutor with me from the northward in the fall, to teach a few youths the languages, and enlarge the family, when affairs are more ſettled. The houſe is a noble commodious building, and every thing well adapted for bringing up youth. Here is land to employ them in exerciſing their bodies, and to keep them from idleneſs out of ſchool hours. Here are none of the temptations to debauch their tender minds, which are common to more populous countries, or in places where children muſt neceſſarily be brought up with negroes. What GOD intends to do with the colony is not for me to enquire: ſecret things belong to him. It has hitherto been wonderfully preſerved, and the Orphan-houſe, like the burning buſh, has flouriſhed unconſumed. In fine, the government has, no doubt, its welfare much at heart: and, GOD willing, I intend to carry on my deſign till I ſee the colony ſink or ſwim. The money that has been expended on the Orphan-houſe, and Orphan-houſe family, has been of vaſt ſervice to this northern part of the colony. And though it has been greatly detrimental to my own private intereſt, yet I do not repent of the undertaking. No, I rejoice in it daily, and hope yet to ſee many more ſouls born unto GOD here. I have had a very comfortable winter. The people of *Savannah*, having no miniſter till lately, gladly accepted my labours; and at *Frederica*, the gentlemen and ſoldiers of General *Oglethorp*'s regiment, as well as the inhabitants of that town, received me very gladly. Major *Horton* ſeems to behave very well; he has a very fine growing plantation. I ſaw barley in the ear the firſt of *March*. *Georgia* is very healthy. Not above one, and that a little child, has died out of our family, ſince it removed to *Betheſda*. I think the colony (were the inhabitants ſufficiently numerous) is capable of as good improvement as any on the continent.

For the ſatisfaction of my friends, and ſilencing, if poſſible, my enemies, I have had my accounts from the very beginning to *January* laſt, publickly audited and examined, debtor and creditor,

creditor, article by article; and an oath for confirmation, being an end of all ſtrife, I have ſworn to them. If it gives you or others any ſatisfaction, I ſhall be glad. I have no more to add, but to beg a continued intereſt in your prayers, and ſubſcribe myſelf, very dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate friend, and ſervant,

G. W.

To his Excellency JAMES WRIGHT, Eſq; Captain General and Governor in Chief of his Majeſty's province of *Georgia*, and to the members of his Majeſty's council in the ſaid province.

The MEMORIAL *of* George Whitefield, *Clerk*,

SHEWETH,

THAT about twenty-five years ago, your memorialiſt, aſſiſted by the voluntary contributions of charitable and well diſpoſed perſons, at a very great expence, and under many diſadvantages, did erect a commodious houſe, with neceſſary out-buildings, ſuitable for the reception of orphans, and other poor and deſerted children; and that with the repair of the buildings, purchaſe of negroes, and ſupporting a large orphan family for ſo many years, he hath expended upwards of twelve thouſand pounds ſterling, as appears by the accounts, which from time to time have been audited by the magiſtrates of *Savannah*.

That your memorialiſt, ſince the commencement of this inſtitution, hath had the ſatisfaction of finding, that by the money expended thereon, not only many poor families were aſſiſted, and thereby kept from leaving the colony in its infant ſtate, but alſo that a conſiderable number of poor helpleſs children have been trained up; who have been, and now are uſeful ſettlers in this and the other neighbouring provinces.

That in order to render the inſtitution aforeſaid more extenſively uſeful, your memorialiſt, as he perceived the colony gradually increaſing, hath for ſome years paſt deſigned within

himſelf, to improve the original plan, by making further proviſion for the education of perſons of ſuperior rank; who thereby might be qualified to ſerve their king, their country, and their GOD, either in church or ſtate. That he doth with inexpreſſible pleaſure, ſee the preſent very flouriſhing ſtate of the province; but with concern perceives that ſeveral gentlemen have been obliged to ſend their ſons to the northern provinces; who would much rather have had them educated nearer home, and thereby prevent their affections being alienated from their native country, and alſo keep conſiderable ſums of money from being carried out of this into other provinces.

Your memorialiſt further obſerves, that there is no ſeminary for academical ſtudies as yet founded, ſouthward of *Virginia*; and conſequently if a college could be eſtabliſhed here (eſpecially as the late addition of the two *Floridas* renders *Georgia* more centrical for the ſouthern diſtrict) it would not only be highly ſerviceable to the riſing generation of this colony, but would probably occaſion many youths to be ſent from the *Britiſh Weſt India* iſlands and other parts. The many advantages accruing thereby to this province, muſt be very conſiderable.

From theſe conſiderations, your memorialiſt is induced to believe, that the time is now approaching, when his long projected deſign for further ſerving this his beloved colony, ſhall be carried into execution.

That a conſiderable ſum of money is intended ſpeedily to be laid out in purchaſing a large number of negroes, for the further cultivation of the preſent Orphan-houſe, and other additional lands, and for the future ſupport of a worthy able preſident, profeſſors, and tutors, and other good purpoſes intended.

Your memorialiſt therefore prays your Excellency and Honours to grant to him in truſt, for the purpoſes aforeſaid, two thouſand acres of land, on the north fork of *Turtle River*, called the *Leſſer Swamp*, if vacant, or where lands may be found vacant, ſouth of the river *Altamaha*.

G. W.

Savannah in Georgia,
Dec. 18, 1764.

The

The ADDRESS of both Houſes of Aſſembly in GEORGIA.

To his Excellency JAMES WRIGHT, Eſq; Captain General and Governor in Chief of his Majeſty's province of *Georgia*.

May it pleaſe your Excellency,

WE his Majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the council and commons houſe of aſſembly of *Georgia*, in general aſſembly met, beg leave to acquaint your Excellency, that with the higheſt ſatisfaction we learn, that the Rev. Mr. *George Whitefield* has applied for lands, in order to the endowment of a College in this province. The many and ſingular obligations *Georgia* has continually laid under to that reverend gentleman, from its very infant ſtate, would in gratitude induce us, by every means in our power, to promote any meaſure he might recommend; but in the preſent inſtance, where the intereſt of the province, the advancement of religion, and the pleaſing proſpect of obtaining proper education for our youth, ſo clearly coincide with his views, we cannot in juſtice but requeſt your Excellency to uſe your utmoſt endeavours to promote ſo deſirable an event, and to tranſmit home our ſincere and very fervent wiſhes, for the accompliſhment of ſo uſeful, ſo beneficent, and ſo laudable an undertaking.

By order of the upper Houſe.

JAMES HABERSHAM, Preſident,

December 20, 1764.

By order of the Commons Houſe.

ALEX. WYLLY, Speaker.

To which his Excellency was pleaſed to return the following Anſwer.

Gentlemen,

I Am ſo perfectly ſenſible of the very great advantage which will reſult to the province in general, from the eſtabliſhment of a ſeminary for learning here, that it gives me the greateſt pleaſure to find ſo laudable an undertaking propoſed by the Rev. Mr. *Whitefield*. The friendly and zealous diſpoſition of that gentleman, to promote the proſperity of this province, has been often experienced; and you may reſt aſſured, that I ſhall tranſmit your addreſs home, with my beſt endeavours for the ſucceſs of the great point in view.

JAMES WRIGHT.

December 20, 1764.

A Letter to his Excellency Governor WRIGHT, giving an account of the ſteps taken, relative to the converting the GEORGIA ORPHAN-HOUSE into a COLLEGE: Together with the literary correſpondence that paſſed upon that ſubject, between his Grace the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* and the Reverend Mr. *Whitefield*.

Provide things honeſt in the ſight of all men. Rom. xii. 14.

Honoured Sir,

AS your Excellency; together with the members of his Majeſty's honourable council, and houſe of repreſentatives, were pleaſed at my late viſit to the Orphan-houſe, not only highly to approve of, but alſo deeply to intereſt yourſelves in the deſign of converting the preſent *Georgia* Orphan-houſe into a college; ſo I am perſuaded, you make no doubt, but that ever ſince my arrival in *England*, *July* 1765, I have exerted my utmoſt efforts in endeavouring to bring this important

portant affair to a desirable issue. To mention all the various circumstances which have occurred during that interval, to impede and retard its more speedy prosecution, would be tedious and unnecessary: I would therefore only inform your Excellency, that about fifteen months ago, a memorial was delivered into the hands of the late clerk of his Majesty's most honourable privy council. That this memorial was by him transmitted to the Lord President, and by his Lordship referred to the consideration of his Grace the Archbishop of *Canterbury*; that by his Grace's permission a literary correspondence ensued; but as that correspondence, and with that, the negociation itself seems at an end, I think it my duty, not only to lay an account of the whole before your Excellency in particular; but, through your Excellency's hands, before his Majesty's council and house of representatives of the colony of *Georgia*, together with all the other *American* colonists, and the public in general, on both sides the water, who have so liberally contributed to the promoting this design.

To the KING's most Excellent MAJESTY.

The MEMORIAL *of* George Whitefield, *Clerk*,

SHEWETH,

THAT about twenty-six years ago, your memorialist, assisted by the voluntary contributions of charitable and well disposed persons, at a very great expence, and under many disadvantages, did erect a very commodious house, with necessary out-buildings, suitable for the reception of orphans and other poor and deserted children; and that with the repair of the buildings, purchase of negroes, and supporting a large orphan family so many years, he hath expended upwards of twelve thousand pounds sterling, as appears by the accounts, which from time to time have been audited by the magistrates of *Savannah*, and which are humbly presented with this memorial.

That your memorialist, since the commencement of this institution, hath had the satisfaction of finding, that by the money expended thereon, not only many poor families were assisted

aſſiſted and thereby kept from leaving the colony in its infant ſtate; but alſo that a conſiderable number of poor helpleſs children have been trained up, who have been, and are now uſeful ſettlers in this and the other neighbouring provinces; that in order to render the inſtitution aforeſaid more extenſively uſeful, your memorialiſt, as he perceived the colony gradually riſing, hath for ſome years paſt deſigned, within himſelf, to improve the original plan, by making further proviſion for the education of perſons of ſuperior rank, who thereby may be qualified to ſerve their king, their country, and their GOD, either in church or ſtate.

That in his late viſit to *Georgia*, he did with inexpreſſible pleaſure ſee the province in a very flouriſhing ſtate; but with concern perceived that ſeveral gentlemen had been obliged to ſend their ſons to the northern provinces, who would much rather have had them educated nearer home; and thereby prevent their affections being alienated from their native country, and alſo conſiderable ſums of money from being carried out of *Georgia* into other provinces.

Your memorialiſt begs leave further to obſerve, that there is no ſeminary for academical ſtudies as yet founded ſouthward of *Virginia*; and conſequently if a college could be eſtabliſhed (eſpecially as the addition of the two *Floridas* renders *Georgia* more centrical for the ſouthern diſtrict) it would not only be highly ſerviceable to the riſing generation of the colony of *Georgia*, but would probably occaſion many youths to be ſent from the neighbouring ſouthern provinces for education. The many advantages accruing to *Georgia* thereby, muſt neceſſarily be very conſiderable.

That in conſideration of the foregoing premiſes, your memorialiſt, in *December* 1764, preſented a memorial to his Excellency the Governor, and the honourable the council of the province of *Georgia*, praying that two thouſand acres of land might be granted in truſt, towards carrying on the deſirable end of founding a College; which motion was not only immediately complied with, but the general aſſembly being then ſitting, an addreſs, a copy of which is herewith alſo ſent, was preſented from them to his Excellency, expreſſing their unanimous and higheſt approbation, with a deſire that his Excellency would uſe his endeavours to have this affair forwarded

at

at home with all poſſible expedition. That upon the arrival of your Memorialiſt, he was informed that this addreſs was remitted to, and laid before the Lords Commiſſioners for trade and plantations; and having received repeated advices, that numbers both in *Georgia* and *South-Carolina* are waiting with impatience to have their ſons initiated in academical exerciſes; your Memorialiſt therefore prays, that a charter upon the plan of *New-Jerſey* College may be granted; upon which your Memorialiſt is ready to give up his preſent truſt, and make a free gift of all lands, negroes, goods, and chattels, which he now ſtands poſſeſſed of in the province of *Georgia*, for the preſent founding, and towards the future ſupport of a College, to be called by the name of *Betheſda* College in the province of *Georgia*.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbiſhop.*

May it pleaſe your Grace, *June* 17, 1767.

I Think myſelf highly honoured in the L—— P——t's referring a late memorial to your Grace's conſideration; and as highly obliged to your Grace, for the deep attention your Grace hath given to the copy of an intended charter preſented to your Grace by the E—— of *D———h*. The incloſed will ſhew, what an almoſt implicit regard hath been paid to your Grace's wiſe remarks, and judicious corrections. I wiſh it could have been altogether implicit; but circumſtances are ſuch, (as hath been hinted to your Grace by L—— *D———h*) that I cannot, in honour and conſcience, *oblige* the maſter of the *Georgia* College to be a member or miniſter of the church of *England*. Such an obligation, I am perſuaded, hath greatly retarded the progreſs of the College of *New-York*; as on the contrary, the letter ſigned by your Grace, Proprietor *Penn*, and the late Dr. *Chandler*; engaging, that inſtitution ſhall be continued on a BROAD BOTTOM, hath as much promoted the growth of the College of *Philadelphia*. The truſtees of that ſeminary (as your Grace is pleaſed to obſerve) have agreed, "That their Provoſt ſhall always be a miniſter of the eſtabliſhed church." But then I would beg leave to reply, that they are not thereto *enjoined* by their charter. That is entirely ſilent concerning this matter:

their agreement is purely voluntary. The wardens of the College of *Georgia* will not be prohibited by charter, from following the example of the truſtees of the College of *Philadelphia*. It is more than probable they will never need it. The firſt Maſter will aſſuredly be a clergyman of the church of *England*. By far the majority of the intended wardens, are, and always will be members of that communion; and conſequently the choice of a Maſter will always continue to run in that channel. My heart's deſire is, that ſome worthy duly qualified miniſter of the church of *England* may be always and readily found for that grand purpoſe. But leſt this ſhould not always be the caſe, I dare not, as perſons of all denominations have been contributors, confine or fetter the future electors. The monies gained by the *New-York* lotteries, for the erecting a college in *New-York*, were thrown in by perſons of all religious perſuaſions, in confidence, that the College would hereafter be founded on an enlarged baſis. And therefore, very great numbers, may it pleaſe your Grace, think, and for ever will think themſelves injured, by its being confined within its preſent contracted boundary. Hence it is, that many fine promiſing youths are almoſt daily ſent from the college in their native city, to that of *New-Jerſey*. I dread giving the ſame occaſion of reſentment and offence: and therefore am determined to avoid it in the wording of the *Georgia* College charter. For the ſame reaſons, I dare not enjoin the daily uſe of our church liturgy. I love to uſe it; I have fallen a martyr, in reſpect to bodily health, to the frequent reading it in *Tottenham-Court* chapel; and it has been conſtantly read twice every *Sunday* in the Orphan-houſe, from its firſt inſtitution to this very day. The Wardens, when the power is devolved on them, may determine this point as they pleaſe; but I cannot enjoin it by charter: and have therefore, in this preſent draught, not only omitted the paragraph concerning public prayer, but alſo that concerning doctrinal articles. Perhaps your Grace may judge, that, all things conſidered, ſaying nothing about either, may be a proper medium. Your Grace further wiſely obſerves, "That his Majeſty ſhould be very well adviſed, whom he names for the firſt Maſter." I truſt he will. I believe the Right Honourable the Earl of *D——h* will vouchſafe to intereſt himſelf

in the choice, and likewiſe be ſo good as to preſent the firſt Maſter to your Grace's approbation. The terms of the the charter being not as yet ſettled, the choice of a Maſter cannot as yet be fixed upon. When the former are aſcertained, the latter may more eaſily be applied for. In the mean while your Grace may be aſſured, that the lot will not fall upon me. Alas! my ſhoulders are too weak for the ſupport of ſuch an academical burden: my capacity, may it pleaſe your Grace, is by no means extenſive enough for ſuch a ſcholaſtic truſt. To be a preſbyter at large, is the ſtation, which I think divine Providence hath called me to, for near theſe thirty years paſt. During that ſpace, I truſt my eye hath been in ſome degree ſingle, and my views diſintereſted; and my higheſt, my only ambition, during the feeble remains of my future pilgrimage, I truſt, will be this, That the laſt glimmerings of an expiring taper may be bleſſed, and owned by the great Shepherd and Biſhop of ſouls, to guide ſome wandering ſinners to the practical knowledge of himſelf. I deſire to bleſs his name, that I have been ſpared long enough to ſee the colony of the once deſpiſed *Georgia*, and the yet more deſpiſed Orphan-houſe, advanced to ſuch a promiſing height. My honoured friend and father, good Biſhop *Benſon*, from his dying bed, ſent me a benefaction for it of ten guineas, and poured forth his moſt fervent dying breathings for its future proſperity. That your Grace may yet live many years, to be happily inſtrumental in promoting its welfare, both ſpiritual and temporal, when turned into a college, is the earneſt prayer of, may it pleaſe your Grace,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful, obliged ſon and ſervant,

G. W.

Tottenham-Court Road,
June 17, 1767.

The Archbiſhop to Mr. Whitefield.

To the Reverend Mr. Whitefield,

THE Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* hath put Mr. *Whitefield*'s draught of a charter for a College in *Georgia*, into the hands of the Lord Preſident; who hath promiſed to conſider it: but deſires to know from Mr. *Whitefield*, what preſent endowment, and to what value, he propoſes for his College.

July 1, 1767.

Mr.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbiſhop.*

May it pleaſe your Grace, *London, July* 4, 1767.

MY obligations are much increaſed by your Grace's putting the laſt draught of the *Georgia* College ſo ſpeedily into the hands of the Lord Preſident. As by this, (I preſume) it hath been honoured by your Grace's, ſo I make no manner of doubt, but it will alſo meet with his Lordſhip's approbation. In obedience to your Grace's deſire, I herewith ſend your Grace an account of "what preſent endowment, and to what value, I propoſe for the intended College." Upon a moderate computation, may it pleaſe your Grace, I believe its preſent annual income, is between four and five hundred pounds ſterling. The houſe is ſurrounded with eighteen hundred acres of land; a plan of which, and likewiſe of the houſe itſelf, I herein incloſe, and humbly preſent for your Grace's inſpection. The number of negroes young and old, employed on various parts of theſe lands, in ſawing timber, raiſing rice for exportation, and corn with all other kinds of proviſion for the family, is about thirty. Beſides theſe, the College will be immediately poſſeſſed of two thouſand acres of land near *Altamaha*, which were granted me by the Governor and Council, when I was laſt at *Georgia*; and a thouſand acres more, left, as I am informed, by the late reverend and worthy Mr. *Zubberbuler*. So that, by laying out only a thouſand pounds in purchaſing an additional number of negroes, and allowing another thouſand for repairing the houſe, and building the two intended wings, the preſent annual income may very eaſily and ſpeedily be augmented to a thouſand pounds *per annum*. Out of this ſtanding fund, may be paid the ſalaries of the Maſter, profeſſors, tutors, &c. and alſo ſmall exhibitions be allowed for ſome orphan or other poor ſtudents, who may have their tutorage and room-rent gratis, and act as ſervitors to thoſe who enter commoners. What theſe ſalaries and exhibitions ought to be, may at a proper ſeaſon be ſubmitted to your Grace's future conſideration. At preſent, I would only further propoſe, that the negroe children belonging to the College, ſhall be inſtructed, in their intervals of labour, by one of the poorer ſtudents, as is done

now

now by one of the ſcholars in the preſent Orphan-houſe. And I do not ſee why an additional proviſion may not likewiſe be made for educating and maintaining a number of *Indian* children, which, I imagine, may eaſily be procured from the *Creeks*, *Choctaws*, *Cherokees*, and the other neighbouring nations. Hence the whole will be a free-gift to the colony of *Georgia:* a complex extenſive charity be eſtabliſhed; and at the ſame time, not a ſingle perſon obliged, by any public act of aſſembly, to pay an involuntary forced tax towards the ſupport of a ſeminary, from which many of the more diſtant and poorer Coloniſt's children cannot poſſibly receive any immediate advantage; and yet the whole Colony, by the chriſtian and liberal education of a great number of its individuals, be univerſally benefited. Thus have I moſt readily, and I humbly hope, gratefully complied with your Grace's deſire, which to me is as a command. I am conſtrained to treſpaſs on your Grace's patience, whilſt I congratulate your Grace on the goodneſs of GOD, who, amongſt many other ſignal marks of his peculiar providence, hath honoured your Grace, in making you an happy inſtrument of eſtabliſhing two *Northern-American* Colleges; the one at *New-York*, and the other at *Philadelphia:* and if (as I pray may be the caſe) your Grace ſhould yet be made further inſtrumental in eſtabliſhing a third College in the yet more ſouthern, but now flouriſhing colony of *Georgia*, I truſt it will be an additional gem in the crown, which I earneſtly pray that GOD, the righteous judge, may give your Grace in that day. In his great name, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, may it pleaſe your Grace,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful, obliged ſon and ſervant,

G. W.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbiſhop.*

Tottenham-Court, Sept. 1, 1767.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

AS I am going out of town for a few weeks, I beg leave humbly to enquire, whether my L—— P——t hath conſidered the draught of the charter ſent him by your Grace ſome weeks ago. The Governor, Council, Aſſembly, and other inhabitants of *Georgia*, wait with impatience to have this

this affair brought to a desired issue; and therefore I humbly hope your Grace will excuse the freedom of the request now made by, may it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most dutiful, obliged son and servant,

G. W.

The Archbishop to Mr. Whitefield.

Lambeth, Sept. 18, 1767.

To the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.

THE Archbishop of *Canterbury* sends Mr. *Whitefield* the enclosed letter from the Lord President, which he received this day, and which he desires may be returned to him.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbishop.*

Tottenham-Court, Oct. 13, 1767.

May it please your Grace,

BY a series of unaccountable incidents and mistakes, your Grace's letter, with that of the L—— P——t, did not reach me till this afternoon. I have made bold to copy the letter; and in obedience to your Grace's command, herewith return the original. Its contents shall be immediately and duly considered, and an answer very speedily remitted to your Grace. In the mean time, with most humble thanks for the zeal and punctuality shewn by your grace in the prosecution of this important affair, and earnestly begging an interest in your Grace's prayers, that I may be kept from erring on the right hand, or the left, in this final discharge of my public trust, I beg leave to subscribe myself, may it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most obedient and dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbishop.*

Tottenham-Court, Oct. 16, 1767.

May it please your Grace,

AFTER earnest application to the Father of mercies for direction, I have endeavoured as in his presence, duly to consider and weigh the contents of the L—— P——t's letter, which your Grace was so condescending as to transmit for

for my perusal. His L——p therein, is pleased to inform your Grace, "That he observes, that the second draught of "Mr. *Whitefield*'s charter, differs from that of *New-York*; "in not requiring the head of the College to be a member of "the church of *England*, which his Lordship thinks so ma- "terial a qualification, that for one, he should not be for "dispensing with it. And his L——p is also of opinion, "that the public prayers should not be extempore ones, but "the liturgy of the church, or some part thereof, or some "other settled and established form." Thus far his L——p. And, as I profess myself to be a presbyter of the same communion with his L——p, I cannot but applaud his L——p's zeal for, and watchfulness over, the honour of the established church. But if his L——p would be so good as to take a particular view of the point of light in which I stand, I cannot help flattering myself, but that his L——p will be so far from thinking, that being a member of the church of *England* is a qualification not to be dispensed with in the head of the intended College; that on the contrary, it ought not so much as to be mentioned, or insisted upon in the charter at all. For not to trouble your Grace with a repetition of the reasons urged against such a restraining clause, in my letter of *June* 17; I would beg leave further to observe to your Grace, that by far the greatest part of the Orphan-house collections and contributions came from Dissenters, not only in *New-England*, *New-York*, *Pensylvania*, *South-Carolina*, and *Scotland*, but in all probability here in *England* also. Most of these places I have visited since the several audits of the Orphan-house accompts, and acquainted with the design of turning it into a College; and likewise the address of the Council and Assembly of the province of *Georgia*, with his Excellency Governor *Wright*'s answer, highly approving and recommending the design, have been published. Being frequently asked, "Upon what bottom the "intended College was to be founded;" I not only most readily and repeatedly answered, "Undoubtedly upon a *broad bottom*;" but likewise, in most of the above-mentioned places, have solemnly declared from the pulpit, that it should be upon a *broad bottom, and no other*. This, I judged, I was sufficiently warranted to do, from the known, long established, mild, and uncoercive genius of the *English* government; also from your

Grace's moderation towards proteſtant Diſſenters; from the unconquerable attachment of the *Americans* to toleration principles, as well as from the avowed habitual feelings and ſentiments of my own heart. This being the caſe, may it pleaſe your Grace, I would humbly appeal to his L——p, whether I can anſwer it to my GOD, my conſcience, my king, my country, my conſtituents, and Orphan-houſe benefactors and contributors, both at home and abroad, to betray my truſt, forfeit my word, act contrary to my own convictions, and greatly retard and prejudice the growth and progreſs of the intended inſtitution, by narrowing its foundation, and thereby letting it fall upon ſuch a bottom, as I am perſuaded will give a general diſguſt, and moſt juſtly open the mouths of perſons of all denominations againſt me. This, as I acquainted your Grace, in the ſame letter referred to above, is what I dare not do. And therefore, as your Grace by your ſilence ſeems to be like-minded with the L — d P——t; and as your Grace's and his L——p's influence will undoubtedly extend itſelf to others of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-Council, I would beg leave, after returning all due acknowledgments, to inform your Grace, that I intend troubling your Grace and his Lordſhip no more about this ſo long depending concern. As it hath pleaſed the great Head of the church in ſome degree to renew my bodily ſtrength, I purpoſe now to renew my feeble efforts, and turn the charity into a more generous, and conſequently into a more extenſively uſeful channel. If I know any thing of my own heart, I have no ambition to be looked upon at preſent, or remembered for the future, as a founder of a college; but I would fain, may it pleaſe your Grace, act the part of an honeſt man, a diſintereſted miniſter of JESUS CHRIST, and a truly catholic, moderate preſbyter of the church of *England*. In this way, and in this only, can I hope for a continued heart-felt enjoyment of that peace of GOD, which paſſeth all underſtanding, whilſt here on earth, and be thereby prepared to ſtand with humble boldneſs before the awful, impartial tribunal of the great Shepherd and Biſhop of ſouls at the great day. That your Grace may ſhine as a ſtar of the firſt magnitude in that day, is the ſincere prayer of, may it pleaſe your Grace,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful obliged ſon and ſervant,

G. W.

Mr.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbiſhop.*

Tottenham-Court, Nov. 11, 1767.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

THE bearer is my humble friend; one who hath been with me ſeveral years, and been my companion in travel through the continent of *America*. If your Grace would be ſo good as to ſend by him the plans and papers relating to the Orphan-houſe, it would much oblige, may it pleaſe your Grace,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful humble ſervant,

G. W.

P. S. I know not whether your Grace or the Lord Preſident hath the copy of the *New-Jerſey* College charter. I gave it to Mr. Secretary *Sharp*, in order that your Grace and his Lordſhip might ſee it. Mr. *Sharp* being dead, obliges me to trouble your Grace with this particular: I ſhould not otherwiſe have taken the freedom.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbiſhop.*

Tottenham-Court, Feb. 12, 1768.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

AS not only the Governor, Council and Aſſembly of *Georgia*, have been for a long ſeaſon, and are now waiting for an account of what hath been done in reſpect to the affair of the intended *Betheſda* college, I find myſelf under a neceſſity of giving them and the contributors, on this, as well as the other ſide of the water, a plain narration of the ſteps I have been taking; and at the ſame time I intend to lay before the public a draught of the future plan, which, GOD willing, I am now determined to proſecute. And as the letters which I have had the honour of writing to your Grace, contain moſt of what I have to ſay on this ſubject, I ſuppoſe your Grace can have no objection againſt my publiſhing thoſe letters, together with the anſwers returned, and the iſſue of the correſpondence. To prevent your Grace's having further

trouble, as I hear your Grace is at preſent much indiſpoſed, I ſhall look upon ſilence as an approbation, at leaſt as a tacit allowance of what is deſigned by, may it pleaſe your Grace,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful ſon and ſervant,
in the King of kings and Lord of lords,
G. W.

THUS, may it pleaſe your excellency, concluded my correſpondence with his Grace, and I humbly hope, the province of *Georgia*, in the end, will be no loſer by this negociation. For, GOD willing, I now purpoſe to add a public academy, to the Orphan-houſe, as the college * of *Philadelphia* was conſtituted a public academy, as well as charitable ſchool, for ſome time before its preſent college charter was granted by the honourable proprietors of *Penſylvania* in the year 1755.

In purſuing a like plan, the preſent *Georgia* Orphan-houſe eſtate, which for near theſe three years hath been in a ſtate of ſuſpenſe, may be vigorouſly and properly improved, and thereby an ample and laſting proviſion made for the future maintenance and education of many poor, indigent, and orphan, as well as more opulent ſtudents. Proper maſters likewiſe may now be ſent over to inſtruct, and prepare for academical honours the many youths, who are at this time both in *Georgia* and the adjacent provinces, waiting for admiſſion. In the mean time, a proper truſt may be formed to act after my deceaſe, or even before, with this proviſo, that no opportunity ſhall be omitted of making freſh application for a college charter, upon a *broad bottom*, whenever thoſe in power ſhall think it for the glory of GOD, and the intereſt of their king and country to grant the ſame. And thus, may it pleaſe your Excellency, my beloved *Bethesda* will not only be continued as a houſe of

* This college was originally built, above twenty-eight years ago, for a charity ſchool and preaching place for me, and miniſters of various denominations, on the bottom of the doctrinal articles of the church of *England*. The truſtees, as a public and ſtanding acknowledgment of this, have inſerted a clauſe in their Grant, for leave for a part of the building ſtill to be allowed for that purpoſe. Accordingly I preached a ſermon in it, for the benefit of their charity children, when I was laſt at *Philadelphia*, before a very large auditory, and Dr. *Smith*, the preſent Provoſt, read prayers.

mercy

mercy for poor orphans, but be confirmed as a ſeat and nurſery of ſound learning, and religious education, I truſt, to the lateſt poſterity. That this may be the happy caſe, as I am perſuaded is the deſire of your Excellency, his Majeſty's Honourable Council, and houſe of repreſentatives, in the province of *Georgia*, ſo it ſhall ſtill be, to my lateſt breath, as it hath been for many years, the earneſt endeavour and inceſſant prayer of, May it pleaſe your Excellency,

Your Excellency's, &c.

G. W.

Commons Houſe of Aſſembly, Monday, Jan. 29, 1770.

MR. Speaker reported, that he with the houſe having waited on the Reverend Mr. *Whitefield*, in conſequence of his invitation, at the Orphan-houſe academy, heard him preach a very ſuitable and pious ſermon on the occaſion; and with great pleaſure obſerved the promiſing appearance of improvement towards the good purpoſes intended, and the decency and propriety of behaviour of the ſeveral reſidents there; and were ſenſibly affected, when they ſaw the happy ſucceſs which has attended Mr. *Whitefield*'s indefatigable zeal for promoting the welfare of the province in general, and the Orphan-houſe in particular.

Ordered, That this report be printed in the Gazette.

John Simpſon, Clerk.

Extract from the Georgia Gazette.

Savannah, Jan. 31, 1770.

LAST *Sunday* his Excellency the Governor, Council and Aſſembly, having been invited by the Reverend Mr. *George Whitefield*, attended at divine ſervice in the chapel of the Orphan-houſe academy, where prayers were read by the reverend Mr. *Ellington*, and a very ſuitable ſermon was preached by the reverend Mr. *Whitefield* from *Zechariah* ivth chap. 9th. and part of the 10th verſes; "*The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this houſe, his hands ſhall alſo finiſh it; and thou ſhalt know, that the* LORD *of hoſts hath ſent me unto you*;

for who hath deſpiſed the day of ſmall things?" to the general ſatisfaction of the auditory; in which he took occaſion to mention the many diſcouragements he met with, well known to many there, in carrying on this inſtitution for upwards of thirty years paſt, and the preſent promiſing proſpect of its future and more extenſive uſefulneſs. After divine ſervice, the company were very politely entertained with a handſome and plentiful dinner; and were greatly pleaſed to ſee the uſeful improvements made in the houſe, the two additional wings for apartments for ſtudents, one-hundred and fifty feet each in length, and other leſſer buildings, in ſo much forwardneſs, and the whole executed with taſte and in a maſterly manner; and being ſenſible of the truly generous and diſintereſted benefactions derived to the province through his means, they expreſſed their gratitude in the moſt reſpectful terms.

Orphan-

Orphan-Houſe, in *Georgia*, Dr.	Sterling,			Orphan-Houſe, in *Georgia*, Cr.	Sterling.		
	l.	*s.*	*d.*		*l.*	*s.*	*d.*
To caſh received from the 15th *December*, 1738, to the 1ſt *Jan.* 1745-6, by public Collections, private Benefactions, and annual ſubſcriptions, *per* accompt, -	4982	12	8	By caſh paid ſundries by particular accompts examined, from the 15th *December*, 1738, to the 1ſt *Jan.* 1745-6, for buildings, cultivation of lands, infirmary, proviſions, wearing apparel, and other incident expences — —	5511	17	9¼
To ballance ſuper-expended, *Jan.* 1, 1745-6. -	529	05	1¼				
	£. 5511	17	9¼				

SAVANNAH in GEORGIA.

S. L. THIS day perſonally appeared before us *Henry Parker* and *William Spencer*, bailiffs of *Savannah* aforeſaid, the Reverend Mr. *George Whitefield*, and *James Haberſham*, Merchant of *Savannah* aforeſaid, who, being duly ſworn, ſay, That the accompts relating to the Orphan-houſe, now exhibited before us, of which the above is an abſtract, amounting on the debit ſide (namely, for collections and ſubſcriptions received) to the ſum of four thouſand nine hundred eighty-two pounds twelve ſhillings and eight pence, ſterling, and on the credit ſide, (namely, for diſburſements paid) to the ſum of five thouſand five hundred eleven pounds ſeventeen ſhillings and ninepence farthing, ſterling, do, to the beſt of their knowledge, contain a juſt and true account of all the monies collected by, or given to them, or any other, for the uſe and benefit of the ſaid houſe; and that the diſburſements, amounting to the ſum aforeſaid, have been faithfully applied to and for the uſe of the ſame. And the Reverend Mr. *Whitefield* further declareth, that he hath not converted or applied any part thereof to his own private uſe and property, neither hath charged the ſaid houſe with any of his travelling, or any other private expences whatſoever.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD,
JAMES HABERSHAM.

SAVANNAH in GEORGIA.

THIS day perſonally appeared before us, *Henry Parker*, and *William Spencer*, bailiffs of *Savannah* aforeſaid, *William Woodrooffe*, *William Ewen*, and *William Ruſſel* of *Savannah* aforeſaid, who being duly ſworn ſay, That they have carefully and ſtrictly examined all and ſingular the accompts relating to the Orphan-houſe in *Georgia*, contained in forty-one pages, in a book entitled, *Receipts and diſburſements for the Orphan-houſe in* Georgia, with the original bills, receipts, and other vouchers, from the fifteenth day of *December*, in the year of our LORD one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty eight, to the firſt day of *January*, in the year of our LORD one thouſand ſeven hundred and forty-five; and that the monies received on account of the ſaid Orphan-houſe, amounted to the ſum of four thouſand nine hundred eighty-two pounds twelve ſhillings and eight-pence, ſterling, as above; and that it doth not appear, that the Reverend Mr. *Whiteſield* hath converted any part thereof to his own private uſe and property, or charged the ſaid houſe with any of his travelling, or other private expences; but, on the contrary, hath contributed to the ſaid houſe many valuable benefactions; and that the monies diſburſed on account of the ſaid houſe, amounted to the ſum of five thouſand five hundred eleven pounds ſeventeen ſhillings and ninepence farthing, ſterling, as above, which we, in juſtice to the Reverend Mr. *Whiteſield*, and the managers of the ſaid houſe, do hereby declare, appear to us to be faithfully and juſtly applied to and for the uſe and benefit of the ſaid houſe only.

WILLIAM WOODROOFFE,
WILLIAM EWEN,
WILLIAM RUSSEL.

Sworn this 16th day of *April*, 1746, before us, bailiffs of *Savannah*; in juſtification whereof we have hereunto fixed our hands, and the common ſeal.

HENRY PARKER,
WILLIAM SPENCER.

General

General Accompt of Monies expended and received for the Uſe of the Orphan-houſe in *Georgia*, from *January* 7th, 1738-9, to *February* 9th, 1765.

D^r.

			l.	s.	d.
1746, *April* 16.	To ſundries expended as per audit this day	- - - -	5511	17	9¼
1752, *Feb.* 25.	To ditto	- - -	2026	13	7½
1755, *Feb.* 19.	To ditto	- - -	1966	18	2
1765, *Feb.* 9.	To ditto	- - -	3349	15	10
			12,855	5	4¾

C^r.

			l.	s.	d.
1746, *April* 16.	By fundry receipts per audit		4982	12	8
1752, *Feb.* 25.	By ditto	- - -	1386	8	7½
1755, *Feb.* 19.	By ditto	- - -	1289	2	3
1765, *Feb.* 9.	By ditto	- - -	3132	16	0¼
			10,790	19	6¾
By the Rev. Mr. *Whitefield*'s benefactions, being the ſums expended more than received, as appears from the ſeveral former audits, now carefully examined,					
viz. Folio 65	- -	1169 10 1¼			
Ditto 81	- -	400 5 4¾			
Ditto 98	- -	494 10 4			
			2064	5	10
			12,855	5	4¾

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GEORGIA ſs. BEFORE me, the Honourable *Noble Jones*, Eſq; ſenior, one of the aſſiſtant juſtices for the province aforeſaid, perſonally appeared the Reverend Mr. *George Whitefield* and *Thomas Dixon* of the province aforeſaid, who being duly ſworn, declare that the accompts relating to the Orphan-houſe, from fol. 82, to fol. 98, in this book, amounting on the debit ſide to three thouſand three hundred and forty-nine pounds fifteen ſhillings and ten pence, ſterling, and on the credit ſide to three thouſand one hundred and thirty-two pounds ſixteen ſhillings and one farthing, ſterling, contain, to the beſt of their knowledge, a juſt and true account of all the monies collected by, or given to them, or any other, for the uſe or benefit of the ſaid houſe; and that the diſburſements amounting to the ſum aforeſaid, have been faithfully applied to and for the uſe of the ſame.

Signed, GEORGE WHITEFIELD,
THOS. DIXON.

February 9, 1765.

Sworn this 9th day of *February*, 1765, before me; in juſtification whereof I have cauſed the ſeal of the general court to be affixed.

Signed N. JONES. Sealed.

GEORGIA ſs. BEFORE me, the Honourable *Noble Jones*, Eſq; ſenior, perſonally appeared *James Edward Powell* and *Grey Elliot*, Eſqrs. members of his Majeſty's honourable council for the province aforeſaid, who being duly ſworn, declare that they have carefully examined the accompts containing the receipts and diſburſements, for the uſe of the Orphan-houſe in the ſaid province, and that comparing them with the ſeveral vouchers, they find the ſame not only juſt and true in every reſpect, but kept in ſuch a clear and regular manner, as does honour to the managers of that houſe; and that on a careful examination of the ſeveral former audits, it appears that the ſum of two thouſand and ſixty-four pounds, five ſhillings and ten pence, has at ſeveral times been given by the Reverend Mr. *George Whitefield* for the uſe of the

ſaid houſe; and that in the whole the ſum of twelve thouſand eight hundred fifty-five pounds five ſhillings and four pence three farthings, has been laid out for the ſame houſe ſince 7th *January*, 1738-9, to this day:—Alſo that it doth not appear that any charge has ever been made by the ſaid Reverend Mr. *Whitefield*, either for travelling charges or any other expences whatever, and that no charge of ſalary has been made for any perſon whatever, employed or concerned in the management of the ſaid houſe. *February* 9th, 1765.

Signed, JAMES EDWARD POWELL,
GREY ELLIOT.

Sworn this 9th day of *February*, 1765, before me; in juſtification whereof, I have cauſed the ſeal of the general court to be affixed.

Signed N. JONES. Sealed.

D^r.

Dr.

General Accompt of monies expended for the Orphan-houſe, taken from the authentic book, from *Dec* 1738, to *February* 1770.

1746 *April* 16.	To Sundries, *per* audit, this day,	—	—	—	5511	17	$9\frac{1}{4}$
1752 *Feb.* 25	— D°	— D°	— D°	—	2026	13	$7\frac{1}{2}$
1755 19	— D°	— D°	— D°	—	1966	18	2
1765 9	— D°	— D°	— D°	—	3349	15	10
1770 2	— D°	— D°	— D°	—	2548	17	$0\frac{1}{2}$
					15404	2	$5\frac{1}{4}$

Cr.

Monies received for the uſe of the ſame, taken from the authentic book, from *Dec.* 1738, to *February* 1770.

By Benefactions and Collections, in *England*	4471	0	$6\frac{1}{4}$		
D° — — D° — *Scotland* —	978	2	$5\frac{1}{2}$		
D° — — D° — *Georgia* —	275	5	$7\frac{1}{4}$		
D° — — D° — *Charles-Town* —	567	1	$9\frac{3}{4}$		
D° — — D° — *Beaufort* —	16	10	7		
D° — — D° — *Boſton, New-York, Philad.* &c.	1809	6	$10\frac{1}{2}$		
D° — — D° — *Liſbon* —	3	12	0		
	8120	19	$10\frac{1}{2}$		
By caſh, received for payment of boarders, cocoons, rice, lumber, indico, proviſions, &c. — — —	3983	19	3		
By the Reverend Mr. *Whitefield*'s benefactions, being the ſums expended, more than received, as appears by the ſeveral audits, carefully examined, —	3299	3	$3\frac{1}{4}$		
	15404	2	$5\frac{1}{4}$		

GEORGIA. BEFORE the Honourable *Noble Jones*, Eſq; ſenior aſſiſtant Juſtice for the province aforeſaid, perſonally appeared, the Rev. Mr. *George Whitefield* and *Thomas Dixon*, of the province aforeſaid, who being duly ſworn, declare that the accompts relating to the Orphan-houſe, from folio 101 to folio 109 in this book, amounting, on the debit ſide, to two thouſand five hundred forty-eight pounds ſeventeen ſhillings and one half-penny, ſterling, and on the credit ſide, to one thouſand three hundred thirteen pounds nineteen ſhillings and ſixpence three farthings, ſterling, contain, to the beſt of their knowledge, a juſt and true account of all the monies collected by, or given to them, or any others, for the uſe or benefit of the ſaid houſe; and that the diſburſements, amounting to the ſum aforeſaid, have been faithfully applied to and for the uſe of the ſame.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD,
THOMAS DIXON.

February 2, 1770.

Sworn this 2d day of *February*, 1770, before me; in juſtification whereof I have cauſed the ſeal of the general court to be affixed.

N. JONES. Seal.

5th and laſt audit, 1770.

GEORGIA. BEFORE the Honourable *Noble Jones*, Eſq; ſenior aſſiſtant Juſtice, &c. perſonally appeared, *James Edward Powell* and *Grey Elliot*, Eſquires, members of his Majeſty's council for the province aforeſaid, who being duly ſworn, declare that they have carefully inſpected and examined the accompts, containing the receipts and diſburſements, for the uſe of the Orphan-houſe in the ſaid province. And find the ſums expended for the uſe of the ſame, from the 9th *Feb.* 1765, to this day, amount to two thouſand five hundred forty-eight pounds ſeventeen ſhillings and one half-penny, ſterling; and the ſums received, to one thouſand three hundred thirteen pounds nineteen ſhillings and ſixpence three farthings, ſterling; and that the whole of the ſums expended on account of the inſtitution, amount to fifteen thou-

ſand four hundred and four pounds two ſhillings and five-pence farthing, ſterling, and the whole receipts, to the ſum of twelve thouſand one hundred four pounds nineteen ſhillings and one penny half-penny, ſterling; and the benefactions of the Rev. Mr. *George Whitefield* thereunto, have, at different times, amounted to the ſum of three thouſand two hundred ninety-nine pounds three ſhillings and three-pence three farthings, ſterling, as clearly appears by a general account thereof ſtated by us. And that in this our laſt, as well as each preceding audit, no charge whatever has been made by the Rev. Mr. *Whitefield*, either for travelling charges or otherwiſe, nor any other charge for the ſalary of any perſon whatever, employed or concerned in the management of the ſaid Orphan-houſe; and that clear and diſtinct vouchers for the whole amount of the ſums expended, have been laid before us, except for four articles, amounting together to forty pounds one ſhilling and one penny, being monies expended and paid by the ſaid Mr. *Whitefield* on ſeveral occaſions, the particulars of which were laid before us, but no receipt had been by him taken for the ſame.

JAMES EDWARD POWELL,
GREY ELLIOT.

February 2, 1770.

Sworn this 2d day of *February*, 1770,
before me; in juſtification whereof,
I have cauſed the ſeal of the general
court to be affixed.

N. JONES. Seal.

SCHEDULE

Good Rice Land
Mixed Pine and Oak Land
Deep Cypris Swamp
Mixed Land
Place for the House
Good Rice Land
Mixed Pine and Oak
Good Rice Land
Good Rice Land
Marsh Land
Good Rice Land
Marsh Land
Good Rice Land
Marsh
Mixed Pine and Oak Land
Landing
Marsh
Mixed Pine and Oak Land
Landing to the Great House
Marsh
Mixed Oak and Hockarry
Mixed Pine and Oak Land
Marsh
Mixed Pine and Oak
Good Rice Land
Mixed Oak & Hockarry
Vernon River
2 Miles

SCHEDULE of all the Lands poſſeſſed by, and belonging to the late Reverend *George Whitefield*, in *Georgia*.

Lands granted by his Majeſty to the late Reverend *George Whitefield*, in truſt for the Orphan-houſe, or for the endowment of a College in *Georgia*.

A Tract of 500 acres, called *Bethesda*, on which the Orphan-houſe and additional buildings are erected.

Another of 419 acres, called *Nazareth*.

Another of 400 acres, called *Ephrata*, on which are the principal planting improvements.

1319 acres.

Theſe lands are granted in truſt to the deceaſed, for the uſe of the Orphan-houſe, and adjoin each other: the grants are dated 13th of *April*, 1761.

Another of 500 acres, called *Huntingdon*, and adjoins on one corner to *Ephrata*.—This grant is dated 13th of *April*, 1761.

Another of 1000
Another of 500
Another of 500
2000

Theſe 3 tracts, amounting to 2000 acres are contiguous, and are granted to the deceaſed in truſt for the endowment of a college. The grants are dated 6th of *Auguſt*, 1765.

Another of 1000 acres, left by the Reverend *Bartholomew Zouberbuhler*, deceaſed, late miniſter of *Savannah*, by Will, for the endowment of a college, but conditionally.

The habendum of the three grants, amounting to 1319 acres of land, for the uſe of the Orphan-houſe, run in the following words: "To have and to hold the ſaid tract of

"four

" four hundred acres of land, and all and ſingular other the " premiſes hereby granted, with the appurtenances, unto the " ſaid *George Whitefield*, his heirs and aſſigns for ever, in free " and common ſoccage : — *In truſt neverthelefs for the uſe and* " *benefit of the Orphan-Houſe*, — he the ſaid *George Whitefield*, " his heirs or aſſigns, yielding and paying, &c."

And the three grants, together amounting to 2000 acres of land, for the endowment of a college, are thus expreſſed : " To have and to hold the ſaid tract of one thouſand acres " of land, and all and ſingular other the premiſes hereby grant- " ed, with the appurtenances, unto the ſaid *George Whitefield*, " his heirs and aſſigns for ever, in free and common ſoccage : " *In truſt for the endowment of a college in our ſaid province*, — " he the ſaid *George Whitefield*, his heirs and aſſigns, yielding " and paying, &c."

So that it plainly appears, theſe lands cannot be aliened or appropriated to any other uſe, than the purpoſes for which they were granted.

Extract from an account of the ſtate of the family at the Orphan-houſe in *April* 1770.

WHITES.

Managers and carpenters	9
Boys - - -	15
Girl - - -	1

NEGROES.

Men - - -	24	Of which 16 are young, and fit for any labor ; 7 are old, but capable of ſome ſervice, and 1 ſo old as to be uſeleſs.
Women - -	11	8 of theſe are capable of the uſual labor, 2 are old and aſſiſt in the buſineſs of the houſe, and 1 almoſt incapable of any ſervice.
Children - -	15	Of whom, thoſe that are capable are employed about ſomething uſeful, as far as their ſtrength and abilities will permit.
	75	

By

By an authentic account of the ſtate of the family at the Orphan-houſe, from the year 1739 to 1770,

140 Boys } have been clothed, educated, maintained and ſuit-
43 Girls } ably provided for.

183 Total.

N. B. The *Spaniſh* war; the fluctuating ſtate of the colony for years; the long ſuſpenſe in which Mr. *Whitefield* was kept by government at home, as to his intended plan of improvement at the Orphan-houſe; and other particulars which are noticed, and may be obſerved in his letters, prevented the acceſſion of a greater number of orphans; but to the honour and uſefulneſs of the inſtitution, it ought to be remarked, that many poor children, beſides what are numbered in this liſt, were occaſionally received, educated, and maintained at the Orphan-houſe.

Copy of a paper, endorſed COLLEGE RULES, taken from the original in Mr. *Whitefield*'s hand-writing, 1770.

MORNING prayer to begin conſtantly, every day in the year, at half after five. The firſt bell to ring exactly at 5 o'clock. The form as follows: A pſalm or hymn; the general confeſſion, introduced with "Let us pray." If any ſcholar of the houſe, or any other perſon not in prieſt's orders, doth officiate, then that collect, "O GOD, whoſe nature and property, &c." or that out of the commination-office, "O LORD, we beſeech thee mercifully hear our prayers, &c." Then muſt follow the Lord's prayer, *Gloria Patri*, "O come let us ſing unto the LORD, &c." or the *Te Deum*, or Song of the Three Children, or *Benedictus*; then the ſecond leſſon for the day, with a few ſhort practical remarks; then a ſuitable prayer, with ſinging a ſhort doxology; and thus to conclude, "The grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and the love of GOD, and fellowſhip of the Holy Ghoſt be with us, the Founder of this inſtitution, the Maſter, Wardens, and all its benefactors, and all mankind, now, henceforth, and

for evermore." If no one is capable of uſing free prayer, then ſhall follow the apoſtles creed, the collect for the week, the third collect for grace; the three prayers for the king, royal family, and clergy, turned into one; "O GOD, the creator;" the general thankſgiving, the prayer of St. *Chryſoſtom*, and "Grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST," as before.

The ſame order in the evening, only to repeat the *Magnificat*, &c. before the reading of the ſecond leſſon.

On *Wedneſday* and *Friday* morning, the hymn, the litany, the general thankſgiving, prayer of St. *Chryſoſtom*, and concluding prayer.

On *Sunday* morning, a ſhort prayer with a pſalm or hymn early in the morning. Full prayers and ſermon at ten: the ſame at three in the afternoon. A ſhort prayer, and a hymn, at half after ſix in the evening. The firſt leſſon to be read at dinner; the ſame at ſupper: a ſhort hymn at each meal. One of the orphans to read and give out the hymn, or any other ſubſtituted by the maſter; and alſo to read the ſecond leſſon in chapel.

Great care to be taken, that all read, write, ſpeak, and behave properly.

All the ſtatutes to be in *Engliſh*, and read to every ſcholar or ſtudent at admiſſion, and thrice a year, at *Eaſter*, *Whitſuntide*, and *Chriſtmas*, publicly.

No cards, dice, or gaming of any kind to be allowed, on pain of expulſion, or diſmiſſion, by maſters, tutors, profeſſors, ſtudents or any officer or member of the college whatſoever. No muſic but divine pſalmody; ſuch as *Butt's Harmonia ſacra*, *Knibb*'s and *Madan*'s collection of tunes.

All are to be taught *Bland's Manual Exerciſe*, by ſome deputed officer, but not bound to attend on muſters or other exerciſes, unleſs on account of an alarm.

Nobody ſhall be ſuffered to run in arrears above half a year: ſome caution money to be paid down.

All ſtudents to furniſh their own rooms, but to lie on mattreſſes, and the ſucceſſors to pay thirds.

No one ſuffered to go to town without expreſs leave from the maſter, or perſons deputed by him.

Breakfaſt at ſeven o'clock, dinner at twelve, ſupper at ſix, through all the year; the utmoſt neatneſs to be obſerved and maintained in every room.

All orphans and ſtudents ſhall be obliged to learn and repeat, and, if capable, to tranſlate into *Latin* all the thirty-nine articles, or thoſe ſpecified in the act of toleration. The homilies to be read publicly, diſtinctly, frequently and carefully, every year, by the ſtudents, deputed in rotation. All to be firſt thoroughly inſtructed in the hiſtory of *Georgia*, and conſtitution of *England*, before they are taught the hiſtory of *Greece* and *Rome*. *Kimber*'s hiſtory of *England* is a good one for beginners, then may follow *Rapin*'s. The young negro boys to be baptized and taught to read. The young negro girls to be taught to work with the needle. The following divinity books to be read, *Henry*'s *Comment*,—*Doddridge* and *Guiſe*,—*Burkit*,—*Clark*'s *Bible*,—*Wilſon*'s *Dictionary*,—Profeſſor *Franck*'s *Manuductio*, eſpecially the preface *de Impedimentis Studii Theologici*,—*Doddridge*'s *Riſe and Progreſs*,—*Boſton*'s *fourfold State*,—ditto, *on the Covenant*,—*Jenks*, *on the righteouſneſs of Chriſt*, and his *Meditations*,—*Hervey*'s *Meditations*, and *Theron and Aſpaſio*,—Biſhop *Hall*'s *Contemplations*, and other works,—*Edwards*'s *Preacher*,—*Trapp on the old and new Teſtament*,—*Poole*'s *Annotations*,—*Warner*'s *Tracts*,—Biſhop *Leighton*'s *Comment on St. Peter*'s *1ſt Epiſtle*,—Biſhop *Pearſon on the Creed*,—*Edwards*'s *Veritas redux*,—*Owen* and *Bunyan*'s works.

Copy of a paper, intitled, "Subjects for Annual Prizes at the Orphan-houſe, *Betheſda* College," in the hand-writing of Mr. *Whitefield*, incloſed with and referred to in his Will *.

Subjects for Annual Prizes at the Orphan-houſe, *Betheſda* College.

ON every 27th of *December*, the Founder's birth-day,—an Oration on the Mercy of GOD, in preparing Habitations and Places of Education for poor Orphans, "In thee the fatherleſs find mercy," by an Orphan.

Another on our LORD's Nativity,—by an Orphan.

On the Anniverſary, *March* 25,—Orations on the benefit of erecting, founding, and contributing towards Seminaries of ſound Learning, and religious Education.—On the Benefit of an Union between *Great Britain* and her Colonies.—The Riſe and Progreſs of the Colony of *Georgia*.—The Riſe and Progreſs of Commerce and Religion in the other *American* Colonies,—by Orphans or Students.

On the 5th of *November*,—an Oration on the glorious Revolution, and the infinite Mercy of GOD, in delivering *Great Britain* from Popiſh Tyranny and arbitrary Power, by Orphan or Student.

On *Eaſter Monday*,—an Oration on the Reſurrection,—by Orphan or Student.

On *Whitſunday*,—an Oration on the Deſcent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apoſtles,—by Orphan or Student.

All the Exerciſes to be cloſed with an Application, Exhortation, and Prayer, by the Maſter of the College.

* "Whatever profits may ariſe from the ſale of my books, or any manuſcripts, that I may leave behind, I give and bequeath ——— towards paying off my arrears that may be due on the account of the Orphan-houſe academy, or for *Annual Prizes*, as a reward for the beſt three Orations that ſhall be made in *Engliſh*, on the ſubjects mentioned in a paper annexed to this Will."

The

The following Speech was alſo found in Mr. WHITEFIELD's own Writing, delivered by an Orphan after Mr. WHITEFIELD's Sermon preached before the Governor, &c. &c. *January* 28, 1770 *.

WHEN I conſider where I ſtand, and before whom I am about to ſpeak, no wonder that previous to my riſing, a trembling ſeized my limbs; and now, when riſen, a throbbing ſeizes my heart, and as a conſequence of both, ſhame and confuſion cover my face. For what am I? (a poor *unlettered orphan*, unlearned almoſt in the very rudiments of my mother tongue, and totally unſkilled in the perſuaſive arts of ſpeaking) that I ſhould be called to ſpeak before ſuch a venerable, auguſt aſſembly, as is this day convened under *Bethesda*'s roof. But when I reflect, that I ſtand up at your command, Reverend Sir, to whom, under GOD, I owe my little all, and when I further reflect on the well-known candour of thoſe that compoſe this venerable, auguſt aſſembly, my trembling begins to abate, my throbbing ceaſes, and a gleam of hope breaks in, that the tongue of the ſtammerer will in ſome degree be able to ſpeak plain. But where ſhall I begin, and how ſhall I expreſs the various emotions, that within the ſpace of the laſt hour have alternately agitated and affected my ſoul? If the eye, as I have been taught to think, is the looking-glaſs of the ſoul; and if the outward geſtures, and earneſt attention, are indications and expreſſive of the inward commotions and diſpoſitions of the human heart, then a heart-felt complacency and joy hath poſſeſſed the ſouls of many in this aſſembly, whilſt the reverend Founder hath been giving from the pulpit ſuch a clear, ſuccinct, and yet withal affecting account of the riſe and progreſs of this Orphan-houſe academy, and of the low eſtate of this now flouriſhing colony, when the firſt brick of this edifice was laid. All hail that happy day! which we now commemorate, when about thirty-two years ago, in faith and fervent prayer, the firſt brick of this edifice was laid. Many deſtitute orphans were ſoon taken in, and without any viſible fund, in the deareſt part of his Majeſty's dominions, more than fifty labourers were em-

* For the Sermon, the Reader is referred to the laſt volume of this work.

ployed, and honourably paid, and a large orphan-family, for these many years, hath been supported, cloathed, and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the LORD. O could these walls speak! could every chamber, every corner of this fabric speak! what agonizing supplications, what inwrought energetic prayers would they tell us they had been witness to, and also of the blessed fruits, of which we are now partakers. Behold! a once infant, deserted, despised colony, not only lifting up its drooping head, and in some degree overtopping, at least for trade, and increase and extent of commerce, vying with some of its neighbouring provinces. Behold the once despised institution! (the very existence of which was for many years denied) through the indefatigable industry, unparalleled disinterestedness, and unwearied perseverance of its reverend Founder, expanding and stretching its wings, not only to receive a larger number of helpless orphans like myself, but to nurse and cherish many of the present rising generation, training them up to be ornaments both in church and state. For ever adored be that Providence, that power and goodness, which hath brought matters to such a desirable and long expected issue! Thanks, thanks be rendered to *your Excellency*, for the countenance you have always given to this beneficial plan, for laying the first brick of yonder wings this time twelvemonth, and for the favour of your company on this our anniversary. Thanks to you, *Mr. President* *, who have long been a fellow-helper in this important work, and have now the pleasure of seeing the fruit of all your labours. Thanks to the *Gentlemen of his Majesty's Honourable Council*, and to the *Members of the General Assembly*, who so warmly recommended the utility of this institution. Thanks to you, Sir, who first opened it by preaching. Thanks to you, who left your native country, and without fee and reward have for many years laboured and watched over us in the LORD. Thanks to all who have this day honoured us with your presence. And above all, thanks, more than an orphan tongue can utter, or orphan hearts conceive, be, under GOD, rendered unto you, most honoured Sir, who have been so happily instrumental, in the hands of a never-failing GOD, in spreading his everlasting gospel.

* The Honourable *James Habersham*, President of his Majesty's council, and Mr. *Whitefield*'s Executor in *Georgia*.

SAVA-

SAVANNAH, *March* 27, 1771.

MONDAY laſt being the anniverſary of laying the foundation of the Orphan-houſe, the new and very decent chapel lately erected there was opened. On this ſolemnity his Excellency the Governor, many of the Gentlemen of the Council, and a very great number of the principal inhabitants of the province, were preſent. The company being ſeated in the chapel, and the orphan children having ſung a ſhort hymn, the following addreſs, with great propriety, and to the univerſal ſatisfaction of the audience, was delivered by *Peter Edwards*, one of the orphans:

"*May it pleaſe your Excellency,*
Reverend Gentlemen,
Gentlemen and Ladies,

In obedience to the commands of my ſuperiors, and relying alſo on the candour and benevolence of your Excellency and this polite and reſpectable company, I beg leave, with all humility, to make this public addreſs. It may not be improper to mention, that on this day, thirty-two years ago, the foundation of this houſe was laid by the reverend Founder, whoſe death *we orphans in particular* cannot ſufficiently lament; that alſo on this day, two years paſt, your Excellency honoured this place with your preſence, and condeſcended to lay the foundation of the two wings, ſuperadded to the Orphan-houſe, for the accommodation of young gentlemen intended to be educated in academical learning, to enable them to move in a ſuperior ſphere of life; and we are now met to open and ſolemnly dedicate this new and convenient chapel to the ſervice of our God and Saviour JESUS CHRIST. The many and great advantages accruing from the eſtabliſhment of public ſchools in every government, is obvious, and in a young province, as this is, it muſt be of the higheſt importance to its future proſperity and welfare, which is the profeſſed deſign of this charitable inſtitution; an inſtitution evidently calculated to promote the happineſs of ſociety, by providing for, and inſtructing ſuch poor children, as would otherwiſe, in all ap-

pearance, be brought up in ignorance, and become of little uſe and value to mankind. They are *here* early taught their duty to GOD, and their country, and the reſpect they owe to thoſe in authority over them. GOD has various, and to us unthought-of ways, which we poor ſhort-ſighted beings cannot fathom, to effect his purpoſes; but I hope I may be allowed to ſay, that, in all human probability, great might have been the bleſſing to this noble undertaking, had it pleaſed divine Providence to have prolonged the valuable life of the deceaſed Founder: but he is now no more. We have, however, no doubt of the great Father of the fatherleſs ſupplying his loſs; and that your Excellency, and all well-diſpoſed perſons, eſpecially the good people of this province, will eſpouſe our cauſe, and promote our welfare. Agreeable to the plan of our deceaſed Benefactor, an Academy is now *begun* to be ſuperadded to the Orphan-houſe, and gentlemen of this province will have an opportunity of educating their ſons under their immediate inſpection, and will not be under the neceſſity of ſending them at a great diſtance for that purpoſe, or be conſtantly labouring under the painful anxiety of knowing of their health and welfare, beſides being probably at a greater and more uncertain expence.

The utility of this, it is humbly preſumed, wants no recommendation: it is natural to love the place where we received our education, and paſſed our firſt years. If parents would therefore have the pleaſure of ſeeing the daily progreſs their children make in knowledge; if they deſire they ſhould love and revere them, and have a peculiar regard for the place of their nativity; if they would preſerve them from the improper liberties they may take, when removed from their authority; it ſurely muſt be moſt eligible to let them ſpend their early years under the ſhadow of their wings, and within the reach of their parental admonitions.

May it pleaſe your Excellency,

I have now in charge to return your Excellency, with all deference and humility, our moſt grateful acknowledgments for your kind patronage and countenance; and to aſſure your Excellency, that we do and will conſtantly pray for your happineſs, wherever Providence may pleaſe to place you,

unfeignedly

unfeignedly wiſhing, that your Excellency may continually experience that heart-felt ſatisfaction which can only dwell in the breaſt of the humane and benevolent; and we are perſuaded, when you return to your native country, our cauſe will not be forgotten by your Excellency.

*Honourable Sir,**

We ſhould be highly wanting in gratitude, if, on this occaſion, we omitted to acknowledge your unwearied and unabating attention to ſerve this inſtitution from its firſt foundation; and we are happy that GOD has been pleaſed to preſerve *your life* to ſucceed our kind Founder, and carry into execution his truly generous intentions. Your diſintereſted regard to promote our real welfare is well known, and therefore I ſhall forbear to add, only that for your happineſs, and long continuance amongſt us, we daily pray.

Reverend Gentlemen,
Gentlemen and Ladies,

Permit me to return you our beſt thanks for the very kind regard you have ſhewn us, and to aſſure you, that we will endeavour to deſerve the continuance of your friendſhip and favour.

Sir, and Gentlemen, †

We cannot, we muſt not, Sir, omit to give our public teſtimony of your unwearied diligence and attention to cultivate and improve our minds in ſolid learning and uſeful knowledge; and, Gentlemen, it would be unjuſt, if we did not make the ſame acknowledgment for your conſtant care to make our ſituation, in regard to our bodies, eaſy, comfortable, and every way convenient, and as we have nothing to repay you, but our prayers for your welfare, both in time and eternity, and our beſt thanks, we hope you will kindly accept this tribute of our grateful hearts.

* The Honourable *James Haberſham.*

† The Tutor and the Managers.

Young

Young Gentlemen, (the Boarders.)

You are happy in having parents, who have both inclination and means to pay for your education. I have none. But to you, Gentlemen, I muſt own my obligation for having the opportunity of an education I could not, from my ſituation, have expected, had not your parents enabled our worthy Executor to employ ſo able a Tutor, as we now have, to inſtruct us, and I hope we ſhall ſhew, that his aſſiduity, care and pains, will have the deſired effect.

My fellow Orphans,

What ſhall I ſay to excite your gratitude? I hope the memory of our late Benefactor, who has laboured inceſſantly for me, for you, and many others, who have partaken of the benefit of this inſtitution, ſince its firſt foundation, will be deeply engraven in our hearts, and remembered with the greateſt reverence and gratitude. This is all we have in our power, in return for ſuch unmerited favours, and if this, our ſmall tribute, ſhould be wanting, we muſt, we ſhall be juſtly deemed the moſt ungrateful to our deceaſed Benefactor, who encountered innumerable, uncommon, and unknown difficulties, in carrying on this inſtitution, notwithſtanding he was maligned, traduced, and perſecuted, with unrelenting virulence, as a cheat, an impoſtor, a public robber, and as one, who, under the ſpecious pretence of promoting a charitable deſign, was amaſſing great wealth to himſelf; all which he bore with an uncommon degree of patience. Let me add, that GOD has been graciouſly pleaſed to provide for you, and for me, beyond many, very many in our circumſtances. We are *here* daily taught the great and fundamental truths of the goſpel of the Son of GOD, have plenty of the neceſſaries of life, and are carefully educated to qualify us to get a comfortable ſubſiſtence, and make us uſeful members of ſociety. Let us therefore make a proper improvement of theſe mercies, and let us, my dear fellow Orphans, be thankful to GOD, the Father of all, for them, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourſelves to his ſervice, and by walking before him in holineſs and righteouſneſs all our days, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD.

May

May it pleaſe your Excellency,
Reverend Gentlemen,
Gentlemen and Ladies,

I fear I have treſpaſſed on your patience, and humbly entreat you to pardon the poor attempt of a youth unaccuſtomed to ſpeak before ſo reſpectable an audience."

After this the Rev. Mr. *Edward Ellington*, miniſter of the pariſh of *St. Bartholomew*, in *South Carolina*, read prayers, and preached a ſermon very ſuitable to the occaſion, from *Matt.* xviii. 20. Divine ſervice being ended, the young gentlemen of the academy repeated ſeveral paſſages taken from ſome of the moſt approved *Engliſh* authors, in ſuch a manner as appeared agreeably to engage the attention and to meet with the entire approbation of the company. Then Mr. *Edward Langworthy*, their Tutor, addreſſed the company as follows:

"*May it pleaſe your Excellency,*
Gentlemen and Ladies,

Having obſerved the attention of your Excellency to the exerciſes of this morning, and the marks of pleaſure and approbation ſo viſible in all the Gentlemen and Ladies now preſent, I think it my duty, with the warmeſt gratitude, to acknowledge the honour your Excellency and this reſpectable audience have conferred on this inſtitution. The young gentlemen that juſt now ſpoke before your Excellency, have not been long under my tuition; they are indeed *young*, and ſcarce initiated in the firſt principles of literature; however, I flatter myſelf that theſe feeble attempts will be favourably received, and that hereafter they will be enabled to exhibit ſomething more worthy of your attention and approbation.

It affords me the higheſt ſatisfaction, when I reflect, that divine providence hath honoured me with the care and direction of them, and I cannot but make a tender of my ſincere and beſt reſpects to you, our worthy Executor, and to their worthy parents and friends, for the great confidence repoſed in me. Duly ſenſible of the important truſt committed to every preceptor, I ſhall, in the fear of GOD, do my utmoſt to form their tender minds, and to impreſs on them ſuch principles as may tend to advance their happineſs in private,

as

as well as in public life: and I hope, from their proficiency, the Gentlemen of this province will be induced to promote with all their influence the growth and prosperity of our present undertaking.

The strict and virtuous education of youth is a point of great consequence in every country, and those that are employed therein do certainly merit the attention and encouragement of the public in proportion to their faithfulness; for my part, I do most chearfully dedicate my whole time to this laborious work, and am determined to pursue it with the greatest assiduity and diligence, being convinced that I can in no other way do more good to the true interest of my fellow beings, or do more service to the province.

It is undoubtedly the indispensible obligation of every one entrusted with the business of education, to satisfy the public with respect to their abilities and intentions, and therefore I hope to convince you that no pains will be spared, and no time lost, and that whatever is useful in the sciences, or ornamental in life, will *here* be inculcated both by precept and example. Authors in the several branches of knowledge will be regularly read, and the sacred scriptures constantly explained: these can bestow understanding upon all men; they are the universal logic, since none can read them without either acquiring a greater exactness of thought, or being invited to contract a greater rectitude of manners.

Our time being so far elapsed, permit me, in the behalf of these poor Orphans, and in the name of every member concerned in this Seminary, most heartily to thank your Excellency, and all the Gentlemen and Ladies now before me, for their kind attendance on this solemnity. With sentiments of the most unfeigned gratitude we would express our sense of it, and hope for the continuance of your esteem and friendship.

And I should be greatly wanting in respect and duty to you, Reverend Sir, and indeed justly incur the displeasure of all concerned in the management of this institution, if I did not now embrace the opportunity of returning you their and my humblest thanks for your kind and friendly assistance.

May what you and others have done on this Anniversary, terminate in the glory of the great Head of the church, who is GOD over all, blessed for evermore."

Between

Between the exercifes of the day, the Orphan children fung feveral fhort hymns adapted to the occafion, with one of which the folemnity was clofed. The company were afterward entertained with a plain and plentiful dinner in the Great Hall, and unanimoufly expreffed their fatisfaction of the proceedings of the day, and efpecially of the decency and order with which the whole was conducted.

END of the THIRD VOLUME.

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